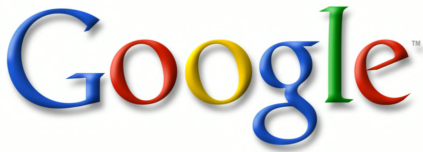

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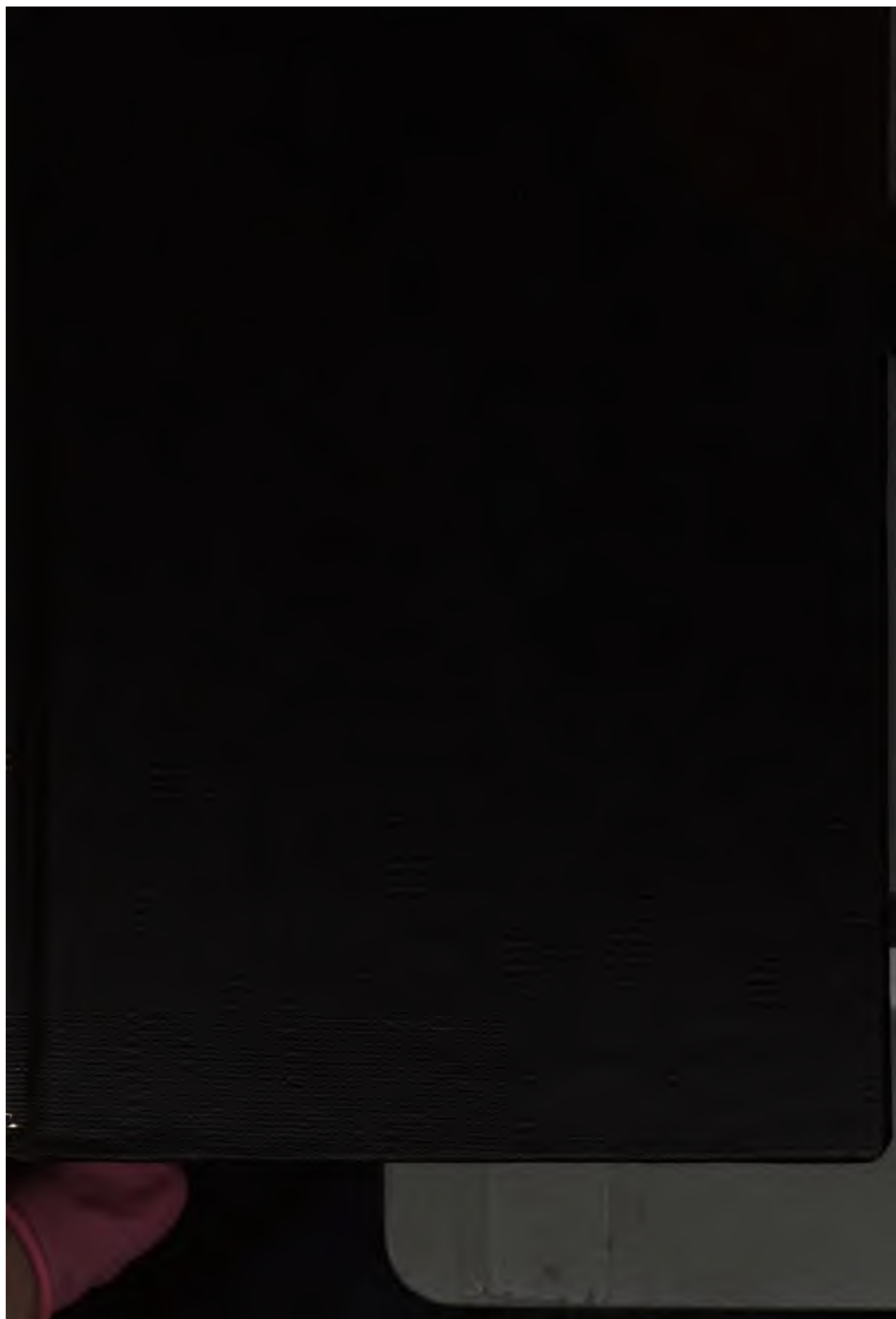

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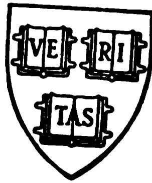

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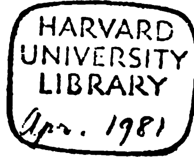

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INDEX.

PAGE

'Abt Vogler' 288
Æsthetic Moods, Two 235
Africa. *Reprint* 19
Allison, Susan Whalley, The Stronghold 491
American Imitativeness 145
——— Novels 468
——— Literature, Introduction to . 587
'Antony and Cleopatra' 526
Arion, A Tale of 8
Arnold, Matthew 589
Augier 49
Austen, Jane 625

Bacchylides 465
Bell, The Sunken 161
——— ———, Symbolism of . 312, 452
Björnson's 'Thrond' 631
Blind, Mathilde 435
Block, L. J. 596
Book Inklings 430
Books, Best New, of the Season . . 604
Boulden, Jane Long, Another Interpretation of the Sunken Bell, 452; Matthew Arnold and The Spirit of the Age 589
Bradford, Gamaliel, Jr., The Serpent of Old Nile: a Study of the Cleopatra of Tragedy . . 514
Brontë, Charlotte 469
Browning, Elizabeth, Account of Her Husband's Courtship 315
——— ———, Her Nickname . . . 628
——— ———, on Carlyle . . 612–617
Browning, Robert . . . 149, 153, 157
——— ———, Camberwell Edition of, 607
——— ———, French Life in . . . 429
——— ———, Human Brotherhood in, 421
——— ——— Mistaken by Boyesen . 461
——— ———, Music in 288
——— ———, Religion in 103
——— ———, Renaissance Pictures in, 66
——— ———, Society Papers . . 66, 397
——— ——— ———, Review of . . 443

PAGE

——— ———, Study Programmes: Religious Poems, 103; Music Poems, 288; Pictures of French Life in Browning, 429; 'Ring and the Book,' 569
——— ——— Union 150
——— ———, Whitman and, Reading Course 421
Browning's 'Statue and the Bust,' a Parable 397
(See also titles of poems.)
Burns 142
———, Tennyson and Wordsworth on 470
———, Whitman and 451
Burton, Richard, Renaissance Pictures in Browning's Poetry . . 66
Burton, Richard 136
Bunyan and Spenser 504
Byron 150, 470

Caine, Hall 299, 628
Caldwell, Mary Grace, A Study of the Sense Epithets of Shelley and Keats 573
'Caliban upon Setebos' 103
Cardwill, Mary E., Hecate in 'Macbeth' 532
Carlyle 91, 612
Carman, Bliss 135
Cawein, Madison 593
Clarke, Helen A., Recent Stories, 132; American Verse, 134, 591; If I Were God, 139; The Rossetti's, 298; Mr. Newell's 'The Table Round,' 309; Papers of the Boston Browning Society . 443
(Also Notes and News, Book Inklings, etc., and, with Charlotte Porter, Study Programmes and Translations.)
'Cleon' 103
Cleopatra of Tragedy, The 574
Clough 590

The Free Library.

PAGE

Cleveland, Treadwell, Jr., Two Æsthetic Moods: I. The Ephemeral; II. The Eternal 235
Coates, Florence Earle, Longing, 25; Dreyfus 335
Coates, Florence Earle 595
Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner,' Artistic Devices of 425
Corson, Hiram 155
Cummings, Prentiss, Browning's 'Statue and the Bust,' a Parable 397
'Cymbeline' 276
'Cyrano de Bergerac' 608

Dall, Caroline H., Comment on Maria Lowell's Poems, 22; Harriet Beecher Stowe's Life and Letters 579
Dante 142
'Death in the Desert,' The . . . 103
Dickens 153
Dole, Nathan Haskell, New Renderings of Omar Khayyâm, 293; Stephen Phillips's Rhymes, 448; Love at First Sight 627
Dreyfus 335
Dryden 521
Dumas fils 49

Edda, The 550
Education, Force in 155
Emerson 76
Emerson's 'Circles' 276
Emerson-Sterling Letters 143
Epitaph 629

Failure 234
Fletcher 518

Gardiner, Fanny Hale, A Spanish Poet-Laureate: Jose Zorilla . . 506
George Eliot 153, 632
Gertha's Lovers 337, 448
Golden Wedding, A 483
Groff, Alice, The Evolution of the Character of Woman in English Literature 242

Hamblen, Emily S., Kindliness as an Element of Faith in Wordsworth, Tennyson and Carlyle . 85
Hamlet, Phelps's 621
'Hamlet,' Prest. Adams and J. H. Hackett on 459

PAGE

Hammond, Eleanor P., The Artistic Devices of Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner' 425
Harned, Mary, The Sunken Bell by Gerhard Hauptmann (*trans.*) . 161
Hauptmann, Gerhard, The Sunken Bell 161
Hecate in 'Macbeth' 532
Heine on Cleopatra 516
Herodotus 17
Horace 491
Hovey, Richard, Spring: an Ode . 1
Hovey, Richard 597
Howe, Julia Ward 595
Howells on New York and Boston . 463
'Hughes of Saxe Gotha' 288

Iago 622
Ibsen and the Ethical Drama . . . 49

Japanese Garden, A 321
'Julius Cæsar' 564

Keats, Sense Epithets of 573
Kemble's, Fanny, Poem to Shakespeare 630
Kennedy, William Sloane, The Tennyson Biography, 114; Tennyson and other Debtors to Spenser's 'Faerie Queene' 492
Kimball, Hannah Parker, Reaction 336
Kimball, Hannah Parker 137
Kindliness as an Element of Faith . 85
Kingsland, William G., London Literaria, 149, 618; Shelley and Godwin Letters 389
Kinnosuki, Adachi, A Japanese Garden 321
Kipling 155, 464, 610
Klenze, Camillo von, The Sigfrid Stories in the Nibelungenlied and elsewhere 543
Knorr, Helena, Henrik Ibsen and the Ethical Drama of the Nineteenth Century, 49; Pre-Shakespearian Drama, 436; Morte d'Arther, 439; Selections from Poetry and Prose of Whitman, 586; American Literature . . 587

'Lear' 95
Le Gallienne 139

PAGE

Leuconoë, To (from Horace) . . . 491
Liberty Bell, The 22
Literatures of the World 598
London Literaria 149, 618
Longing 25
Love and Death 333
Love at First Sight 627
Lowell Memorial 154
Lowell, Maria, Africa 19
Lucian 18

'Macbeth,' Fear in 92
———, Hecate in 532
McGiffert, Margaret Cooper, Love and Death 333
Maeterlinck, Maurice, Emerson . . 76
Maeterlinck 146
Massinger 518
Meredith, George 123–126
Miller, Joaquin 591
Morris, William, Gertha's Lovers, 337; A Night in a Cathedral . 473
Morris, William 158
Morte d'Arthur 439
Mountain, William E., Turn from Me, Spirit, 335; 'Wound Dresser' 307

Nibelungenlied, The 543
Night in a Cathedral, A . . 473, 631

'Odyssey' 320
Omar Khayyâm 604
———, New Renderings of . . . 293
Othello, Was He a Negro? . . . 251
'Othello,' Are the Rhymed Lines in, Shakespeare's 416

'Papers of the Boston Browning Society' 443
Parson, Eugene, Another Note on Tennyson 147
Pattee, Fred Lewis, Fear in 'Macbeth' 92
Pence, J. H., Extracts from Letters on 'Hamlet,' of Prest. Adams and J. H. Hackett 459
Phillips, Stephen 430, 448
Pindar 466
Poe 627
Poetry and Philosophy, The Old Quarrel Between 365

PAGE

Poetry of Brick, The 381
Porter, Charlotte, British Verse, 123, 430; Talk on Study of Literature, 128; New Editions, 140; Emerson and Sterling Letters, 143; The Variorum 'Winter's Tale,' 300; In Portia's Gardens, 305; 'Cheerful Yesterdays,' 440; Literatures of the World . . . 598 (Also Notes and News, Book Inklings, etc., and, with Helen A. Clarke, Study Programmes and Translations.)
Pre-Shakespearian Drama 436
Programmes, Poet-lore 471
——— 95, 103, 113, 276, 284, 288, 421, 429, 564, 569

'Rabbi ben Ezra' 103
Reaction 336
Reed, Helen Leah, To Leuconoë . . 491
Renaissance Pictures in Browning . 66
Riddles of the Modern 464
'Ring and the Book' 569
Roberts, Theodore, Failure 234
Rod, Edouard, A Golden Wedding . 483
Rod, Edouard 623, 631
Rohan, Yukida 625
Rolfe, W. J., Some Shakespearian Questions: I. Was Othello a Negro? 251; II. Are the Rhymed Lines in 'Othello' Shakespeare's? 416; III. Was Malvolio a Puritan? 419
Rosny, J. H., The Temptress . . 26
Rosny's Originality 146
Rossettis, The 298
Ruhl, Arthur Brown, The Poetry of Brick 381
Ruskin, Extracts from Letters of . . 458

Sappho, Poem by 626
Schwob, Marcel 605
Serpent of Old Nile, The 514
Shakespeare First Folios 153
——— Memorial Items 159
——— Memorial Plays 460
——— Shorthand in 467
———, Study Programmes: 'Lear,' 95; 'Cymbeline,' 276; 'Julius Cæsar,' 564
Shakespearian Questions, Some . . 251

PAGE
Shakespere's Iago, whence the name 622
——— Dark Lady 319
——— Mothers 629
(See also titles of dramas.)
———, Sense Epithets of 573
Shelley & Godwin (Letters) . . . 389
Sigfrid Stories, The 543
Smith, James Duncan, On Spenser's 'Faerie Queene' 492
Spanish Sources of English Dramas . 472
Spenser's 'Faerie Queene,' On . . 492
——— ——— ———, Tennyson and Other Debtors to 492
Spring: an Ode 1
Stedman, E. C. 134
Stowe's, Harriet Beecher, Life and Letters 579
Stronghold, The 491
Swinburne 153

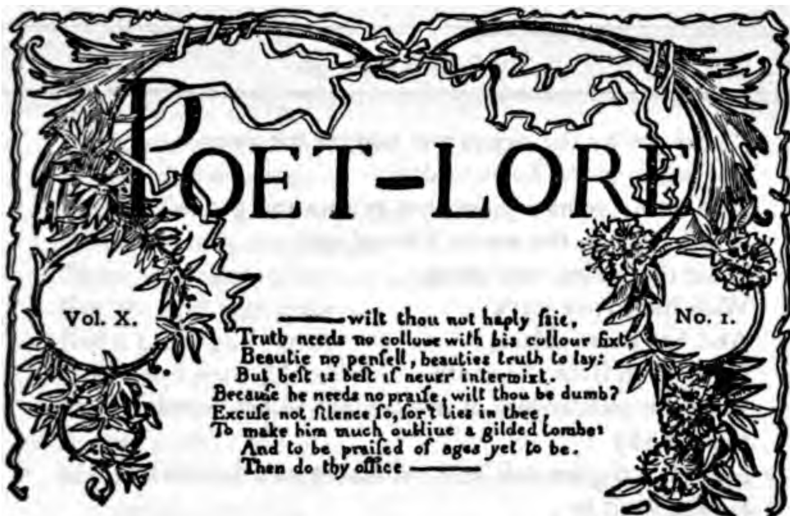
Taylor, Elisabeth, a Tale of Arion . 8
'Tempest,' Kipling on the . . . 610
Temptress, The, a Story 26
Tennyson, Alfred . . 89, 90, 153, 156
———, and other Debtors to Spenser's 'Faerie Queene,' 492
——— Another Note on 147
——— Biography, The 114
———, Cambridge 606
Tennyson's Division of 'In Memoriam' 609
Tennyson, Frederick, and his Poetry 258
Thackeray 153

PAGE
'Tocatta of Galuppi' 288
Turn from me, Spirit 335

Verse, British 123

Watson, William 434
Watts-Dunton, Theodore 127
Wenley, R. M., The Old Quarrel between Poetry and Philosophy . 365
White, Blanco, Letter from . . . 624
Whitman, an anecdote of 618
——— and Burns 451
———, Human Brotherhood in . . 421
———, Personality in 113
——— Programmes 113, 421
———, Prose and Poetry of . . . 586
Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass,' . 141, 160
——— Note-book, A page from, on Poetry 468
——— 'Wound Dresser' 307
Whittier 155
'Winter's Tale,' Variorum 156
Winthrop, W., Frederick Tennyson and his Poetry 258
Wisby, Thor Hrolf, Epitaph . . 629
Woman, Evolution of, in English Literature 242
Wordsworth . . . 86, 87, 88, 143, 631
Wright, Charles B., Browning mistaken by Boyesen 461

Zorilla, Jose: A Spanish Poet-Laureate 506



SPRING: AN ODE.

[Written for the Sixty-third Annual Convention of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity, held with the Phi Chapter at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan, May 7, 1896.]

I SAID in my heart: "I am sick of four walls and a ceiling.
I have need of the sky.
I have business with the grass.
I will up and get me away where the hawk is wheeling,
Lone and high,
And the slow clouds go by.
I will get me away to the waters that glass
The clouds as they pass,
To the waters that lie
Like the heart of a maiden aware of a doom drawing nigh
And dumb for sorcery of impending joy.
I will get me away to the woods.
Spring, like a huntsman's boy,
Halloos along the hillsides and unhoods
The falcon in my will.
The dogwood calls me, and the sudden thrill
That breaks in apple-blooms down country roads

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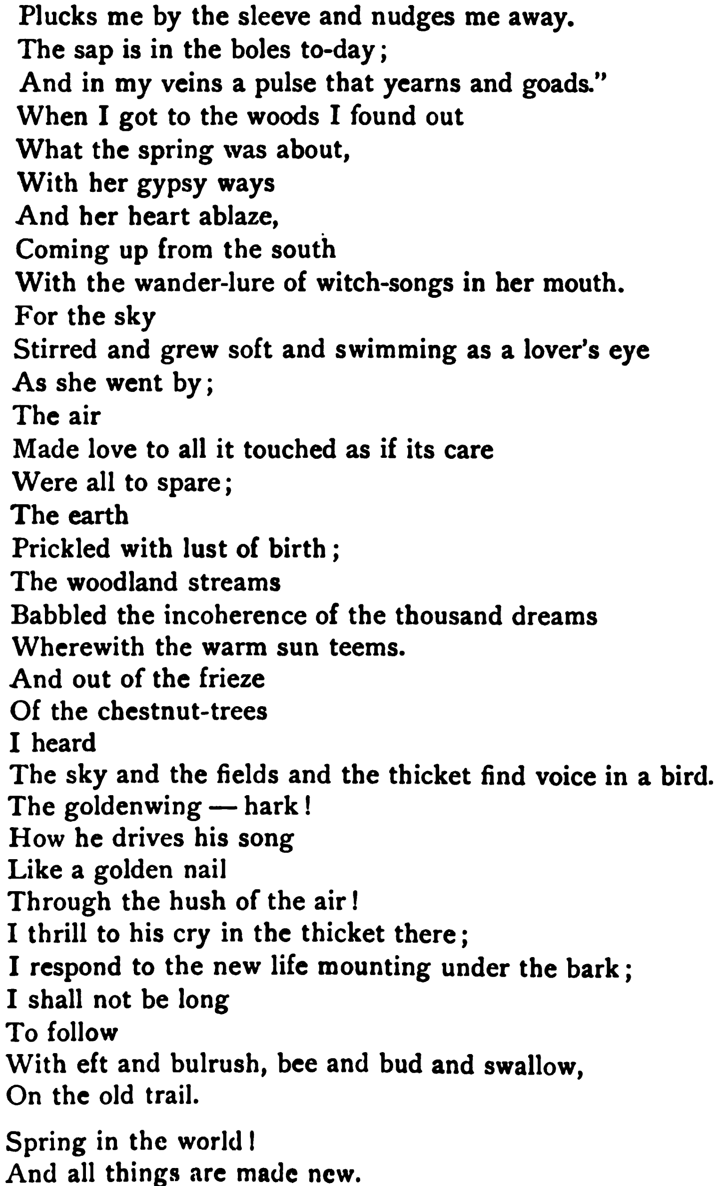


Plucks me by the sleeve and nudges me away.
The sap is in the boles to-day;
And in my veins a pulse that yearns and goads."
When I got to the woods I found out
What the spring was about,
With her gypsy ways
And her heart ablaze,
Coming up from the south
With the wander-lure of witch-songs in her mouth.
For the sky
Stirred and grew soft and swimming as a lover's eye
As she went by;
The air
Made love to all it touched as if its care
Were all to spare;
The earth
Prickled with lust of birth;
The woodland streams
Babbled the incoherence of the thousand dreams
Wherewith the warm sun teems.
And out of the frieze
Of the chestnut-trees
I heard
The sky and the fields and the thicket find voice in a bird.
The goldenwing — hark!
How he drives his song
Like a golden nail
Through the hush of the air!
I thrill to his cry in the thicket there;
I respond to the new life mounting under the bark;
I shall not be long
To follow
With eft and bulrush, bee and bud and swallow,
On the old trail.

Spring in the world!
And all things are made new.

There was never a mote that whirled
In the nebular morn,
There was never a brook that purled
When the hills were born,
There was never a leaf uncurled —
Not the first that grew —
Nor a bee-flight hurled,
Nor a bird-note skirled,
Nor a cloud-wisp swirled
In the depth of the blue,
More alive and afresh and impromptu, more thoughtless and
 certain and free,
More a-shout with the glee
Of the Unknown new-burst on the wonder, than here, than here,
In the re-wrought sphere
Of the new-born year —
Now, now,
When the greenlet sings on the redbud bough
Where the blossoms are whispering "I and thou" —
"I and thou,"
And a lass at the turn looks after her lad with a dawn on
 her brow,
And the world is just made — now!
Spring in the heart! —
With her pinks and pearls and yellows.
Spring, fellows,
And we too feel the little green leaves a-start
Across the bare-twigged winter of the mart.
The campus is re-born in us to-day;
The old grip stirs our hearts with new-old joy;
Again bursts bonds for madcap holiday
The eternal boy.

For we have not come here for long debate
Nor taking counsel for our household order,
Howe'er we make a feint of serious things, —
For all the world as in affairs of state

A word goes out for war along the border
To further or defeat the loves of kings.
We put our house to rights from year to year,
But that is not the call that brings us here;
We have come here to be glad.

Give a rouse, then, in the Maytime,
For a life that knows no fear!
Turn night-time into day-time
With the sunlight of good cheer!
For it 's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear.

When the wind comes up from Cuba
And the birds are on the wing,
And our hearts are patting juba
To the banjo of the spring,
Then there 's no wonder whether
The boys will get together,
With a stein on the table and a cheer for everything.

For we 're all frank-and-twenty
When the spring is in the air,
And we 've faith and hope a-plenty
And we 've life and love to spare,
And it 's birds of a feather
When we all get together,
With a stein on the table and a heart without a care.

For we know the world is glorious
And the goal a golden thing,
And that God is not censorious
When his children have their fling;
And life slips its tether
When the boys get together,
With a stein on the table in the fellowship of spring.

A road runs east, and a road runs west,
From the table where we sing;
And the lure of the one is a roving quest,
And the lure of the other a lotus dream.
And the eastward road leads into the West
Of the lifelong chase of the vanishing gleam;
And the westward road leads into the East
Where the spirit from striving is released,
Where the soul like a child in God's arms lies
And forgets the lure of the butterflies.
And west is east, if you follow the trail to the end;
And east is west, if you follow the trail to the end;
And the East and the West in the Spring of the World
    shall blend
As a man and a woman that plight
Their troth in the warm spring night.
And the spring for the East is the sap in the heart of a tree;
And the spring for the West is the will in the wings of a bird;
But the spring for the East and the West alike shall be
An urge in their bones and an ache in their spirit, a word
That shall knit them in one for Time's foison, once they
    have heard.

And do I not hear
The first low stirring of that greater spring
Thrill in the underworld of the cosmic year?
The wafture of scant violets presaging
The roses and the tasselled corn to be;
A yearning in the roots of grass and tree;
A swallow in the eaves;
The hint of coming leaves;
The signals of the summer coming up from Arcadie!

For surely in the blind deep-buried roots
Of all men's souls to-day
A secret quiver shoots.
An underground compulsion of new birth

Lays hold upon the dark core of our being,
And unborn blossoms urge their uncomprehended way
Toward the outer day.
Unconscious, dumb, unseeing,
The darkness in us is aware
Of something potent burning through the earth,
Of something vital in the procreant air.

Is it a spring indeed?
Or do we stir and mutter in our dreams,
Only to sleep again?
What warrant have we that we give not heed
To the caprices of an idle brain
That in its slumber deems
The world of slumber real as it seems?
No, —
Spring's not to be mistaken.
When her first far flute-notes blow
Across the snow,
Bird, beast, and blossom know
That she is there.
The very bats awaken
That hang in clusters in Kentucky caves
All winter, breathless, motionless, asleep,
And feel no alteration of the air,
For all year long those vasty caverns keep,
Winter and summer, even temperature;
And yet when April whistles on the hill,
Somehow, far in those subterranean naves,
They know, they hear her, they obey her will,
And wake and circle through the vaulted aisles
To find her in the open where she smiles.

So we are somehow sure,
By this dumb turmoil in the soul of man,
Of an impending something. When the stress
Climbs to fruition, we can only guess
What many-seeded harvest we shall scan;

But from one impulse, like a northering sun,
The innumerable outburst is begun,
And in that common sunlight all men know
A common ecstasy
And feel themselves at one.
The comradeship of joy and mystery
Thrills us more vitally as we arouse,
And we shall find our new day intimate
Beyond the guess of any long ago.
Doubting or elate,
With agony or triumph on our brows,
We shall not fail to be
Better comrades than before;
For no new sense puts forth in us but we
Enter our fellows' lives thereby the more.
And three great spirits with the spirit of man
Go forth to do his bidding. One is free,
And one is shackled, and the third, unbound,
Halts yet a little with a broken chain
Of antique workmanship, not wholly loosed,
That dangles and impedes its forthright way.
Unfettered, swift, hawk-eyed, implacable,
The Wonder-worker, Science, with his wand,
Subdues an alien world to man's desires.
And Art, with wide imaginative wings,
Stands by, alert for flight, to bear his lord
Into the strange heart of the alien world,
Till he shall live in it as in himself
And know its longing as he knows his own.
Behind a little, where the shadows fall,
Lingers Religion with deep-brooding eyes,
Serene, impenetrable, transpicuous
As the all-clear and all-mysterious sky,
Biding her time to fuse into one act
Those other twain, man's right hand and his left.

For all the bonds shall be broken and rent in sunder,
And the soul of man go free
Forth with those three
Into the lands of wonder;
Like some undaunted youth
Afield in quest of truth,
Rejoicing in the road he journeys on
As much as in the hope of journey done.
And the road runs east, and the road runs west,
That his vagrant feet explore;
And he knows no haste and he knows no rest,
And every mile has a stranger zest
Than the miles he trod before;
And his heart leaps high in the nascent year
When he sees the purple buds appear;
For he knows, though the great black frost may blight
The hope of May in a single night,
That the Spring, though it shrink back under the bark,
But bides its time somewhere in the dark, —
Though it come not now to its blossoming,
By the thrill in his heart he knows the Spring;
And the promise it makes perchance too soon
It shall keep with its roses yet in June;
For the ages fret not over a day,
And the greater to-morrow is on its way.

Richard Hovey.

A TALE OF ARION.

κιθαρῳδὸς τῶν τότε ἐόντων οὐδενὸς δεύτερος. — *Herodotus* I. 24.

THE charm of a graceful superstition has preserved to us the name of a poet who would otherwise have been forgotten. A few facts have clung to the well-known story, and from these it is inferred that he was born in Methymna of Lesbos, about 600 B. C.; that he transformed

the rude songs to Dionysus, known as dithyrambs, into the stately chorus from which the drama was to grow; and that he introduced this transformed dithyramb into the Doric city of Corinth. The country revelry gave place in his hands to the trained chorus moving in a circle around the altar in a solemn dance. Beyond this we know nothing of Arion; yet if this little be true we must attribute to him one of the most important of literary revolutions.

Under the twofold fascination of his position in literature and of the legend of his escape from death at sea by the aid of music-loving dolphins, — a legend suggestive of the intimacy between poetry and nature which is the key-note to that early time, — the following story of Arion's life and work took shape.

At the beginning of the sixth century before Christ, the island of Lesbos was in its fairest flowering time. That great outburst of lyric poetry which has been the inspiration of so many songs since then was itself a natural outgrowth of a land of every natural loveliness. But the color of that bright green island was tempered and refined by the clear white cliffs and pale gray olive-orchards, and deepened here and there by still, dark cypress-trees. And in much the same way the aspect of their poetry was altered by a fineness of intelligence in it; an intellectual perception, not yet fully self-conscious, but inherent in the genius of its poets. And as the natural beauties of the land had been at this time intensified into an artistic perfection that yet retained all of nature's own grace, — woods and meadows being cultivated into temple groves and gardens, with marble walks and benches glistening under the warm blue sky, — so had the native impulse of its poetry been moulded into new forms of beauty by the fulness and richness of life in the cities of Lesbos, — a life of individual freedom, in which personal feeling was heightened by uncertain fortunes and an exciting interest in the present.

The centre of this life and poetry that we call Lesbian was Mytelene. And to the youthful Arion, who had come hither

from Methymna, the little town beyond the mountains, there seemed to be a complexity in the Lesbian life at its fullest which would have been far to seek in the thoughts of those that made up that life, — of Sappho, studying music and poetry with her maidens round her; of Alcæus, enlivening them with songs of war and love.

Arion had been used to sing at the simple festivals of his people, and while still a mere lad had drawn young and old around him, attracting them by his beauty and holding them by the power of his song. Born of a family famous in the town for a long line of noble ancestors, he yet mingled always with the people, and became the centre of their life, the very soul of their festivities. He alone of the town knew the mysteries of the clear-voiced lyre. Others might pipe and dance and sing rude hymns to the god of the vine. In his hands their uncouth songs — even the tales of the old men told in the market-place — became melodious, — transformed, it seemed to them, by some magic in his lyre. And as they gathered round him he in turn took fire from their presence. Their quick sympathy was like a breath breathed into him, the inspiration of his song. While their feelings responded to his strains his power was one with his desire; his soul was free.

There was in him, nevertheless, an inherent distinction, — a fineness in feature, in movement, in speech, — recognizable, if not understood, by his listeners. It was indeed a distinction, a separateness, that at certain times showed its deeper imprint on his nature. He often wandered from the town and spent whole days and nights in the country roundabout, sometimes playing to the villagers, more often lingering with his lyre on some lonely mountain-top, and always bringing back with him a freshness and freedom that showed itself at once in his songs, as of one to whom the souls of nature had spoken, and who had by divine instinct translated their voices into his song.

When he returned, it was always with unfeigned pleasure that he found himself among the people once more and renewed his claim on their sympathy. But after each return it was a harder

claim to satisfy, and of late he had been half aware of some restraint upon his freedom. A vague sense of loss was present with him, as if some part, perhaps the best part, of what earth and air had given him in his wanderings, being lost on others, was lost even to himself.

It was at this time that his father was setting out on some political affairs to Mytelene; and Arion, in an uncertain hope, joined him for the journey, and found himself shortly afterward in the midst of the court-life of that city. For it was to the then powerful family of the changing aristocracy that Arion's father had come, and, while the affairs of the sojourn were being completed, Arion sang one sunny morning in the shaded portico of the palace, little knowing the fame and genius of some of those who listened to him. That song determined that Arion should never return to his native home. In after years, when the gods had bestowed upon him all their gifts, he wondered if one of them had not taken the lyre from him and sung to it in his own divine person in that decisive moment.

His father, returning homeward at length, left Arion surrounded by a strange new life, and entranced by the sudden fulfilment, in ways of which he had never dreamed, of his instinctive craving for beauty. His eye lost nothing of the artistic blending of form and color about him; his ear caught all the wondrous sounds that filled the air, sounds such as he had never heard before, rich melodies rising and falling in passionate ecstasy, revelations of changing moods of pain and pleasure. And at first he had felt his old freedom, checked of late by barriers outside himself, returning in the responsiveness of these new hearers. For among these people, his simpler songs were welcomed as a fragrant breeze from over the hill-tops — himself like some tender flower in his lovely youthfulness. But before they had listened many times to the songs of his native haunts, he was aware again of some unseen hindrance. The inspiration of the throng satisfied him no more; it infused no new life into his songs. And again that sense of loss returned to him, different now and more intense. It was no longer a

deafness in others to his purest notes; it was a loss of power in himself. He seemed to have left far behind him the spontaneity of his boyhood and to have become merely receptive. Was it because he no longer needed to track out the hidden beauties of nature, having the enjoyment of all beautiful things borne in upon him now with no effort of his own? Or was the face of nature really hidden from him, as it had never been before, behind a veil of art? Was it that he did not hear her voices, but listened only to those that spoke to his intellect, making him for the time less of a poet, but preparing him for a higher kind of poetry when the fire of enthusiasm should rekindle?

Now and then there came to him, to darken his bright moods, unanswerable questionings driving him hither and thither in disquietude. And near the end of one weary day, when "deep noon-day thought" had given place to "twilight phantasms," he had thrown himself on the purple-shadowed grass of a hill-side garden that overhung the sea. His limbs relaxed, and his eyes rested on the golden gleams of the western waves. Pleasure-loving youths and maidens thronged the garden, but they were hidden from him by the trees, and the sounds they made reached him in low murmurs, like the whisperings of a forest, mingling with the lapping of the waves below. As he listened to the faint, weird sounds, his mind was unburdened of its load, and he was once more alone with the spirits of nature. All voices but theirs were silent now. Their spell was upon him. Slowly lifting his lyre from the ground, he raised his voice to join with theirs. In faint tones he sang, words and rhythm alike echoing the still sounds around him. And little by little, as he sang, there crept in upon him the old unrest which had so often driven him back from the mountains to men. His spirit grew troubled and his song wavered. He started up, when suddenly he heard faint echoes of laughter stealing in on the quiet air, and saw coming toward him groups of long-stoled ladies and brightly clad youths. The impulse of the poet returned, and, as they gathered wonderingly around him, he sang again, this time in praise of Dionysus. His song told of the adventures of the god by sea; of how,

appearing at the shore in the form of a purple-clad youth, he was taken up by pirates and borne out into the deep; how when they tried to bind him, the shackles fell from his hands and from his feet; and how, when they would have thrown him overboard, miraculous sights filled them with terror, wine flowing over the vessel, the masts sprouting into grapevines, until the sailors fled from the presence of the god, and, leaping into the sea, were transformed into dolphins.

The story was one they had known and loved, but the enchantment of the song was strangely new. It ebbed and flowed in wonderful cadences, and as they caught the spirit of the song their bodies caught its motion. Graceful forms bent slowly this way and that as they moved in and out around him, an irresistible power moving them and transmitting itself from each to each by the touch of hand or arm. And as portions of the song repeated itself, one after another took up its words and melody, as they moved on through the deepening twilight, music and motion answering each other in unending harmony.

When, no long time after, Arion found himself on a vessel bound for Corinth, he hardly knew how it chanced that he had left the land of poets for an unknown city in the strangers' country. He only knew that on the exciting day which followed after that night in the garden, amid much talk through the city and confused thoughts in his own mind, there had been but one impulse strong within him; an impulse, born of exultation at the new expression his poetry had found, to repeat again and again, in ever varying form, that blending of sound with motion so unexpectedly produced and so satisfying to his artistic sense, and that, associated somehow with the magnificent stranger who sat beside him now, the path to the fulfilment of that desire had been opened up to him. It seemed to him that some unseen power must have borne him away, so indistinct was his memory of it all. It was almost as if he, too, like Dionysus of old, had been snatched up and stolen from the shore. But his day of miracles was not yet come. And indeed it was no plunderer by whose side he stood. It was none other than the famous Periander, ruler of Corinth and her many

colonies, — in himself no very attractive personage, to be sure, but capable of appreciating the possibilities of a poet like Arion, of whose achievement he had heard; capable of perceiving in that achievement not only the elements of choral celebrations to rival those of Sparta and other Dorian cities, but of really feeling the poetic beauty in the form of expression Arion's song had taken, — that form, pre-eminent for its grace, of what was afterward called the "cyclic chorus."

The mystic power of the "sacred spaces of the sea" remained with the young poet long after the boat had touched the shore and he had been conducted, together with Periander, between the two long walls leading up from the harbor into the heart of the resplendent city. And now for Arion a life of activity was begun in which all the substance of poetic things that he had brought hither from Lesbos was to be wrought, not without much labor, into artistic form. Critics commented much on that form in later years, remarking how it grew in the Dorian city into a structure more purely Greek — Hellenic, as they said — than would have been possible in the Æolian Capital of Lesbos.

And true it was that the Corinth of that day was for Arion's genius the place of all others the gods could have chosen. Standing as she did between her two seas, beneath the towering height of her majestic acropolis, in the midst of her long walls, her Doric temples, and her gods, she was the possessor of all those blessings which, more than a century later, the poet Bacchylides celebrated as the gifts of peace; "wealth and the flowers of honey-throated song," days in which "the din of the brazen trumpet resounds no longer, and sweet sleep is not ravished from the eyelids," when "the flame of sacrifices goes up from altars throughout the city, and the streets are full of lovely feasts, and the hymns of boys mount up to heaven." And although another poet long years afterward bewailed the loss of all her splendor, lamenting that nothing was left on her lonely shore but the "deathless Nereids" and the "plunging waves," yet the poetical form which in those days of her prosperity she was creating for Athens and the world proves her not the mere commercial city of our fre-

quent thought, but an eternal sharer in the imperishable things of art.

But the working out of that form, the developing of Arion's Lesbian poetry into what it afterward became, was possible only through a corresponding change which took place in the poet himself. After his entrance into the city he lost nothing of the enthusiasm that had carried him hither. Yet his task was never again to be the simple reflection of nature's moods. The expansion of his thought which had begun among the Lesbians of Mytelene was to bring new elements into his poetry, as it was to determine his own fate in the end.

Very soon his songs began to take on the complexity of his thoughts. Faint answers that came to his questionings as his power of insight increased came soon in the same vague, uneven way into his songs. Their metre grew complex, and the dance became labyrinthine in its movement. At the same time the conflict in the mind of the poet, the double effort to find and to lose himself, resolved itself into a practical change of no small importance in the choral development. Now and then when he had been throwing himself entirely into the expression worked out for eye and ear through the chorus, he would suddenly withdraw his power over them and, throwing it all into himself, would sing alone, often without even the lyre, of the god or hero whom they were celebrating. And soon this separate singing, indicative of a great change in the poet, became a part of the permanent form of choral singing.

Meanwhile another change had taken place in the spirit of the songs. For a time they remained the joyful songs they had been at first, when the chorus, clad in goat-skins in memory of his country life, had sung the joys of Dionysus, god of the fruits of the earth, the giver of pleasure and the destroyer of pain. Even then the singers had been but a kind of refined satyrs; their wild ecstasy had been tempered by the poet's touch. But gradually their gay tones were tinged with melancholy, and they sang oftener of Dionysus the sufferer, the ill-fated hunter, Dionysus Zagreus.

The Greek ideal of happiness had been realized in Arion.

Health and beauty, wealth and friends, were his; he had "done fair deeds," he had "won fortune to his side," and he "partook of the nature of the gods." And yet into his serene life there came the inevitable melancholy of those days when "nothing was determined in heaven and earth for mortals." When once he had begun to think, he could not escape perplexity and sadness. Henceforth his very excess of joy brought with it a sense of sorrow. Wherever he saw sunlight he saw darkness; his joy in the sunlight increased his dread of the darkness.

In the mean time Periander, beholding the varied beauty with which from day to day Arion's choruses adorned the city, desired him to sing before new audiences, knowing that the fame of Periander's Corinth would go whithersoever Arion went. And so once more Arion braved the anger of the gods by tempting the sea in ships, his oars directed now toward Sicily. To Periander, remaining at home, there came frequent news of his favorite, and of how he was winning renown at every court. And when, on a day on which no vessel was known to have arrived, the poet appeared suddenly before him, his amazement knew no bounds. After he had heard from Arion the story of his adventures, his amazement changed into a kind of reverent wonder in the presence of one with whom the gods had so dealt.

The Corinthians say (and the Lesbians too) that Arion the Methymnian was carried to Tænarum on the back of a dolphin. They say that when he, enriched with much wealth, desired to go back from Italy to Corinth, because he trusted no others more than Corinthians, took a ship of Corinthian men. And they, in the open sea, plotted to throw him overboard and take his money. And Arion being come into great straits besought them, since it seemed best to them to do this thing, that they would permit him to stand, in all his apparel, in the midst of the rowers, and sing. And they granted it; for it occurred to them that it was a pleasure to be about to hear the best singer among men. And he, when he had put on all his apparel and had taken up his lyre, standing there on the deck, sent up a hymn in a clear, sweet voice, and when it was finished threw himself into the sea, just as

he was, in all his apparel. And they sailed away to Corinth; but him a dolphin, they say, took up and bore off to Tænarum. And he arrived before them at Corinth, and related all that had happened.

This is the story, in part, as Herodotus tells it; and we have also the poem which, although acknowledged now to be of a later period, was for centuries attributed to Arion himself.

O god of the golden trident,
Poseidon of the sea!
Upholder of earth, and highest
Of Gods through eternity!
Up through the deep brine swimming,
In chorus encircling thee,
The light-footed sea-beasts caper
And dance on the silvery lea.
And light as the air are swaying
And swinging in sportive mood
The swift-running, flat-nosed dolphins,
A music-loving brood.
The Nereids' nurslings are they
Who join in the revels rude —
The daughters of Amphitrite,
With love of the sea indued.
And me, an ill-fated wanderer
From the shores of Sicily,
They bore to the land of Pelops,
Where Tænarum juts in the sea.

Whatever may have been the secret of Arion's mysterious return, something there was which had saddened the world more than ever for him. He might indeed have been in the intimate presence of a god, as the story of him suggested, and found his journey back to men more difficult than escape from the sea-waves, so impossible had it become for him now to realize himself in his unity with others. He might even have set some Ariadne free only to lose her again and find a new hope baffled, so entirely had he withdrawn into himself. His artistic sense was still satisfied by his chorus,

and his delight in their rhythmical expression of his thought might almost have sweetened the bitter things of life; and yet it was only a part of himself that he could reveal to others now, as it was but a fragmentary world that he saw in them; and even here, in the midst of the crowd, his soul was in solitude. But real solitude Arion's nature could not endure. He must needs find some presence in which to abide.

It was after a great celebration on the acropolis that Arion, wandering apart from the others as they descended into the city, made his way around the side of the mountain, and stood alone beneath the acropolis wall. Before him mountain after mountain stretched away into limitless space; their many-colored peaks seeming alive with the changing shadows of the white clouds that swept over them. On one side the sea, reaching out toward Athens, lay motionless as if its waves were spent; but its depth of color was instinct with life. Down in the valley below a shepherd was piping to his flocks, and near his feet Peirene's water trickled down the rocks. As the poet's eyes travelled from height to height, a joyful longing took possession of him. Some blind impulse drove him forward, farther and farther from men, and nearer to the presence that was brooding over those distant mountains and drawing him toward them. On and on he went, through dark caverns and over dizzy heights. In the world of men he had been still unsatisfied. The parent elements of earth and heaven now called him home. Close and closer they drew him into their embrace. And when the cold white light of morning returned again, he lay there on the mountain-side. The gods had given him their last blessing, — to die in the beauty of youth.

It is Lucian who tells us of that feast in the fields of Elysium, at which Homer reclines above Odysseus and listens to the singing of his own songs. And there are choruses too, he tells us, of youths and maidens, and one of their leaders is Arion. When they cease from singing, another chorus comes forth, of swans and nightingales. And when these have sung, all the wood begins to pipe and the winds take up the song.

Elizabeth Taylor.

AFRICA.

BY MARIA LOWELL.

SHE sat where the level sands
Sent back the sky's fierce glare;
She folded her mighty hands,
And waited with calm despair —
While the red sun dropped down the streaming air.

Her throne was broad and low,
Builded of cinnamon ;
Huge ivory, row on row,
Varying its columns dun,
Barred with the copper of the setting sun.

Up from the river came
The low and sullen roar
Of lions, with eyes of flame,
That haunted its reedy shore,
And the neigh of the hippopotamus,
Trampling the watery floor.

Her great dusk face no light
From the sunset-glow could take;
Dark as the primal night
Ere over the earth God spake ;
It seemed for her a dawn could never break.

She opened her massy lips,
And sighed with a dreary sound,
As when by the sand's eclipse
Bewildered men are bound,
And like a train of mourners
The columned winds sweep round.

She said: "My torch at fount of day
I lit, now smouldering in decay;
Through futures vast I grope my way.

"I was sole queen the broad earth through:
My children round my knees upgrew,
And from my breast sucked Wisdom's dew.

"Day after day to them I hymned;
Fresh knowledge still my song o'erbrimmed,
Fresh knowledge, which no time had dimmed.

"I sang of Numbers; soon they knew
The spell they wrought, and on the blue
Foretold the stars in order due; —

"Of Music; and they fain would rear
Something to tell its influence clear;
Uprose my Memnon, with nice ear,

"To wait upon the morning air,
Until the sun rose from his lair
Swifter, at greet of lutings rare.

"I sang of Forces whose great bands
Could knit together feeble hands
To uprear Thought's supreme commands;

"Then, like broad tents, beside the Nile
They pitched the Pyramids' great pile;
Where light and shade divided smile;

"And on white walls, in stately show,
Did Painting with fair movement go,
Leading the long processions slow.

"All laws that wondrous Nature taught
To serve my children's skill I brought,
And still for fresh devices sought.

"What need to tell? They lapsed away,
Their great light quenched in twilight gray,
Within their winding tombs they lay,

"And centuries went slowly by,
And looked into my sleepless eye,
Which only turned to see them die.

"The winds like mighty spirits came,
Alive and pure and strong as flame,
At last to lift me from my shame;

"For oft I heard them onward go,
Felt in the air their great wings row,
As down they dipped in journeying slow.

"Their course they steered above my head,
One strong voice to another said:
'Why sits she here so drear and dead? —

"'Her kingdom stretches far away;
Beyond the utmost verge of day,
Her myriad children dance and play.'

"Then throbbed my mother's heart again,
Then knew my pulses finer pain,
Which wrought like fire within my brain.

"I sought my young barbarians, where
A mellower light broods on the air,
And heavier blooms swing incense rare.

"Swart-skinned, crisp-haired, they did not shun
The burning arrows of the sun;
Erect as palms stood every one.

"I said: These shall live out their day
In song and dance and endless play;
The children of the world are they.

"Nor need they delve with heavy spade;
Their bread, on emerald dishes laid,
Sets forth a banquet in each shade.

"Only the thoughtful bees shall store
Their honey for them evermore;
They shall not learn such toilsome lore;

"Their finest skill shall be to snare
The birds that flaunt along the air,
And deck them in their feathers rare.

"So centuries went on their way,
And brought fresh generations gay
On my savannas green to play.

"There came a change. They took my free,
My careless ones, and the great sea
Blew back their endless sighs to me:

"With earthquake shudderings oft the mould
Would gape; I saw keen spears of gold
Thrusting red hearts down, not yet cold,

"But throbbing wildly; dreadful groans
Stole upward through Earth's ribbed stones,
And crept along through all my zones.

"I sought again my desert bare,
But still they followed on the air,
And still I hear them everywhere.

"So sit I dreary, desolate,
Till the slow-moving hand of Fate
Shall lift me from my sunken state."

Her great lips closed upon her moan;
Silently sate she on her throne,
Rigid and black, as carved in stone.

It was not till I opened the Summer number of *Poet-lore* that I realized that I ought to have entitled the poem I sent you 'The Song of a *Slave*.' ('Song,' by Maria Lowell, *Poet-lore*, p. 461.)

When it was originally printed, the singer was obvious enough, but modern readers would certainly need that indication.

Since I wrote you last I have discovered, with the aid of one of Mr. Garrison's sons, that a complete set of the *Liberty Bell* comprises fifteen volumes, running from 1838 to 1859 inclusive, and omitting the years 1840, 1850, 1854, 1855, and 1857.

Maria Lowell's 'Africa,' which appeared in the *Liberty Bell* for 1849, was printed about four years after her marriage. To the

same volume James Russell Lowell contributed a poem called 'The Burial of Theobald.' I do not find this in the fifth, two-volume edition of his poems, issued in 1853, nor in any of the occasional volumes issued later. It is a little singular that the only poems to which Maria Lowell's name was ever publicly appended in her lifetime, so far as I have been able to ascertain, were those contributed to the *Liberty Bell*. That her husband liked these poems means something, but we must remember that it was his love for her that made him at that early period an anti-slavery man. The Civil War must have done it later. To almost all the volumes Lowell himself contributed; to that of 1847 Maria contributed a touching poem called 'A Twilight Vision,' and to that of 1852 she sent from the Mediterranean, whither she had gone in search of health, another which must have been among her last. It consists of twenty-one lines, written at sea August 1st, 1851, and entitled 'Cadiz.' Before this time she had lost two little girls, and in the spring of 1852 the lovely boy that they had carried with them died in Rome. From this time her health declined steadily, and I saw her but once after her return, before she passed away at Elmwood, on the 27th of October, 1853.

Two unsigned poems of Maria's were printed in the first two volumes of Lowell's poems, 'The Alpine Sheep' and 'The Morning Glory.' They are favorites to-day in many households where their author is not known.

It seems as if toward the close of her life she must have written some poems for *Putnam's Magazine*, which were signed, but I cannot easily reach them. In writing to C. F. Briggs, who was associated with George W. Curtis in the editorship, as late as September, 1853, Lowell said: "I wish to see Maria's Poem. She is quite cutting me out as a Poet, though she laughs when I tell her so, God bless her!" In October, on the 6th, he writes again: "I have copied a Poem of Maria's which it would give me great pleasure to see in the next number. The delight which it gives me to see them printed and liked is a great pleasure to her. And it gives her something to think about — a sort of tie to this world as it were. . . . I cannot bear to write it, but she is dangerously

ill. . . . Will you send me whatever is due her for the other Poem?—for she would like to spend it for something." Three weeks from that day he pressed his last kiss upon her brow and he had begun to realize the "sweet influences of thirteen years spent with her," as an accession of spiritual power.

After her death a 'Memorial Volume' was printed for her intimate friends, and a very unworthy likeness of her was affixed to it, taken I have been told from a daguerreotype made in Philadelphia when she was a bride. Nothing ever gave, or ever could give, the angelic grace of her whole bearing. She resembled the famous Boston beauty Emily Marshall in this, that her lovely body seemed scarcely more than a veil for a lovelier spirit.

I always believed her a poet born, although she has left nothing behind her finer than the two poems I have sent you. I do not remember in what year Anne Whitney produced her 'Africa,' but I value my photograph of the statue because it seems to me to have been suggested by, and to embody the spirit of, Maria Lowell's poem.

Lowell himself inherited what may be called an easy knack of rhyming from his father. So did his brother Robert, and his sister Rebecca, who wrote some lovely Poems for Children, to which her mere initials furnished no clue. Lowell wrote many fine things. The 'Commemoration Ode' and the 'Sonnets' to his wife will last as long as the language in which they were written; but he wrote his best in prose, and much that he wrote in verse must drop out of the literature of the future. Only Love or the Civil War could lift him to his best. When he and his brothers and sisters were little, their father, Dr. Charles Lowell of the West Church, would take them on his knees and talk to them in rhyme by the hour. He lived long enough to do this for his grandchildren. This was the "fatal facility" which dwarfed his son's career as a poet. Dr. Lowell never "disapproved" of James's verses, but he disapproved of a pursuit which he did not believe him to take up with any earnest purpose.

Perhaps it may interest your English readers to know that many English friends contributed to the volume of the *Liberty*

Bell in which 'Africa' was first published. Among them were Lady Byron, Harriet Martineau, Sir John Bowring, Thomas Sturge, and Richard D. Webb. Among the American names were those of Eliza Follen, Wendell Phillips, Maria Chapman, William Henry Channing, William Lloyd Garrison, and my own.

Caroline H. Dall.

LONGING.

THE lilacs blossom at the door,
The early rose
Whispers a promise to her buds,
And they unclose.

There is a perfume everywhere,
A breath of song,
A sense of some divine return
For waiting long.

Who knows but some imprisoned joy
From bondage breaks:
Some exiled and enchanted hope
From dreams awakes?

Who knows but you are coming back
To comfort me
For all the languor and the pain,
Persephone?

O come! For one brief spring return,
Love's tryst to keep;
Then let me share the Stygian fruit,
The wintry sleep!

Florence Earle Coates.

THE TEMPTRESS.

BY J.-H. ROSNY.

LONDON, 16 April, 1895.

I AM by nature conscientious. To be sure, that is no great virtue for me, in comparison with those heroic persons who are forever taken up with vanquishing their temptations, and whose passions exasperate them the more, the more unlawful they are. An object does not excite my desire because it is forbidden,— quite the contrary, I feel rather a distaste for that which I know I cannot obtain without an abuse of confidence or without equivocalness. This disposition permits me to taste freely the joys which every day offers a man, and which he refuses usually because illicit joys have blocked their road.

Why must it be, with this guaranty of happiness, that precisely to me must a trial come in which my own good-will has gone for nothing,—why must it be that I suffer through the will of another to which I cannot yield without having recourse to deceit and hypocrisy or ingratitude?

Still, it would be easy for me to break away by sacrificing myself; but I can only do so by making her unhappy who dominates me,—by grieving my benefactor, and by taking away from my poor mother her support.

* * *

It is four years to-day since I was recommended to Mr. Ditchfield. He is a man who combines with strange failings the most charming qualities. Subject to crises of anger which border on epilepsy, an advocate of occult opinions upon the materiality of the soul, shut up alone sometimes for weeks in a dark room, he is none the less, in the ordinary intercourse of life, full of goodness, gentleness, considerateness, and far more indulgent than one could at first believe.

In physique he has a red face, short-sighted eyes, a little broad nose, an abundance of wiry hair which scintillates in the dark during stormy weather.

I was twenty-two years old when I presented myself to him. I had just lost my father, with whom I had been associated in the manufacture of mechanical instruments, precarious for some years past, because of the extreme scrupulousness which made us proud of selling only perfect instruments. My father's death left me without credit. I had too little commercial aptitude to struggle with an able man who coveted our business, and who already had it, indeed, thanks to debts bought up everywhere. I was ruined, and my mother with me. I did not know where to turn, having really no definite profession.

An old gentleman who frequented our shop offered to recommend me to Mr. Ditchfield. That gentleman needed a secretary who could aid him in experiments in physics. I suited the requirements; I swiftly grew into the confidence of my master; and as he was generous as well as rich, my mother received a pension sufficient to assure her of comfort, and almost of luxury.

In proportion as I familiarized myself with this strange personality, our mutual sympathy increased. It was not that we had similar ideas. Never were two beings more divided in belief. But our characters fitted in together to perfection, and my extreme facility in the manipulation of delicate instruments enchanted this maladroit man, who could never make use of an object without breaking it. I was his hand, as it were, ever ready to execute his fancies; and if the results did not correspond with his hopes he always declared that I was not there in vain, since I conducted marvellously myriads of experiments to which Nature refused to make the desired replies.

As for his fits of rage, I learned to endure them as one endures the rain and wind, or a storm. They were truly frightful. He poured out for the first few moments a vocabulary unworthy of a gentleman, then, no more words coming, his face grew tumid, savage cries found their vent from his throat, and his arms were tossed wildly in the air.

When the scene burst out in the laboratory I took flight at once, while he followed me with threats; and in this way I avoided an utter cataclysm. This access of violence ended, he was seized

with a fierce morose remorse, and would shut himself up for hours or days; but otherwise, he never apologized for himself.

From the first I had more pity than indignation: and he loved me, above all, for that. Not that he was at all touched by it during the access; on the contrary, he was the more irritated by it, so much so that in consequence I forced myself to keep unperturbed. But he reflected upon that later, and manifested, indirectly, the liveliest appreciation.

He saw, indeed, that no mercenary sentiment was mixed with the patience with which I steeled myself to accept his abuse, and that I would have acted the same with an equal, even an inferior, who had been a prey to such an evil.

I speak of these crises because they explain my timidity amid certain occurrences, the tale of which is to follow.

In spite of this disability, Mr. Ditchfield was the most perfect master that a young man of my nature could desire. He exacted little work of me, encouraged me to occupy my leisure as it suited my tastes, and trusted me absolutely under all circumstances. His conversation was agreeable and instructive, his companionship charming.

Without trying to convert me, he held forth much with me upon his ideas regarding the "fourth dimension of matter." These ideas, often ingenious, supplemented mine, which were positive, but not of a cold positiveness, rather warmly colored and animated, as contemporary science, indeed, permits.

I have, besides, so profound a sentiment for Nature and its graces — for the poetry of the objects surrounding man — that I have little inclination toward metaphysical reveries. My master sometimes regretted it affectionately.

"Your nature is mystical," he would say to me, "and it is easy to believe that your mind might be so a little. But faith shines when her hour is come. She will come to you if she ought to come to you."

I was happy then, and each day more so; my position was assured, my future without a cloud. Mr. Ditchfield had even made arrangements so that pecuniary trouble could not reach me, in case of any accident, of which I never thought.

It was in the second year of my sojourn at Grenville Lodge when the event came which was to have so fatal an influence upon my life. A sister-in-law of my master's, who lived in Canada, died. Her little daughter Mary, then fourteen years old, came to make her home with her uncle. She was a charming creature, shy, with great eyes, cheeks that flushed with the least emotion, a delicate, sensitive voice, movements noble and timid, and the look of a young goddess amid clouds.

I was seized with a great affection for her, and the more readily that not even the shadow of an apprehension could come to me. Doubtless admiration of her grace and the attraction of her sex counted for much, but man is a being complex enough to *create* finally a species of tenderness which is not love, and which differs nevertheless from the affection of man for man or woman for woman. It is often to be met with among the northern races, although it is rare among the southern.

So far as I was concerned, Mary quickly awakened in my heart a sentiment which was very pure, unmixed with either jealousy or an equivocal platonic love, but in which her charming sylph-like face and the trembling vibration of her voice had a large part.

She drew near me from the first with a sympathy at least equal to that which drew me to her. At the end of a month, she showed me such marked preference that Mr. Ditchfield might have become jealous. He was not in the least. The excellent soul saw our sympathy with pleasure. He intrusted to me a part of the child's education.

And the eighteen months which followed were still happier in Grenville Lodge than the two first years. Mary was like some fresh fountain where I rested from my work, — for I worked much, upon my own account as well as upon my master's. I renewed my energy in her young enthusiasm, in her soft glance, and in her candor. I found myself stronger and braver for becoming childlike with her.

I did not notice how she grew. I did not see the harmonious chisel-strokes of the eternal Sculptor, — the nearing of a new human season, the up-springing maidenhood. The blue eyes

had a clearer light. The sylph was no longer indeterminate in shape; her hair no longer flowed in a disorderly mass; her familiarity grew more reserved, — a steadfast, beautiful witch it was! A fierce love might tremble at her fair, provoking neck, at the proud curve of her hip. But between herself and me stood protecting habit. Only some spark, some great tearing lightning-stroke, could make me see this adorable creature.

God knows that that spark did not leap out *spontaneously* from my heart.

* * *

It was the last of the month of October when I received my first warning. Mary had asked me to take her to the British Museum. Gay at first, almost merry, before the grim busts of the Roman emperors, the wide brows of the philosophers, the lofty gracile statues of the gods, a gravity seized her, a very gentle charm, before those noble, mutilated shapes of the broken-browed, armless Zeus, the Diana with the proud breasts cruelly defaced and the tunic broken, headless bodies, contorted limbs, fragmentary naiads, and hoofless fauns.

She whispered to me with increasing melancholy, becoming sad even when we penetrated among the Assyrians, — the ranks of warriors, files of kings in chains, bent beneath their yoke, the half-obliterated records of the triumphs of the Tiglath-Pilesers and Shalmanesers singing their triumphs haughtily in ferocious stone inscriptions, those men in profile with rigid curled beards and cold eyes, those strange barges, lion-bulls, eagle-headed gods, with scaly backs, the grim military processions and victorious kings with their implacable poses, and underneath all these pictures of murderous antique glory, the cuneiform writing, the chiselled-out letters, adding a nameless impression of pitiless conquest, tearing of subjugated flesh, and enormous crushing of whole races by despots! All this terrified Mary as the halls began to grow dark.

She drew me closer to her, and in the Egyptian halls her discomposure increased. In the waning light Egypt, in her incomparable might, erect upon her stones of green and black and brown, seemed as hard as a diamond. The sombre statues gleamed;

the cat-gods and owl-gods stood there sinister; and death brooded over the sarcophagi painted with imperishable colors. Everywhere a funereal sensation of permanence and eternity weighing upon the poor fleeting silhouette of man. The young girl stretched out her arm to me. She was pale.

She looked strangely at me.

"What is the matter?" I asked her, much troubled.

"I am afraid," she replied in a low voice.

Her hand trembled. I hastened to lead her outside. The light enlivened her. She showed an almost feverish delight in seeing a bevy of pigeons fluttering about the court. She continued to press my arm, and she spoke in a collapsed voice.

"You are still nervous," I murmured. "Would you like me to call a carriage?"

"No; the walk will do me good."

On the way she seemed to calm down. She questioned me, with her usual pretty familiarity, on what we had seen, while her beauty made the men we passed turn to look. As for me, I really had no idea that her emotion could have any other source than the melancholy of the sombre halls full of granite ghosts.

When we arrived at Grenville Lodge twilight had fallen. We stopped an instant to look at the beautiful autumnal square. The leaves were falling lightly on the road and over the grass. Mary watched them sadly.

"You will not tell," she said suddenly, "that I was afraid?"

"No; I will not tell."

"You believe, then, that I was really afraid?" she went on, her eyes fixed on mine.

Her tone surprised me, still more her strange look.

"I believed it," I replied.

"You were deceived," she said in a soft voice a little plaintive. "I am afraid of nothing when you are near. I am only afraid of you!"

She gave me a sad smile, conscious, magnetic, and then, suddenly, I saw that the little girl had grown up.

* * *

I did not trouble myself about it. When I found myself alone again, I betook myself to reflecting upon the phenomenon with a sort of good nature. I considered that I ought to have been able to foresee it, but that as I had not foreseen it the evil was not very great. As Mary could scarcely have attained the age of marriage without some love-affair, as well, after all, that I should be the first model her fancy clothed. With a little discretion it would be over in six months, after which she would herself perceive that I would not meet her ideal.

The difficulty was to make her pass through this little episode without too much pain. As to fearing that I should fall in love with her, the idea certainly did not come to me. Mary seemed to me as far away from me as if she inhabited some other planet. I was moved at the idea that her little delusion might cause her any sleepless hours; I was touched that her dear graciousness had lent itself to investing me with the form of a lover; but nothing more, without any equivocation. I ransacked my memory well, determined to discover any equivocation there, and I encountered, in truth, only my perfect good faith. I always returned to say to myself, "How shall I act so as not to cause her grief?"

It seemed to me urgent to choose some plan by which I should not need to go away immediately or to abandon myself to some sudden resolution. I rejected the idea of feigning love as irreconcilable with the entire respect due to my master's niece, although I was persuaded that it would have been the best means to hasten the cure. Three courses remained for me to take, — to demand a long enough leave of absence, to hold myself in a severe and freezing reserve, or to continue to be the familiar and tender friend, without seeming to see anything, whatever should be Mary's attitude.

As for going away, it was almost useless to think of it. Mr. Ditchfield had just initiated a series of experiments which would necessitate my presence all the winter, and he was not the man to give it up. Besides, short of a prolonged time, absence would be as likely to overexcite the fancy of the young girl as to calm it; and, with all I knew of her character, the first hypothesis was the more plausible.

The coldness and severity would have the inconvenience of paining Mary, while bringing her to reflections which might very well tend to defeat my end. Besides, it would arouse Mr. Ditchfield's surprise, — a thing I felt it necessary to avoid.

There remained the *statu quo*. In appearing as the "big brother," in determinedly giving our relations more and more the character of comradeship, in learning how to turn aside her melancholy and adopt a tone of cordial raillery, I would have decidedly more chance than in any other way.

I concluded to adopt this attitude.

It may be said that I could have made Mr. Ditchfield understand how it was. That is quite true, and might have been a decisive remedy. He would doubtless have sent Mary away somewhere where he could often go and see her. But I was strangely reluctant to use this means. The young girl's little secret did not belong to me. However transitory her fancy seemed to me to be, I was bound to hold it in utter respect. If I were charged with the right and duty to draw away from her gently, I felt that I should do the charming girl a grave injustice by taking up an accomplice in order to defeat her, to treat her as a little child whom one deceives or punishes.

Above all, I really did not think that the adventure was worth tormenting my master's irascible mind with; I saw it all solved beforehand in the natural course of life. Finally, to tell the whole truth, I was convinced that nothing could prevent Mary, having once arrived at the falling-in-love period, from pouring forth her heart. And as Mr. Ditchfield was a wretched observer, he would be likely enough to put his niece in some company where she would be exposed to real danger and cause her to marry some one unworthy of her. The English law makes such a hypothesis admissible.

In brief, I ended by convincing myself that the habits of the house must not be changed an iota, and I even asked myself if it were not a happy circumstance that the inevitable had come about in precisely this way.

* * *

At dinner, the child looked sad ; she seemed to me to regret what had taken place. She went to bed early, and arose the next morning very pale, so much so that her uncle noticed it.

"You are not indisposed, my dear child?" he said with concern.

She replied, blushing, "A little; but I am sure it is nothing at all."

"We must have the doctor."

"Oh, no," she cried with a kind of fear ; "I detest drugs."

"Very well, then ; we will wait and see," said the good man.

And he betook himself to talk of his "double magnetic mirror for photographing spirits," — an instrument which he had made me work at for several days past, and upon which he rested great hopes.

Mary, meanwhile, finished her breakfast — she had scarcely touched anything — and withdrew. We worked together for a part of the morning, my master and I, the completion of his famous mirror raising little problems that thoroughly interested me.

Toward eleven o'clock only did I take any leisure. It was the time for my daily walk in our square, the largest in London, the liberty of which belonged exclusively to those living in houses about it. I took my key and was soon among its paths.

On this charming morning of the end of October there was scarcely any one there. The square spread away lonely and listless as an old park with its great centenarian trees. Trees have more individuality, perhaps, after their leaves have fallen. In the fertile seasons the body, the trunk, and all the branches and twigs disappear, and a tree is nothing but an immense crown of tresses in which all distinctions are blotted out, — even the slim grace of the tall poplars. I found myself before the grotesqueness of these branches characteristic in their bareness, whence here and there still hung a few tufts of leaves. About the grassy lawn, like a great circle, I saw the black shadow, slight this morning, where the eternal English fog was crouching. Drawing nearer, the chaos grew into form ; individual things emerged. The border was made of shrubbery, and athwart its confusion the soft silver

bark of the birches shone out purely among the other autumnal ebonies or emeralds. No filigree of the woods has the exquisite delicacy of the birch, the grace of its trembling twigs under a gray sky.

A little behind, two plane-trees lifted up their firm pale trunks, whence the bark fell off in great flakes and whose branches looked like shadowy snakes mottled with yellow light.

A white poplar spiring into the sky, gray-green at the base, and then lighter and lighter, ended at the summit in an arrow of metallic white, whilst the slim Italian poplars darted out beside a thick Canada pine adorned with shaggy ribs. A huge locust, all covered with warts and scarred with the axe, threw out four enormous arms, a veritable infirm monster, besides the fine symmetrical lindens, graceful, brilliant, aristocratic. Sycamore-maples lifted up their steel-gray trunks ; stately chestnuts spread forth their branches lustily; and one elm harbored toward its top a family of gigantic toadstools, solid and swelling out like athletes.

I do not know why the memory of that morning remains so fixedly with me, but the least details are photographed upon my mind. The air was warm, languorous, and I advanced along an alley of boxwood, firs, and colossal holly, the finest I know.

A sheet of water stopped me; two islands emerging, planted with weeping willows bathing their long drooping branches.

As I stood motionless, musing, I heard a light step, and saw Mary approaching me, pale as the mist. She seemed hesitating and troubled. I had never seen her so graceful, so marked with distinction as of the elect. Don't think that I am laboring under the illusion of people whose eyes are unsealed by a return of sensation. It was the pure reality. Mary wore the light of love which transfigures even the ugly. I watched her coming with admiration and pity. I composed my own attitude.

" See," said I, " a morning made for hoping happiness. Look, my child, can one dream of anything more haughtily elegant than those poplars? How they rise erect in their black lace, lifting their slim heads above their branches!"

I spoke with some emphasis, in a pedagogic style which startled Mary. It was a bad beginning, and I resumed my usual tone.

"See, how our poor square is all bare!"

"I have heard you say that you like it so."

"That is true. But I like it in every way; I loved it at first sight. It is as fine as a park and as mysterious. It is a garden for a king."

She threw me a pathetic glance.

It came to me like a vision that this young soul, too, was a garden for a king, fair and mystical. I did not linger upon that idea. Mary's head sank, her arms drooping with graceful languor. She murmured, "A garden for a king!" and stood pensive.

I talked for some time without fixing her attention upon anything I said. Finally I made her notice her abstraction.

"Yes," she said; "I was thinking of your phrase of just now,—that it was 'a morning made for happiness.' Are there mornings made specially for happiness? One likes a fog at Christmas, and the holidays only seem good with such a fog."

She grew pensive again and I saw her bosom heave.

The clouds parted, opening a slight aperture, and a pale sun came out, glistened on the blackness of the branches, and overspread them with gold. It rose to the top in a vaporous chain, and over the little crisping waves of the water it made a cascade of rays play. Little silvery billows beat against the bank. The water near the islands was black, and the trees were confusedly reflected in it. On the tawny ground some of the grass seemed to dream of the spring. The bushes quicker than the boughs seemed to seize the pale rays with the live tips of their little branches.

The delicate whiteness of the sky put a depth of penetrating poetry into the opaque ebony of the trunks, and the outspread network of twigs. In the distance the vapor formed a blue veil where the firs were standing stiff and funereal.

Hundreds of sparrows were bathing, crazy with the mildness of the day. They plunged madly in the water, gracefully bristling

their feathers, and shaking themselves, oblivious of the autumn. They could be seen starting up everywhere in great chattering bands from the elms, poplars, birches, and from within the shade of the holly. This multitude of little russet creatures in the sad quiet of the place seemed greatly to move Mary.

She placed her hand on her heart and said, —

"I believe the most beautiful days are those that make one suffer the most!"

I felt the danger of this turn. I replied gently.

"That is likely enough, but it is inexcusable to suffer when the suffering has no real cause. One must have strength not to be sad uselessly."

"Yes, on condition that one knows what sorrow is useless!"

Her reply took me by surprise.

"All sorrow is useless when the object of it is unworthy of our effort, or too far away from it — And all sorrows, too, which exist only in the imagination!"

"Ah!" said she; "do you know what sorrows do not exist in the imagination?"

"All," I replied, with so much the more firmness because I was annoyed by the inanity of my reply, — "all those which are legitimate — They arise from our parents and our duties!"

"They are of the imagination!"

"They are realities," I declared; "and without them man would descend below the brute."

She made a motion of impatience and reproach.

"Ah!" she murmured, "you forget yourself! You have yourself taught me that it is precisely our imagination which ennobles our ideals."

I began to feel the difficulty of my part; the child saw clearly through anything that was diplomatic and dissembling. I had started out unhappily. Far from seeming natural, I had at once allowed myself to seem grossly contradictory.

"We mistake, my dear child," I continued in an affectionate tone. "The social reality, however blended it is with the imagination, is an absolute relation between our position in the world and

our desires. If love for our parents restricts the imagination, confess that you would not confuse this imagination with that of some love for a distant or futile object."

She did not reply. She sighed and fixed her beautiful eyes upon the water.

In the strait between the islands, two swans advanced with heads erect, rustling against the ash branches. The sparrows had stopped their bathing. Myriads of them, a whole population, were chirping in the branches of an elm. They showed distinctly on the naked boughs, and the wind shook them like bunches, with their little shivering bodies pressing close against one another. A burst of joyous hosannas sprang forth from them, — a veritable clamor of life.

Mary suddenly turned. In her fair, pale features I read again the mystical story. Tall and straight in her virginal robes, her eyes sank quiveringly.

"Mary," I began.

Her lids lifted; her eyes were dazzling, full of wildness, timid and bold at once; and her whole soul, a poor young soul at bay, lay revealed.

"My God!" she faltered.

This time I read too clearly in her ardent eyes the force of this incident; and while the young girl took flight, I remained in restless meditation.

I stayed there until noon. I recognized that this passion might be love. I was touched to tears when I recalled that beautiful, sad glance. Yes, in truth, touched to tears, moved that my gracious friend had become a lover, yet not a scruple less determined to let her tenderness die without according it the slightest show of a return.

* * *

Some months passed. I had followed out point by point the line of conduct upon which I had decided. I persisted in a fraternal and kindly friendship toward the pale and sorrowful Mary. She seemed to be resigned. Of a sensitive and noble nature, she struggled against herself. She tried to hide sentiments which one would not wish to have seen.

Upon one subject only she remained immovable. She would not miss any of the lessons I had been in the habit of giving her. Everything that I attempted upon this line was in vain. As soon as I tried to evade any one of our studies, she showed a dangerous agitation. She lost her self-control; she shed tears, her eyes glistening with despair. She grew pale to the point of trembling.

I saw that the best tactics, the surest means of preserving peace, was to change none of the daily regulations. Why count upon absence above anything else? Would not the monotony of habit be a better auxiliary?

We had now reached the month of April. One evening when I was working upon some delicate experiment, Mary came to remind me that it was "Star-day." This is what she called the lesson in practical astronomy which I gave her once a week, when the weather permitted, in her uncle's small observatory.

"It is cloudy," I made excuse.

"Yes," she replied; "but there are great clear spaces."

I did not add a word. Having taken the key of the observatory, I preceded Mary up the staircase. The weather was variable, but mild and charming. Capricious mists covered, then uncovered, the constellations. I stopped a moment at the edge of the belvedere, attracted by the beauty of the changing sky. An electric light thrown from the roof of a theatre fell at this moment upon my young companion. I looked at her with unconscious admiration, as a big brother might look at a very pretty sister. The breeze shook her gown, her curls, her fichu fringed with silver. She bent her bright head, then looked up. The clouds, parting, sometimes showed the Lion, and Boötes wandering with the Crown, the Virgin with the bright Spica. These constellations disappearing, Hercules would appear over Ophiuchus, or, at the north, Cassiopeia, Perseus, Capella, lit up magnificently the Milky Way.

Mary turned toward the Houses of Parliament, attracted by the loud, soaring sound of Big Ben, and suddenly she said in a thoughtful voice, —

"Big Ben will sound the same a hundred years hence."

I did not reply. The tone of the child touched me. My heart was full of pity. Like her, I felt fear of the ephemeralness of time. I gazed at the mist streaking over the Eagle and the Swan, or over the two Bears, the Dragon, pale Cepheus, and glorious Vega!

Ah, how much more than Big Ben would all that remain immutable during a century!

"It will surely not be possible to do anything," I said, after a silence; "not a corner of the sky remains clear for ten minutes!"

As I said these words, the child's manner astonished me. She clung to the balustrade of the belvedere. Her eyes were wide open and fixed, her head bent upon her left shoulder. Suddenly she sighed deeply, her mouth half open, and I saw her stagger. I had only time to catch her in my arms: she had swooned away.

For a moment I stood paralyzed, incapable of action. I looked at the lovely countenance, her locks falling over my shoulder, her long eyelashes, her delicate, blanched mouth, and for the first time my pity assumed a dangerous character. I ventured to think how unjust it was that destiny had condemned me to give pain to this lovable creature, made to be happy and to make happy any one whom she would be free to love.

Here, indeed, was a trial with destiny, to succumb to this temptation of forbidden fruit, so strange to my nature.

I did not delay a moment. It was urgent that my young companion should be succored. At once I carried her into the observatory and placed her in a wicker armchair, and then stood hesitating as well as troubled. Should I call a servant to care for her? Would it not be to abuse a secret to betray that she had fainted? A hundred minute arguments thronged into my head, destroyed each other, then returned in a whirl. I finally decided to do the most pressing thing, being free to ask help if I did not succeed in resuscitating Mary. In fact, the observatory contained everything needed for the care of this indisposition.

At the end of some minutes Mary opened her eyes and looked at me with surprise. A little color returned, and she smiled in a melancholy way.

"It is nothing," I said to her. She continued to look at me,

and nothing more touching could be imagined than life returning to dwell in those beautiful blue eyes.

But with the life an intense bitterness, a wild despair, was born. And such was the transparency of her expression that it seemed to me as if she spoke to me in an audible voice. And I *replied;* I could not keep myself from replying.

"Let me implore you, Mary, to have a few months' patience . . . and *this* will be effaced from your heart without leaving a trace!"

"Do you think so?"

She rose before me, in her beauty and her disorder, in the power of her weakness. She impressed me for the first time with her attraction, and she murmured in a grave voice, —

"You do not know me! My mother wrote in her Bible, 'Those of my race are faithful unto death;' and I, I am of that race!"

I had not the strength to reply. We returned downstairs in silence.

* * *

I try never to quibble.

I had only to close my eyelids to see the silhouette of Love itself: my little friend, with her beauty, her disorder, and her large mysterious eyes. I know that there will be no struggle against her henceforward in my heart. I have no resource but that of a stoic; and it is needless to say that I was ready to crush out my life rather than betray my benefactor.

I passed a part of the night in taking resolutions. They all resolved themselves into the idea of my departure; they sacrificed all my happiness and the security of my poor mother.

At the same time I took up the trial of destiny. I would willingly sacrifice myself, but why the others? What need of the sorrow which I should assuredly cause Mr. Ditchfield? Why menace the old age of my mother? Why cause the despair of my dear Mary? . . . And I heard a voice crying to me in prophetic tones: "And I, I am of that race!"

Since, truly, I cried in my sleeplessness, I did not wish it! since I did not seek for the opportunity, since no wicked desire

came to light in my soul, and since love is born of pity, without pity, surely I should have resisted the temptation! — And I remained as if annihilated. Then tears came to my relief.

But in the train of these crises the luxurious hair, the shining face of my friend engraved themselves more deeply in my memory, and burned me with love, with regret, and with fright. Toward dawn I regained some calmness. I went to sleep with the firm resolution of going away.

* * *

I woke up a little later than usual. I took a cup of tea in my room, and I betook myself to reflection while I awaited the hour when I should join Mr. Ditchfield. Besides, I remained faithful to my resolution: it was veritably the only honest issue. Anything else was peril, equivocation, disloyalty. Since I loved the niece of my master, my duty could only be in flight.

As I meditated upon the pretext which I should give to Mr. Ditchfield, ten o'clock sounded from a neighboring church, followed by chimes. My heart failed me. My brow was cold with the sweat of anguish.

The sweetest remembrances trembled in my mind with each one of the familiar little notes. I had the same tightness of breathing, the same suffocation, as on the day when my father died.

"Courage!" I thought; "the greatest evil is not to know how to bear destiny."

I quietly opened my door; I passed into the corridor. But I had scarcely gone three steps when another door opened. I saw before me my divine friend, who barred my way. I looked at her with a shudder without being able either to dissimulate as to my pain or my tenderness; in her, notwithstanding a similar disquietude, there appeared a sense of victory, a kind and loving victory, ready to overflow in good-will.

She spoke without hesitation.

"I know what you wish to do," she said to me; "I know it as well as if I had taken the resolution myself. *But I do not wish it.*"

"Neither your will nor mine," I replied in a broken voice,

"must enter into account. Above you and me there is that which ought to be. Anything else would be bad."

"You say so, but I do not think so. I do not wish to see you go; and if you go now, nothing would be able to prevent me from following you — and if I did not follow you, nothing would be able to prevent me —"

She did not finish. It was not necessary. She succeeded in a few words in changing every aspect of duty. My strong resolutions of the night were all swept away together, as vain as the breath of a child against a blast.

"It is frightful," I stammered, "thus to place your feelings above your duty."

"I do not see duty as you see it!" she replied with gravity. "There is in the world one creature of whom I can dispose as I will, and of whom no other one has the right to dispose: that creature is myself."

"You are too young to speak so!"

"Perhaps, if my choice had depended only upon my own judgment! But the opinion of my uncle as to your character is not inimical to my sentiments, nor to my will."

"The opinion of your uncle is not that I would be suitable as a husband for you."

"No; but his opinion is that you are the most loyal and honest of men."

"And if I should respond to this confidence by hypocrisy and falsehood, should I not be doubly contemptible?"

"I do not ask you to be equivocal nor hypocritical. But my secret belongs to me: you can dispose of it only if I permit you."

"And I, I declare to you I will listen no more to a single word touching this secret. You constrain me to live here; so be it! But at least you will force me to nothing that will be against my duty."

My voice was hoarse, resolute. Mary threw me a glance full of tenderness, almost humble, and replied, —

"I consent to it. I will not speak to you of anything; and if I

break my word, I swear to let you go without trying to follow you, or to do anything against myself."

"On that condition, I will remain; but, in truth, you have chosen a bad way."

She remained silent. Time pressed. I bowed kindly, and departed in a frightful state of melancholy.

* * *

June 10, 1895.

Each day has made my situation less tolerable. I am inflexible in my duty, I have put between Mary and myself an insuperable barrier; but so much the more my poor soul is enslaved. At each act of resistance I feel my weakness more. I am condemned to the bitter torture of a love always increasing and of a hope always decreasing. My senses — above all, my hearing — have become extremely acute; I recognize Mary's light step in her room although two stories separate us. She is thus always present.

I have grown so thin and pale that my master, although absent-minded, is worried. I am at last dolefully vanquished, miserably condemned, and I have in conscience done nothing to merit my torture. The single will of a young girl has brought about all; my love was not born of itself, but by the imperious power of another love. Alas! it is none the less violent for being imposed upon me! Never did lover suffer more for the beauty of his well-beloved; never did jealousy know more sombre nights of sleeplessness.

Ah, little girl! if I could formerly have foreseen how your presence would one day be both dear and execrable, with what determination would I have fled the hospitable dwelling of my master!

* * *

June 20.

To-day I have most bitterly resented the misery of my destiny.

Mr. Ditchfield took us to Hyde Park. On this day which precedes the general flight from town, the gentry inspect their domains for the last time. Our landau found itself mixed in with a thousand gay carriages, among which it cut, moreover,

a very good figure. Amid all this glittering pageantry of handsome young people, marvellous young women, how could I help but complain of the poverty which forbade me to think of Mary! She shone like some rare flower amid all this luxury; her every pose and motion revealed how much she was at home in it.

Under the shadow of these big trees, I do not know what hereditary refinement, what splendor of caste exhaled from her person, placed her with the others and separated her from me! What! I dared to think of myself, poor devil! Alas! To be precise, I had not thought of anything at all. Was I not perfectly happy and tranquil, as far from daring to look at her as from thinking of committing a crime? Why had she willed a poor devil to remain without even the resource of flight?

This idea filled me with rage, — not against her, assuredly, — but against blind fate. Toward twilight my melancholy was such that I should not have recoiled before the danger of death. How tender, calm, and solemn was this twilight, on the roaring Serpentine, upon the fresh banks, the color divine! How deliciously it shone upon the lazy vapors in the West, upon the fleecy clouds! We all three got out of the carriage, so that we might taste it better, and walked by the edge of the water for some time. Small boats passed, bending aside the aquatic plants. A thousand singing murmurs rose among the leaves, reeds, and grasses. Mary took a fancy to go out in a boat alone. She herself unfastened a row-boat, and appeared before us, dazzlingly white, — her eyes lit up as if with a vision. Her delicate hands pulled the oars slowly, and I never remember to have seen anything so graceful. My strength left me. I was obliged to lean up against a tree, and for a moment I thought I was going to faint. . . .

We returned under the stub-oaks, the beautiful beeches, the old elms of Kensington Gardens. The slender moon, indistinct still as a cloud, floated among the mists that formed in curls of white light, in sharp, tooth-like masses.

"Michel," said Mr. Ditchfield to me, the moment we returned, "if you are unhappy, why at least not tell the cause of it to your

friend? Do you forget that I have engaged to make you as happy as it lies in my power to do?"

Mary blushed. Mr. Ditchfield looked at me with kindness. I felt truly that with the exception of the single thing which devoured my life, he would have done everything to render me satisfied.

I replied in a low voice, —

"I know your generosity, my dear sir; and I should not have hesitated to seek help, if my pain were not of the sort that we must bear with resignation until time cures it."

* * *

June 21.

This morning I was seated near my window, to verify a piece of work, trying in vain to concentrate my ideas. A group of children sang under the English oaks: —

Dear Mistress Mouse, are you within?
Heighho! says Rowley.
O yes, kind sir, I 'm sitting to spin,
With my roly-poly, gammon and spinach.
Heighho! says Anthony Rowley.

I dropped my forehead in my hands. A tear ran down my cheeks.

Under the big trees the naïve choir finished the round: —

As froggy was crossing over a brook,
Heighho! says Rowley.
A lily white duck came and gobbled him up,
With my roly-poly, gammon and spinach.
Heighho! says Anthony Rowley.

I got up; I looked out of the window at the lovely group, the bright dresses, the graceful figures, the joy and triumph which gushed out in dimpling laughter, the delicate teeth, the fresh lips.

I drew back wounded, dazzled. The accumulation of troubles

with no outlet made me think of suicide; and I faltered with despair.

What have you done, little Mary? Could you not have loved another man?

A timid knock sounded at the door, which I recognized very well. Mary's pretty figure appeared in the open doorway. She trembled; she breathed rapidly.

And I thought that I would regret nothing, and that I would accept death gayly and without delay if I could but once take the blonde head upon my arm and receive the kiss of love from the red lips.

But at the same time I had a vision of the graceful and aristocratic silhouette among the other young silhouettes of the worldly procession. This vision made me conquer my faltering. I asked in a grave tone, —

"Well, Mary?"

She lowered her eyes and said, —

"Could you pardon me?"

"I have nothing to pardon you for."

"Are you sure of it? Have you never detested me?"

"I have never detested you!" I replied with as much calm as my surprise and agitation permitted. I could not see where this preamble would tend unless it utterly terminated my trial.

It was all at once a hope and a despair, but most certainly I wished for some end.

"And whatever happens you will not be angry with me?"

"No, whatever happens!"

"If I should free you from your word, would you go?"

"I should go."

"Even if I were cured?"

"No, in that case, I should remain."

"And you would not suffer?"

"I did not say that — But I pray you, unless it were to free me or to tell me of your cure — do you remember that we were not to speak of these things?"

"Do not think me so foolish as to speak without a motive."

"Then you do free me!" I broke out with force.

She raised her eyelids sweetly, and there appeared upon her countenance a suspicion of the eternal duplicity of woman. It made me think of a trap, and I armed myself for defiance.

"If you were free," she replied, "would you comply with all my demands?"

"I do not know — it would be necessary to know first — "

She interrupted me, —

"Ah, well! if it were the condition of your liberty?"

I did not speak immediately. The question was captious. Still, taking account of everything, I saw no way out but the affirmative.

"Then, indeed, I would have to reply."

"Well, then! from this moment you are free. If I tell you now that I am cured, would it not pain you?"

I felt weak as a little child; I put my hand to my breast, which was beating as if it would burst.

"It would pain me every way," I cried. "But anything would be better than the horrible uncertainty in which I live!"

She remained silent. Her face was gentle, tranquil, almost smiling. Still pale, but no longer with the paleness of disappointment, one might guess that for her the struggle was over. I supposed that the preceding day had been decisive in tearing her imagination away from forbidden vows, or, more likely, that slowly breaking away from me she had suddenly seen clearly into her heart. My sadness was measureless, but it was scarcely mixed with bitterness. All seemed well and according to rule. I willingly accepted, since the grief would be for myself alone.

Mary drew away suddenly from the wall where she was leaning.

"How little you know me!" she said.

"It is true," I replied. "Since last year I have known you even less."

"So," she went on, looking me straight in the face, "you thought my suffering was only a caprice. You thought that my love was like that of those who make and undo their choice a dozen times. Ah! my dear master, have a better opinion of your pupil. Know that she has not loved lightly! Know that if she

had not been able to be your wife, she would at least not have been the spouse of any other man!"

"My wife!" I cried.

And I felt agitation again in the depths of me, happiness gushing forth and chasing away long-cherished miseries.

She blushed; she lowered her eyes, murmuring in a submissive voice, —

"Yes, your wife."

I clasped her hand close.

A new beauty added to the blonde fairness of my friend the beauty of a dawning world, the splendor of a resurrection.

"Mary," I broke out, "can it be true?"

"Even as my life."

"And how was it done?"

"Oh, very simply. I only had to say a word, and my wishes were granted. We forgot how tenderly indulgent my uncle is of you and me."

I pressed her to my heart; I tremblingly gave her the kiss of the betrothed.

And underneath I congratulated myself upon having suffered much, and having won Eden so hardly.

I felt that every joy would be more real for having been so fought against, and that the long years of my love would derive from it a most ineffable sweetness.

Translated by the Editors.

HENRIK IBSEN AND THE ETHICAL DRAMA OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BSEN, Dumas *fils*, and Augier are the three great representatives of the ethical drama of the nineteenth century. Dumas is commonly looked upon as the founder of this new species of the dramatic art. In the light of the evolution of the drama this statement is not correct, for the

beginnings of the form he cultivated must be looked for in the French *drame bourgeois* of the eighteenth century; but he brought that form to its first perfection. The distinctive characteristic of his work, however, is the deliberate introduction of a thesis. Not content with being merely a dramatic artist, or a purveyor to the amusement of the people, he had great ambitions of being a moral teacher, and he made his theatre the tilting-ground for questions of the social morality of his day. But his methods were too insistent and undisguised; he was too continuously harping on the one string. Brilliant technician though he was, he marred his effects and failed to achieve permanence, because he dealt with the transitory and the superficial aspects of a particular society at a particular epoch of its social development. In consequence he did not endow his personages with vitality to make them live, as Shakespeare's characters, belonging to no time and no special phases of society, live from generation to generation. Confusing the offices of the moral reformer bent on laying bare the social corruptions of his day, and of the dramatic artist who deals with the deeper-lying truths of life, he forced upon his theatre a union of art and ethics that was foreign to both; hence the moral was often lost through being over-stated, and the art, limited and circumscribed, sank into artifice.

Augier, though likewise strenuously believing in the theatre as an agent for social reform, had a much higher conception of the function of the dramatic artist. His work is entirely impersonal. He did not flaunt his thesis in the faces of his spectators, as Dumas continually did. He gained his effects by masterly characterization, and by carefully, yet naturally, wrought-out plots. He is already named among the French classics, second only to Molière in the comedy of character and of manners. He also dealt with the social questions of his predecessor, yet his main thesis was the conflict between honor and money, between the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie. The corrupt society of the Second Empire found in him its most merciless satirist. Like Dumas he had the interests of society at heart, and stood for all that made for the purification of family life, and the moral health of the community.

Development of the individual, apart from, or at war with society, would not be tolerated either by Dumas or Augier. Living one's own life they would regard as immoral. They looked upon man primarily as a social being, undetachable from his surroundings; hence the personages of their plays are conditioned by their environment, and are of interest chiefly as exemplifying the tendencies of their time.

Ibsen's work cannot be characterized in this simple way. It opens up a much larger ground for discussion because of its diversity. Each play deals with a different problem, and portrays, generally speaking, the reaction of a given character against his or her surroundings; and each character is as individual and different from his fellows as the men and women we meet in daily life are different from one another. It is true that a number of his plays interlink themselves into series. Yet these serial plays do not treat the same problem from a different point of view, as we continually find in the theatre of Dumas and Augier, but the *motifs* of the one supplement those of the other. They are rather continuations of the same thought modified than a rephrasing of it under a new aspect.

Receiving from his predecessors an ethical drama with limited material conditions, Ibsen widened its boundaries and spiritualized its meaning, and in his hands again it passed through several transformations. At first it had many points in common with the work that preceded. Then breaking entirely with the stage traditions handed down to him, the dramatist, no longer the advocate of a society that must be upheld in its prejudices, now bitterly arraigned the conventionalities and social shams that are trammels to the development of the individual. Discussions of questions of the civil code or of the social corruptions of the day receded to the background. The scene, taken away from the outer world of institutions, was laid in the inner life of the dramatic personages, and the portrayal of individuality, and the psychologic analysis of certain phases of the inner life now became of chief interest. Finally, symbolism being added, the latest work of the Norwegian has a mystic coloring and a poetic beauty that are entirely absent from the frankly realistic work of the Frenchmen.

Ibsen wrote several romantic plays, two satirico-dramatic poems, and a philosophic drama before entering upon his career as ethical dramatist, but hints of his later manner are plentifully scattered throughout these earlier productions. 'The Pillars of Society,' written in 1876, first revealed to the modern social world at large its bitter critic; yet 'The League of Youth,' written eight years earlier, being in the same vein of realism, although of slighter texture and more or less purely local in interest, may be considered as opening the series of social plays. This series of prose dramas embodies Ibsen's satire and criticism of the conventionalities and shams of the modern time-spirit. Strictly speaking, only 'The League of Youth,' 'The Pillars of Society,' and 'An Enemy of the People' bring in society as the protagonist; the other plays are psychologic analyses of individuals held up against the background of certain social conditions.

For convenience of characterization the plays may be roughly divided into the following groups: 1. 'The League of Youth,' 'The Pillars of Society,' and 'An Enemy of the People,' chiefly of national and local interest, and more or less in the manner of the French ethical drama; 2. 'A Doll's House,' 'Ghosts,' 'The Wild Duck,' 'Rosmersholm,' and 'Hedda Gabler,' psychologic studies, negative in tendency, in their dramatic form breaking away from the models of his predecessors; 3. 'The Lady from the Sea,' and 'Little Eyolf,' strongly symbolistic in character, and positive in their attitude, coming to definite conclusions in regard to the questions they discuss. 'The Masterbuilder,' being sheer symbolism, does not properly belong to a discussion of the ethical drama, and can be passed over in silence. 'John Gabriel Borkman,' Ibsen's latest play, has some of the characteristics both of the second and of the third group, yet it stands apart from either, as will be shown later on. Although chronologically not quite exact, such a grouping facilitates a survey of the plays.

In the light of the development of the ethical drama, 'The League of Youth' and 'The Pillars of Society' present nothing strikingly original. They are satires on Norwegian society of a particular epoch. It has been pointed out how exactly Ibsen put

his finger on the sore spot, and how dexterously he hit off certain types in the social and political life of Norway some twenty-five years ago. The atmosphere is not only Norwegian, but also provincial and conditioned by a certain time; it is the atmosphere of a small town shut up against new ideas from abroad, — a town where one stands or falls by the opinions of one's fellow-citizens. These plays embody a thesis as Augier has embodied it, translated into opposing characters and actions, and pointing to a positive moral; and they deal with the questions he has treated, — the desire to "get on" in the world at any cost, and the effort to maintain one's place on top of the social ladder. Moreover, the figure of Stensgard, the adventurer, in 'The League of Youth,' and of Consul Bernick in 'The Pillars of Society,' whose honorable position in the community is based on a lie, are types that often recur in Augier's theatre. A family likeness can be traced between these and other characters of the two dramatists; but lest the parallel be stretched too far, it is more correct to say that Ibsen did not directly imitate Augier, but strove to do for his people what the latter had done for the French. Yet already in 'The Pillars of Society' we find that peculiarly Ibsenite *motif* running through all the later plays, — past misdeeds looming up to destroy present happiness. The cowardly slanders which Consul Bernick spread against his brother-in-law fifteen years ago now come to fruition.

'An Enemy of the People' stands somewhat apart from the other social plays. As critics repeatedly have pointed out, it is more or less of a polemic written in indignation at the reception of 'Ghosts.' The public and the critics rose up in arms against him for daring to reveal in that drama certain truths about some aspects of social morality. All sorts of accusations were flung in his face, and for a time his name was ostracized in polite society. Stung to the quick by being thus misrepresented, Ibsen answered his detractors in 'An Enemy of the People.' The endeavors of Dr. Stockman to disclose the poisonous condition of the baths of his native town, is an allegory of the dramatist's own attempt to uncover the moral sores of society. The play is also a biting satire

on that narrowness and selfishness of spirit which for its own benefit and for the sake of hushing up its own misdeeds does not scruple to sacrifice the moral health of society at large; and it shows furthermore how that spirit tramples down all bonds of family and friendship to attain to its own security. The play is a page torn out of an agitated chapter of life, not a fully rounded composition coming to a definite point, and carrying with it any special lesson.

The second group of plays, which have been designated as psychologic studies negative in tendency, most strikingly illustrate Ibsen's characteristics and peculiar methods as play-wright. He now broke away from the traditions received from the French ethical dramatists, threw the form of the contemporaneous social drama into a new mould, and infused into it an entirely new spirit. Instead of the positive moral we look for in an ethical drama, he now assumed the attitude of a bitter antagonist to society. The optimistic spirit pervading the work of his predecessors, who had strong faith in their efficacy as moral teachers, became clouded as the dramatist pored over the bitterness and pain of lives ruined in struggling against their environment. The ethical drama turned into a tragedy.

The Ibsenite *motif* already referred to — past misdeeds looming up to destroy present happiness — runs, more or less emphasized, through every one of the plays of the second group. They all have "ghosts" stalking through them. The past, laden with guilt, presses heavy upon those tragic personages, who fall victims either to their own sins or to the sins of those nearest them. These plays show the consequence of years of hypocrisy and lying, of sham and cant. Nora, the doll-wife, is made to realize what her forgery means in the eyes of society; in 'Ghosts' the sins of the father are visited upon the son; Hedvig, the child-heroine of 'The Wild Duck,' immolated herself, naïvely unconscious of being the victim of her mother's wrong-doing; Rebecca West, the visitor at Rosmersholm seeks in suicide an expiation for her indirect murder of Rosmer's wife; Hedda Gabler, although she appears as a married woman, is not without intention called by her maiden name, for

all through her strange behavior runs the memory of the lover of her girlhood, and her jealousy is excited against Thea by the stinging thought that she had it in her hands to reform him as Thea has done.

Closely interwoven with this idea, which may be called the social lie, is another one, the marriage lie. For Ibsen the relation between men and women turns primarily around the relation of husband and wife; hence all his plays start with marriage, and do not lead up to it, as generally in the comedy of manners, and in the majority of Augier's plays. As he lashes the shams and half-heartedness and make-believe in the relation between men and men in the outer world of society at large, so he relentlessly criticises and lays bare the shams and half-heartedness and make-believe in the inner circle of the family. When a marriage has been entered upon on false principles, — from thoughtlessness or indifference, for social position, or for egotistic or mercenary motives of any kind, — lasting happiness is impossible; the consequences of such a mismating are a separate inner life between the husband and the wife. In every one of these plays there has been some misunderstanding from the start, some misconception of character, some misdeed the one endeavors to hide from the other. Each lives his own inner life in isolation. Nora carries about with her the secret of her forgery; yet even apart from this, she and Helmer have never understood each other, as she comes to see and to say in that last fateful interview with him. And so in the other plays the relation is an outward one, sanctioned by law and religion, but not sanctified by true inwardness and harmony of spirit. In 'Rosmersholm' this *motif* is not introduced directly, since Rosmer appears as a widower; yet it is held up in the background, and is the reason of Rebecca's indirect murder.

The most marked characteristic of these plays is their negative attitude. Ibsen states his problem and shows its consequences, shrinking from none of the facts that issue from it; but he has no remedy to offer for the amelioration of the evils he paints. He is not positive, as both Dumas and Augier are, who felt constrained to bring about a *dénouement* that would satisfy the

sense of justice of their spectators. Technically speaking, it is a relic of the stage conventions of the comedy of manners that demands a satisfactory ending, and both Dumas and Augier used it as a means for pointing their moral. But Ibsen makes no such concession to popular taste. Chiefly concerned with the logical development of the question he proposed, no matter what the answer may be, he presents his problem in all its nakedness, in all its inevitability, and leaves it to the spectator to draw the conclusion. The final word here is not said by the dramatist. Hence the feeling of dissatisfaction one at first experiences when coming to the end of one of these enigmatical plays, and the perplexing question, What does it all mean? Does he mean to say that every woman who believes herself misunderstood shall leave her family like Nora? Or if she finds herself placed in a false position, or cannot live up to her ideals, commit suicide like Rebecca West and Hedda Gabler? Many have understood it so, or at best have refused to see any moral significance in the tragedies of those lives. But this part of Ibsen's work is not positive. It is not even ethical, if that be called ethical which formulates and enforces a definite moral lesson.

Yet after carefully re-reading these plays one begins to see that Ibsen has his peculiar way of stating a problem, which the spectator must interpret by logic, and not off-hand on superficial evidence. His method of embodying his thesis is indirect, in contra-distinction to the methods of Dumas and Augier, who stated their problems plainly and directly and drew conclusions obvious to the spectator. Ibsen takes the opposite road. This negative side, peculiar to this second group of plays, cannot be too strongly insisted upon, for it is the key to their morality. It has given rise to no end of criticism, and has laid him open to the charge of all manner of immoral teaching, the gravest of which is that of being an uprooter of the family bonds. Nothing could be more unjust or further from the point, and in the last group of plays we shall see the high ideals he has for family life. But the first and the larger part of his works so far has been given to attacking false ideals; after these have been laid bare, he is ready to show the true ideals.

The form of these plays is striking and original: they are essentially tragedies in the dress of the contemporaneous drama; they search out the tragic *motifs* of modern life; they portray the inner struggles of men and women at war with their surroundings. Their subject is the psychologic analysis of an individual at the point of a crisis. This is never the chief interest of the contemporaneous social drama, which concerns itself more with depicting the outward conditions and tendencies of the time than the struggles of the inner life. But it precisely is the *motif* of tragedy, which dissects and analyzes all the emotions and passions of the human heart. It makes here no difference that Ibsen does not deal with love so-called or with the grander passions of tragedy; the point to note is the method, which is similar to that of the tragic poet.

After all has been said about Ibsen's pointing of a moral and his warfare against modern society, his work in general must be looked at from a more universal point of view. Like the tragic poet, he is not interested in laws, institutions, and tendencies of society as such, as the ethical dramatist in general is, but only in so far as they clash with the development of the individual. He is also a dramatist, on the search for strong, effective situations. His dramatic logic is perhaps more inflexible than that of Dumas and Augier, certainly more convincing; it is poignant and admits of no contradiction, because the *dénouement* is not arbitrary, but inevitable, an outgrowth of the characters and the situations they are placed in. Whatever of his own sentiments the dramatist may put into the mouths of some of his characters in the course of the play, in leading his plots to their logical conclusion he is absolutely impersonal and not responsible for the strange actions of his protagonists. Having been endowed with an individuality of their own, these fictitious men and women take the plot, as it were, away from the dramatist; they act out their own lives in the mimic world behind the footlights, as men and women do in the larger world of reality. Instead of marionettes ranting across the stage to expose their creator's theories on marriage and social questions, we see a

wonderful series of living, struggling, sorrowing, warm-blooded fellow-men, intent on living out their lives, suffering for their own sins or collapsing in the catastrophes brought down upon them by those nearest of kin.

In considering Ibsen chiefly as a moralist, and digging down through his plays to get at his "morality," one is apt to overlook this, that he is at the same time a poet and dramatist. As a poet he deals with universal truths, and as a dramatist with effective situations. And these plays, divested of the special meaning underlying them, their polemic character, their negative teaching, their note of personal feeling, and looked at from this more broadly human and more artistic point of view, stand out in a new light. They link themselves into the literature of the race ; instead of being the exponents of a theory applicable to but a certain time in the development of the world's civilization, as the ethical drama in general is, they take their place with the masterpieces of dramatic *art*. Because the scene is laid in the inner life, they become universal, and show as the work of a poet, and the catastrophes show the instinct of the born technician. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that Ibsen does not hold up these things as examples to be followed by all men ; but given a certain combination of conditions and events, and certain characters clashing with them, the consequences are inevitable. The daring dramatist does not shrink from following his problems to their bitter logical conclusion, and if this conclusion is immoral, then logic is immoral, and so also is life, and the laws of being that make these things possible. He has seen the failures and heart-breaks in lives like these and has reproduced them; this part of his work is essentially tragic, and as truly follows the laws of tragedy as tragedy follows the laws of life. The moral meaning of these plays filled with bitterness and pain does not lie on the surface; neither does it lie on the surface of the tragedies daily enacted before our eyes by our fellow-men. But on closer acquaintance these plays, like the tragedies in life, take upon them a moral significance that places them side by side with the world's masterpieces of pathos.

Symbolism is found in some of the plays of this second group, for instance, in 'The Wild Duck' and in 'Rosmersholm,' but it is not as marked as in the plays of the last group. Here finally we have two that are positive in character. The tragic *motifs* predominating in the second group of plays still color the opening scenes, but the dissonances are dissolved ere the close, and harmony rises out of the discord. Lives that were separated through misunderstandings now become united. The dramatist, turning away from tragedy with its pitiless denial of human happiness, now sees the possibilities of a reconciliation of contending forces. Insisting no longer on pain as the predominating element in life, his work becomes infused with a new, a sweeter spirit, and conveys a distinct message. 'The Lady from the Sea,' and 'Little Eyolf' are Ibsen's direct answer to the question posed in some of the earlier plays, — What is the basis for a true marriage? They have all the characteristics of the second group except the tragic ending; they are, however, even further removed from being social plays. For the satire on society they have substituted symbolism, but since this has little bearing on their ethical significance, it can be passed over in a discussion of the ethical drama.

Like the earlier plays they also are psychologic analyses of an individual at the point of a crisis, and have the same dramatic *motif*, — some deed of the past looming up to overshadow the present; and they begin with the separate inner life between the husband and the wife, which, however, is brought into harmony at the end. In 'The Lady from the Sea' Ellida's thoughtless, almost involuntary engagement to an unknown man had been hanging over her ever since; she married with indifference, or, as she nakedly puts it, it was a bargain between Wangel and herself, with the result that each lived his own inner life apart from the other, Wangel with his daughters and the recollection of his first marriage, Ellida wrapt up in her dreamy longings for the sea, and the memory of the stranger, whom, however, she never even so much as mentioned to her husband. The crisis is brought about by the appearance of this stranger. Wangel's self-abnegation in setting his wife free, to choose between her husband and her old

lover from over the sea, brings about the change in her mind and unites her to her husband. Here the miracle was wrought which Nora in vain looked for at the hands of Helmer. 'The Lady from the Sea' is an answer to the plea for the individuality of the woman as set forth in 'A Doll's House.'

'Little Eyolf' answers on the one hand the second question asked in that play, — Is a marriage based on the attraction of the senses a true one? and also the question asked in 'Hedda Gabler,' — Is a marriage entered into for social or pecuniary reasons a true one? These two ideas are closely interwoven. Allmers married Rita for "her gold and green forests," and he was also entangled by her beauty; she married him out of mere passion. The result was disastrous, as symbolized by the child crippled years ago through carelessness of the parents. In consequence remorse hangs heavy over them, especially over the less sensuous father. Despite their passionate love Allmers and Rita also are separated in their inner life. She takes no part in his intellectual aspirations, and even his higher emotions, the solicitude for his child, are shared, not by her, but by his supposed sister. The crisis is brought about by the drowning of Little Eyolf. The shock, the remorse, and the consequent common sorrow, and the insight it gives them into the insubstantiality of their passion, bring them to a higher plane, and to the resolution to live, not for each other only, but also in doing for their fellows.

In his last play Ibsen again turns to tragedy, but it is not the tragedy of the second group of plays, with their negative attitude, and their problems that are not solved to any satisfaction. It is positive in its attitude, and the moral is distinctly stated by the chief sufferer. John Gabriel Borkman sinned, not because he tampered with the securities in his charge, broke the bank, and ruined thousands of families, but because for the sake of power he bartered away his love. Ella Rentheim says: "The great unpardonable sin is to murder the love-life of a human soul. . . . That is the double murder you have committed! the murder of your own soul and of mine! . . . And therefore I prophesy to you, John Gabriel Borkman — you will never touch the price you de-

manded for the murder." His sins toward society, which are in some measure pardonable because of the motives underlying them, are as nothing compared with the crime of ruining the love-life of two souls. Society avenged itself by depriving him of his coveted power, and frustrating designs that really were meant to benefit its members. But a still darker Nemesis fell upon Borkman in the utter solitude in which he henceforth lived, shunned alike by family and friends. He had scorned love; therefore in his troubles he must go without it. Here one of the *motifs* running through all the plays comes in again — the marriage lie — a *mariage de convenance* followed by the separate inner life of the husband and wife. The other *motif*, the social lie, does not come in at all. Borkman, instead of being at war with society, really meant to be its benefactor.

In its form the play also differs somewhat from the work that preceded. It is the least complex of all of Ibsen's plays; it contains nothing to puzzle or to antagonize. It does not so much portray the crisis as the last act of a man's life. The chief personages concerned are old and near death's door, and have long since outlived their struggles. But like the second group of plays it also analyzes the consequences of sin. Here, however, the end leaves no sting of bitterness, no feeling of anything incomplete or unsatisfactory. It portrays not a warring against the trammels of conventionality, but shows the consequences of the conflict between love and insatiable thirst for power. It carries within itself not an accusation of society, but a judgment of an individual. It is a tragedy pure and simple.

Women occupy in the theatre of Ibsen an important place; so they do with Dumas, yet in what a different position! Dumas in part took for his motto the celebrated saying of Theophrastus: "Mulier est hominis confusio." She is either the ruination of man, or at best but a supplement to him. Ibsen, on the contrary, looks upon her as the savior of society; he places her in a normal position, not necessarily as the superior or inferior of man, but side by side with him, and he endows her with a distinct individuality of her own. The strong, self-reliant, self-respecting women

abound in his pages, and they for the most part are the moral support and guiding principle of his men. Lona Hessel, in 'The Pillars of Society,' follows her brother, ruined in reputation, across the sea and makes a man of him, and then she returns and induces Consul Bernick to brave public opinion and openly avow his misdeeds. 'A Doll's House' and 'A Lady from the Sea' are both a plea for the individuality and personal responsibility of the woman. The horrible plot of 'Ghosts' is redeemed by the strong-souled mother. Gina, in 'The Wild Duck,' represents hard common-sense as set over against the flighty idealism of Hjalmar Ekdal. Petra, the daughter, in 'An Enemy of the People,' from the first gives her moral support to her father, and when he is at the height of his unpopularity, his wife also stands by his side. Rebecca West, in 'Rosmersholm,' is a much stronger character than Rosmer, and represents progress that has the courage of its convictions, wherefore the timid and wavering Rosmer looks to her for leadership. In Ella Rentheim, finally, is shown the depth of love of a strong-souled woman, in sharp contrast to Borkman, who was ready to barter away for gain what he held dearest on earth. Ibsen has often been called the poet of women; he certainly has given her a much higher place in the social order than any other dramatist before him has done.

It is a noteworthy fact that the disappointed ones in the five plays of the second group do not resort to the favorite expedient of their French mimic sisters,—infidelity. Ibsen's women are too self-respecting, they have too pronounced a personality, to seek relief in anything but their own strength of mind and will. Nora proudly draws back from seeking aid in her perplexity at the hands of Dr. Rank, as soon as he, the dying man, professes sentiments warmer than mere friendship permits. In 'Ghosts,' Mrs. Alving's life from the moment of her motherhood is one heroic struggle to shield the name of her dissolute husband because it is also the name of her son. This slow martyrdom of a mother, of no avail in the end, stands perhaps unique in dramatic literature for its terrible pathos. Hedda Gabler commits suicide rather than know herself in the hands of that unscrupulous *viveur* Brack; in

a life otherwise unheroic and unlovely, it is the one redeeming act.

This view of woman places Ibsen's work at once on a high moral plane. He takes one into a purer atmosphere than the French ethical dramatist in general does. Something of the bracing northern wind plays about his characters, and of the freshness of the salt spray that is bitter but never unwholesome.

The background of Ibsen's plays is, like Augier's, bourgeois. Putting aside the three plays of the first group, where the national coloring is predominant, the setting becomes more and more subordinate to the main ideas of the play. It serves to produce an effect of reality; it satisfies the demands of modern realism, which wants all the details supplied without unduly taxing its imagination. It is a concession to the theatre and to the audience for whom Ibsen primarily wrote. But it is not the essential, it is the accidental, in his plays. It is a means, and not, especially in the later plays, an end. He dominates this local color and makes it plastic to serve his cosmopolitan creations, for he presents to us primarily *men* and *women*, not Norwegians. Although their accent may at times betray their birthplace, they are at heart cosmopolitan, and act out their lives on the great stage of our common humanity; they are denizens of the larger world to which we all belong, and with whom we all can sympathize. They are Norwegian by birth, but cosmopolitan by experience; they wrestle with problems that agitate the modern social world, and by which we all are more or less affected. The warp of these plays is national; the woof is bound by no frontiers. In the union of these two elements — the national and the universal, the specific and the general, the realistic and the psychologic — their peculiar strength lies. The one gives them their grip on the fact; the other makes them limitless in application.

The idea underlying every one of the later plays is universal; and if we look well into the methods by which it is developed, the background loses its local color and shifts over into No Man's Land. For the struggles of the inner life do not vary greatly with degrees of latitude and longitude; in its main outlines their analysis

holds good the world over. Here again the plays turn away from the contemporaneous social drama and show their kinship to tragedy. The psychologic analysis common to both takes them at once out of the boundaries of the local and time-limited, and makes them universally applicable. From this point of view one easily gets over the local color, the foreign dress and accent, the allusions none but a Norwegian can understand, — in short, all those details that heighten their vividness and reality, but which are after all only stage accessories; and one comes to see that they are the work of a poet for humanity at large.

In tracing the evolution of the ethical drama through its three chief representatives, we find that Dumas perfected the form, Augier widened the boundaries, and Ibsen deepened the meaning. Dumas and Augier stand in much closer relation to each other than either of them does to Ibsen. The reason is obvious; the fundamental differences between the Gallic and Norse temperaments, and the different social conditions, dictated their choice of subject and methods of treatment. Yet Augier stands in time, as well as in a measure in his work, between the other two; he is a natural transition, not only outwardly, taking up Dumas' methods and amplifying upon them, and then showing the way to Ibsen in his first ethical plays, but more especially he holds the middle place as regards the character of the work of the three men. Both Dumas and Ibsen are inclined to go to extremes: Dumas, on the one hand, in his one-sided and violent treatment of but one aspect and one class of society, and his optimistic belief in his efficacy as an ethical teacher; and Ibsen, on the other hand, in his equally violent attacks on the shams of modern society, and in what at times seems a hopelessly pessimistic view of life. Both men had suffered cruelly in their youth from the very conditions against which they later on turned. Augier is without any such early prejudices. He is a perfectly calm, sane observer and faithful transcriber of the life about him; he sees and notes impartially the good and the bad. Again, the personages of Dumas and Ibsen often burn both ends of the candle, — the former swamped in a life of the senses, the latter living on their nerves. Augier's

generally have too much hard common-sense to go to excesses. Both Dumas and Ibsen give a large place to the woman; the former looks upon her as the evil genius of man, the latter as the savior of society. Augier has no prejudices either way. This comparison might be extended.

Yet, after all has been said, an immense difference remains between the work of the French dramatists and that of the Norwegian. The former make for the purification of society as against the individual injuring it; Ibsen is for the individual as set over against a society that by its prejudices bars his development. Since society is composed of individuals, and the work of regeneration cannot be undertaken *en masse*, but must come from within, from each member personally, this conception of the worth of the individual at once becomes important on its ethical side.

The most noticeable advance of the ethical drama in the hands of Ibsen, is the deepening — the spiritualizing, if I may so name it — of its *motifs*. It deals no longer with laws, as the theatre of Dumas, or with tangible objects of desire, — money, rank, or titles, — as the theatre of Augier, but with ideals and aspirations, with the imperative needs of the individual to live his own life, unfettered by short-sighted conventions. Instead of the world of fact, we have the world of thought; instead of the world of institutions, the world of ideas; instead of the struggles for money or social position, we have the struggles for personal freedom, for individuality, for certain ideals and principles of life. We are taken out of the world of material things, which is limited and conditioned by time, into the limitless world of the inner life; out of the local into the universal. More and more this ethical drama turns away in its form from the comedy of manners; to the realistic details it adds the searching analysis of the individual and the irreconcilable conflict of opposing elements. The ethical significance of the contemporaneous social play, dealing with passing phases of morality, is merged in the portrayal of the deeper truths underlying life. The ethical drama has passed over into tragedy. And Ibsen, the fearless individualist and the bitter critic of society, stands revealed as the master of living tragic writers.

Helena Knorr.

RENAISSANCE PICTURES IN ROBERT BROWNING'S POETRY.[1]

THERE are three ways of learning about the culture life of a past people or period. One may read formal history concerning it: this way, the way most common and easy, is least interesting and least satisfactory. One may read contemporary documents: and this, the way of scholarship, is more excellent, but often full of difficulties not to be overborne by the general. Or one may read some writer who, having become saturated with the spirit of his epoch, gives it out in the way of literature — appeals not alone to the knowledge, but to the emotion and imagination. This method alone really vitalizes the past for us. It makes bygone figures move and breathe, bygone events become credible because actual to the mind's eye.

There is little danger, I fancy, in overestimating the debt we all owe to literature in thus reconstructing historic life. Think of the contributions to historic fiction: Scott, Dumas, Thackeray, Bulwer, Stevenson, Sienkiewicz! I read a number of the authoritative histories of Rome, and know more or less of Cæsar and his city; I read Shakespeare's 'Julius Cæsar,' and walk with that great man in the Forum, or feel the dagger of Brutus in his breast, and this in spite of anachronisms a-many and naïve indifference to archæological verisimilitude. Some admirable words by Woodrow Wilson are worth repeating here: —

"How are you to enable men to know the truth with regard to a period of revolution? Will you give them simply a calm statement of recorded events, simply a quiet, unaccented narrative of what actually happened, written in a monotone, and verified by quotations from authentic documents of the time? You may save yourself the trouble. As well make a pencil sketch in outline of a raging conflagration; write upon one portion of it 'flame,' upon another 'smoke;' here 'town hall where the fire started,' and there 'spot where fireman was killed.' It is a chart, not a picture. Even if you made a veritable picture of it, you could give only

[1] Read before the Boston Browning Society, October 26, 1897.

part of the truth so long as you confined yourself to black and white. Where would be all the wild and terrible colors of the scene: the red and tawny flame; the masses of smoke, carrying the dull glare of the fire to the very skies like a great signal banner thrown to the winds; the hot and frightened faces of the crowd; the crimsoned gables down the street, with the faint light of a lamp here and there gleaming white from some hastily opened casement? Without the colors your picture is not true. No inventory of items will even represent the truth: the fuller and more minute you make your inventory, the more will the truth be obscured. The little details will take up as much space in the statement as the great totals into which they are summed up; and, the proportions being false, the whole is false. Truth, fortunately, takes its own revenge. No one is deceived. The reader of the chronicle lays it aside. It lacks verisimilitude. He cannot realize how any of the things spoken of can have happened. He goes elsewhere to find, if he may, a real picture of the time, and perhaps finds one that is wholly fictitious. No wonder the grave and monk-like chronicler sighs. He of course wrote to be read, and not merely for the manual exercise of it; and when he sees readers turn away, his heart misgives him for his fellow-men. Is it as it always was, that they do not wish to know the truth? Alas! good eremite, men do not seek the truth as they should; but do you know what the truth is? It is a thing ideal, displayed by the just proportion of events, revealed in form and color, dumb till facts be set in syllables, articulated into words, put together into sentences, swung with proper tone and cadence. It is not resolutions only that have color. Nothing in human life is without it. In a monochrome you can depict nothing but a single incident; in a monotone you cannot often carry truth beyond a single sentence. Only by art in all its variety can you depict as it is the various face of life."

Robert Browning has performed this noble service for us with respect to Italy and that intensely alluring phase of human culture and progress known as the Renaissance. In familiar words he sang, —

> "Open my heart and you will see
> Graven inside it, 'Italy,'"

and this was no rhetorical vaunt, but very truth. The English poet assimilated with a sympathy unique among his compeers the

past and present of that wonderful land. And as a result, he, in a large fraction of his work, reflected its life, the body and soul of it, as no other literary maker has begun to do. Its heart and intellect, its passion, art, music, literature and scholar lore are interpreted by him not as the pundit or archæologist or historic reporter would do it, — not for the fact's sake, — but after the manner of the poet, *i. e.*, for the life's sake, as one part of the mighty story of man's spiritual conflict and growth.

The question is sometimes raised whether the past can really be recalled and re-pictured with even approximate accuracy.

Is it Rome or the playwright's more or less ignorant idea of Rome that we are given? This is, after all, only a phase of the old argument of the absolute idealist: we know, not matter, but our notion thereof. For practical purposes the wayfaring man has decided that matter exists: that if he butts with his head against a stone, the stone will be there and will hurt him. Likewise in this matter of reconstructing vanished things, it can never be proved that the literary presentation of historical characters and scenes is correct or half-correct. The dead must needs come back to settle that for us. But this much may safely be asserted. Of two ideas of those characters and scenes, that will do the most for us, and hits nearest to the truth, which seems vital and warm and veritable, — which enables us to realize that such scenes have been, such characters have lived and died. In the utter absence of conclusive proof, we have quite as good a right to claim that literature can make us acquainted with the centuries foregone as our opponent has to claim that to be impossible.

Browning, then, has given us a superb gallery of Renaissance (as well as other) historic pictures, recreating with dynamic force and virile imagination the evidence of things not seen. His method in doing this is all his own, and calls for a word of comment. As it seems to me, Robert Browning's tendency to the *minutiæ* of learning, to what may be called archæological detail, is bad in itself and injures his work. Here at the start let me say, that while I yield to no one in honest admiration and love of this puissant maker of literature, I do regard him as one of the most

unequal of poets, and a man successful in spite of his faults, not because of them.

To come to a special illustration afforded by this Renaissance group of poems (and the stricture applies equally to the Browning historical poems in general): they do, indubitably, assume too much knowledge on the student's part; plunge too much *in medias res*, as it were; and by a recondite multiplicity of particulars put us in danger of not seeing the forest for the trees. That the poet, maugre this trait, does on the whole interest us in the past and stimulate us mightily by his pictures of it, is a wonderful tribute to his genius. His imagination seizes on all the intellectual furnishment of the poems until they become molten in that creative heat, and plastic to his shaping. A lesser man with Browning's method, in this field, would be insufferably dull, hopelessly unpoetical. At times even he succumbs to it, and is — I say it with humility — both unpoetic and dull. Let us take that crux 'Sordello,' — first of the poems illuminating my theme, — and see if the criticism applies in that case. The story of a poet's inner life in an Italian thirteenth-century setting, which is the theme, is, for a psychologic writer and fellow bard like Browning, eminently fitting: the development of Sordello's life and character, during which he loses himself only to find himself in death, has a subtle fascination. But the question presents itself: In order to make a background for such a figure, was it necessary or advisable to embroil the reader in such an historical tangle of events? Could not the psychologic problem — the study of a gifted, aspiring soul, suffering from self-consciousness and paralysis of the will — have been put before the world with simpler *mise en scène;* and does not the intricacy of the stage setting constitute a main reason why this production of a very young singer and thinker is confessedly one of the most difficult he has ever offered as a stumbling-block for the simple man and a choice morsel for Browning Societies? I think we must say "yes." It is this, together with the occult expression, the overplus of metaphysics, and the lack of organic arrangement, which brings about a result I for one cannot but deprecate. The teaching, that only in Love can life find its true key, and that the Poet — in Brown-

ing's mind the ideal lender and purveyor of the higher knowledge — must think not of himself nor even of his art primarily, but of the welfare of brother-man, and that act and ideal must walk in healthy union, is noble, surely, and typical of the mature Browning; but the manner of conveying this — there 's the rub! Can 'Sordello' be understood without a key? Can it with that aid, or at any rate without much vexation and weariness of the flesh? To judge by my own experience, the reply is a negative. Those to whom it truly is a lucid and steadily inspiring creation are of a superior order of being, — an order I admire from afar but may not fellow with. But the whole poem is one thing, parts and passages quite another. In our quest for Renaissance pictures 'Sordello' often rewards us; heaven forbid I should deny it. The Guelph and Ghibelline feuds and the Lombard League are interwoven with the personal history of the protagonist; and if after a reading of the poem we do not *understand* those far-away and involved internecine quarrels, we *do* have ideas or images of mediæval life — its hot gusts of passion, its political ambitions, its fierce, coarse brutalities, its lyric episodes of love, its manifold picturesqueness — such as no mere chronicle could have given us. And this because a poet, saturating himself with contemporaneous documents in the British Museum, and thereafter visiting the scenes he would depict, really was able to reconstruct a long-done piece of human action so that it had body and soul, heat and substance. As a single brief example, take this passage from the third book, where Sordello returns to Verona at the call of his mistress Palma: —

> ". . . . I' the palace, each by each,
> Sordello sat and Palma: little speech
> At first in that dim closet, face with face
> (Despite the tumult in the market-place)
> Exchanging quick low laughters: now would rush
> Word upon word to meet a sudden flush,
> A look left off, a shifting lips' surmise —
> But for the most part their two histories
> Ran best thro' the locked fingers and linked arms.
> And so the night flew on with its alarms

Till in burst one of Palma's retinue;
'Now, Lady!' gasped he. Then arose the two
And leaned into Verona's air, dead-still.
A balcony lay black beneath until
Out, 'mid a gush of torchfire, gray-haired men
Came on it and harangued the people: then
Sea-like that people surging to and fro
Shouted, 'Hale forth the Carroch — trumpets, ho,
A flourish! Run it in the ancient grooves!
Back from the bell! Hammer — that whom behooves
May hear the League is up! Peal — learn who list,
Verona means not first of towns break tryst
To-morrow with the League!'
Enough. Now turn —
Over the eastern cypresses: discern!
Is any beacon set a-glimmer?
Rang
The air with shouts that overpowered the clang
Of the incessant carroch, even: 'Haste —
The candle's at the gateway! ere it waste,
Each soldier stand beside it, armed to march
With Tiso Sampier through the eastern arch!'"

As we read this and similar passages we get a sense surely of that day of feudalism and chivalry, of vari-colored splendor, well-nigh barbaric personal conduct, and dire cruelties, beauty and cruelty clashing together like iron and gold, — a day of crude, strong contrasts, of impressive chiaroscuro. To run over a selected page of Browning is to comprehend this more vividly than by studying the whole of Symonds' 'Renaissance in Italy,' noble work as that is. Such is the service of dynamic literature. Such is rendered only in flashes by 'Sordello.' This, and its psychologic suggestion, constitute the main value of the poem.

If we turn to 'The Grammarian's Funeral,' we shall find a picture almost steadily true poetry, that with rarest insight and grasp portrays the scholar-side of the age, as the other does its politico-religious strife. It seems a parlous thing, *a priori*, to make the figure of a philologist pathetic. But Browning does it. The im-

portance of learning has never been more nobly limned. To be sure, this grammarian is no philologer in our modern sense: the study of language was to him a means, not an end, — but that is true of all great word-wizards mediæval and modern; men, for example, like the brothers Grimm in Germany.

I know of no lyric of the poet's more representative of his peculiar and virile strength than this, in that it makes vibrant and thoroughly emotional an apparently unpromising theme. In relation to the Renaissance, to the age of the revival of learning, the moral is the higher inspiration derived from the new wine of the classics, so that what in later times has cooled down too often to a dry-as-dust study of the husks of knowledge, is shown to be, at the start, a veritable revelling in the delights of the fruit, — the celestial fruit which for its meet enjoyment called for more than a life span, and looked forward, as Hutton has it, to an "eternal career." Note that the faith in a future life conditions and enlarges the view; as yet the scientific attitude and mind had not come to the latter-day agnosticism. And how picture-like Browning makes it! The solemn procession up the mountain, the master, "famous, calm, and dead," in the midst, loftily lying in his aerial sepulchre among the clouds (and intermittently the directions interpolated to give dramatic reality), — here again the traditions and ideals of the time are conveyed indirectly, and therefore with threefold force; the poetry of it is the chief thing, the one thing, in sooth, for the general reader. For let us bear in mind ever that any poet's first mission is to delight, not to instruct. The instruction should be unawares, by indirection. The poet who confounds the two is in danger of the council, is a didactic philosopher, or a metaphysician, or a scientist — good *rôles* all, but not his.

'The Grammarian's Funeral,' then, is a noble vindication of the possibilities rather than the probabilities of that calling, having its historic interest in the implied high aims in scholarship of the time contrasted with later periods. No one Renaissance characteristic stands out in higher relief than this of learning. It is amazing how it cohabits with lust, cruelty, and what seems to our modern sensibilities an inconceivable lack of ethical development;

existing in a devotion and an attainment that even now seem marvellous. The middle-age humanists were wonderful in this respect. Scholarship is one of the most brilliant facets flashed down to us from that many-colored stone called the Renaissance.

The art side of the re-birth, a phase best loved by our poet, if one may judge by the frequency with which he wrote of it (to say nothing of his easy intimacy with all its figures, principles, and scenes), is illustrated in that very characteristic and truly great dramatic monologue, 'Fra Lippo Lippi.'

The wayward child of genius is a fascinating object of study always; here is the type in the ecclesiastico-art atmosphere, with its dual blend of elements which did so much for Italian painting, and the golden period of creative picture-making. Suppose some one to take up the poem and to read it with no preparatory study of the harum-scarum monk-artist, and only such knowledge of the stage-setting as would be commanded by a person of fair education. No doubt such an one would lose much, especially in this most representative *genre* of Browning's, the dramatic monologue, which, by its very method, assumes so much on our part and progresses by revealing character, not by narrative in the usual sense. Yet I am much mistaken if a vivid sense of mediævalism and of the Renaissance were not the result. In the first place, Fra Lippo is visualized and vitalized, — no mere name he on the left-hand lower corner of his canvases, after reading the poem, but a very human flesh and blood creature, with a Bohemianish streak in him that makes serenades and moonlight and luring girl faces irresistible to him, so that he must perforce take French leave of his fine quarters in the Medici palace and roam the streets in quest of frolic adventure, to be brought up with a sharp turn by the Florentine officials. It is all delightfully disreputable and human. Fra Lippo, in Italy, Villon, a not far from contemporaneous son of genius in another art and land, we come to know because whereas in their work we think of them on the side of gift and power — in their erring natural lives we recognize the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. And then, too, how dramatically we are presented with the fact of the more or less unholiness of those in holy orders at

that time! This we are aware of theoretically: in a poem like 'Fra Lippo Lippi' it is worked out in a scene with an ex-monk as hero, and what was assumed as history is clothed on with life. And still further: what a glimpse of mediæval Florence is given — beautiful lily of the Arno! We may cry with the poet, "It 's as if I saw it all!"

> "Here 's spring come, and the nights one makes up bands
> To roam the town and sing out carnival."

We feel the street-life and we visit the convent, with its cluster of brothers agape with admiration at this early realist who paints people as they are, until the monkish circle is instructed by the Prior that that way is all wrong, —

> "Your business is to paint the souls of men."

The description and criticism of the faults and virtues of the art creed and art accomplishment of the time is wonderfully acute. Lippi was wiser than his critics, knowing "The value and significance of flesh," and in spite of all his tomfoolery and looseness, is an idealist, and so hangs on to the belief that the world "means intensely and means good."

In dramatic pieces like this, and the still greater 'Andrea del Sarto,' we are let into the very heart and get the blood beat of the blooming-time of creative painting. If ever a phase of iife were done from the inside, as we say, it is here: for once we are given "The time and the place and the loved one all together."

The range and variety of Browning in his Renaissance picture-making is again exemplified in the very different poem, 'The Bishop Orders His Tomb.' Here we have limned for us the religious world on its side of ecclesiastical form, pomp, and show. It is revealed to us in the person of a Roman prelate who is seamy in his life and worldly and worldly-wise on his deathbed, *in articulo mortis.* It is a terrible picture in its way; another intense monologue in form and vibrant with emotion — spite of its rough, interjaculatory manner. Art is illustrated from another angle: this soiled, proud, passionate, envious bishop, a good hater to the last, would have his monument a masterpiece, and how splendid his

description of it, particular on particular, until the mind's eye sees the imposing, costly thing. He has the age's scholarship, too, and would have naught but good Latin inscribed on the stone; and in all his piteous request to his equally worldly sons he knows, poor worldling, that they will take his riches and never grant his last prayer. A sense of the selfish human animal, the same in all centuries, is conveyed savagely, truthfully, by this dramatic poem; while the local media are also brought before us in a wonderful way. The historical setting is not so much thought of here; the atmospheric impression is everything. Yet at what other period, in what other country, would a bishop have the intimate knowledge of and taste for architecture shown in this man's talk — let alone his wish for æsthetic propriety and fitness at a moment when secondary things and things not taking hold on the central core of being pass out of mind? How could the fact that the bishop cared supremely for an artistically beautiful sepulchre — cared for it as much as he did to crow over a rival in effigy — be more strikingly set before us, and we be instructed at once in the main passions and interests of universal man and of Renaissance man? Once again we emerge from the poem, having touched the body of the Renaissance and felt it to be not a cold corpse, but warm and moved by breath.

The poem, 'The Heretic's Tragedy,' still further illuminates our subject, and is one of those grim sardonic pieces very illustrative of a certain phase of Browning's genius, — a *genre* in which he has done some of his strongest work. This time it is that darker side of the Renaissance, social, complex, exploited by its theology. It is right not to forget this obverse side of the shield, in directing main attention to its splendid face whereupon art has carven deathless characters. I find a great relish in such a setting forth of the intellectualizing of a dark age, — for in respect of the substance of religion it *was* dark compared with our own. How the poem plunges us back into an all but inconceivable atmosphere of hair-splitting dogma and inhuman heartlessness! Man delights in the burning alive of his fellows; God is the jealous God of the old dispensation; and how admirably this state of mind, naïvely un-

conscious of its own atrocity and crudity, is embalmed in this terrible dramatic lyric, with its shuddering realism, whose effect is heightened tenfold by its awful joviality of tone:

> "Sling him fast like a hog to scorch,
> Spit in his face, then leap back safe,
> Sing '*Laudes*' and bid clap-to the torch."

And, what is most pertinent to our purpose, — how pictorial it all is! The poor wretch burning there can be seen as plainly by us as by the Paris mob that jeered at his contortions. Once more a far-away scene is not so much put before us on a flat surface as set about us atmospherically and with perspective, so that we are in it and of it. This is a wonderful thing to do, especially in a case where all is alien to our present notions. The poem is at once objective and subjective, a canvas and an emotional and moral experience.

These Renaissance poems, then, — aside from their abstract virtue as intensely felt and virilely wrought verse, — perform one of the great and rare services possible to literature. They make us to know past beliefs and feelings, people and actions, so that all becomes veritable and explicable: to know them not formally and by effort and intention, but spontaneously, through the dynamic communication of heat and light. Instead of the statics of knowledge we are given the dynamics of life.

Richard Burton.

EMERSON.

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

"ONLY one thing matters," says Novalis, — "the quest of the transcendental self." This self we descry at times in the word of God, of poets and sages; in the deeps of joy and grief; in sleep, love, and sickness, and at unforeseen seasons when it beckons to us from afar, and with its finger points out to us our relation with the universe.

There are philosophers who devote themselves to this sole

quest, and they write books in which only the rare reigns. "What is there of value in books," says our author, "save the transcendental and the rare?" They are like painters trying to seize a likeness in the dark. Some there are who trace its abstract image, vast but almost indistinguishable. Others succeed in seizing one attitude or a characteristic movement of the higher life. Many imagine alien beings.

No great number of these images exists. They are never alike. Some of them are very beautiful, and those who have not beheld them are all their life like unto men who have never gone out at noon-day. The outlines of such as these are purer than the lines of the sky; but then, these figures seem to be so far away from us that we do not know if they be alive or were but copied in our semblance. These are the work of the pure mystics, and in them man does not yet recognize himself. Others, who are called poets, tell us indirectly of these things. A third class of thinkers, raising one degree the old mythos of the Centaurs, has given us a more approachable image of the occult identity by blending the traits of the apparent with the higher self. The visage of our divine soul smiles thus at times over the shoulder of the human soul, her sister, bent upon her lowly tasks of thought; and that fleeting smile, which makes us discern all that there is beyond thought, alone signifies in the deeds of men.

They are not many who show us that man is greater and deeper than man, and who succeed in transfixing some few of the eternal suggestions greeting us at every moment of life, in a motion, in a sign, in a look, in a word, in a hush, and in the events that encompass us about. The science of human greatness is the strangest of sciences. None among men are ignorant of it; yet nearly all are unaware that they possess it. The child who meets me will not be able to tell his mother that he saw me; and yet, from the moment his eye has sensed my presence, he knows all I am, all I have been, and will be, as well as my brother, and thrice better than myself. He knows me forthwith in the past and the future, in this world and the next, and his eyes reveal to me in turn the part I play in the universe and eternity. Our

infallible souls discern each other; and from the moment that his glance admitted mine, my face, my attitude, and all the infinity encompassing them and which they interpret, — he knows what to rely upon; and although he may not yet distinguish between an emperor's crown and a beggar's wallet, he has known one instant as exactly as God knows.

Truly we already conduct ourselves like gods, and our life is passed in certainties and infinite infallibilities. But we are blind men playing with precious stones by the road-side; and the man knocking at my door pours out, the moment he greets me, as wondrous spiritual treasures as any prince I might have snatched from death. I open my door to him; and at once he beholds at his feet, as if from the height of a tower, all that is in place between two souls. The countrywoman of whom I ask my way, I measure as seriously as if I asked my mother's life of her, and my soul has bespoken me as intimately as my bride's. Before answering me she mounts quickly to the highest mysteries, and then, having seen at a glance what I am, she tells me quietly that I must take the path to the left for the village.

If I spend an hour amid a crowd, I judge both the quick and the dead a thousand times, without saying a word about it or giving it a moment's thought; and which of these judgments will be altered at the last day? In this room there are five or six persons who talk of the rain or good weather; but underneath the paltry conversation, six souls hold a communion which no human wisdom could approach without peril; and although they are conferring together with their looks and faces and hands and their whole presence, what they have said they will ever ignore. Still, it must be that they are biding the end of their impalpable dialogue, and they have therefore I know not what secret joy in their listlessness, although without comprehending that they are hearkening within themselves to all the laws of life and death and love flowing around the house like exhaustless rivers.

It is so everywhere and always. We live only by virtue of the transcendental existence whose acts and thoughts pierce at every moment the envelope that closes us about.

I go to see a friend to-day whom I have never seen, but whose work I know; and I am sure that his soul is extraordinary and that he has passed his life in manifesting it as perfectly as possible in accordance with the duty of superior intelligences. I am full of embarrassment, and the hour is solemn. He enters; and all the expositions he has given for years fall to dust with the motion of the door which admits his presence. He is not what he believes himself to be. He is of another nature than his thoughts. Once more we prove that the envoys of the mind are always faithless; but in the little interval dividing the glance which stops from that which withdraws, I have learned all that he never could say, and all that he never could make alive within his own mind. He belongs to me irreparably henceforward. Before, we were united in thought. To-day, something a thousand thousand times more mysterious than thought gives us up to each other. For years we awaited this moment; and lo! we feel that all is useless, and, for fear of silence we who were making ready to show each other prodigious secret treasures talk together of the hour just striking or the sun just setting, so as to give our souls time to wonder over each other and shrink back together into another sort of silence which the murmur of lips and thoughts cannot disturb.

At bottom, we live only from soul to soul and are gods without knowing it. If it is impossible for me to support my loneliness this evening, and I go out among men, they will tell me that the storm has beaten down their pears or that the last frost closed up the harbor. Is it for that I came? And yet I shall go away soon with a soul as satisfied and full of vigor and of as new treasures as if I had spent the hour with Plato, Socrates, and Marcus Aurelius. What their lips say is unheard beside that which their presence declares, and it is impossible for man not to be great and admirable. What thought thinks is of no consequence beside the truth we are and affirm in silence; and if, after fifty years of solitude, Epictetus, Goethe, and St. Paul were to touch at my island, they could say to me only what their ship's spray told me at the same time and less indirectly.

In truth, that which is strangest in man is his gravity and

hidden wisdom. The most frivolous among us never really laughs, and despite his endeavors does not succeed in losing one minute, for the human soul is watchful and does nothing uselessly. *Ernst ist das Leben.* Life is grave and the soul in the depths of our being has not yet smiled. On the other side of our involuntary agitations we lead a wondrous life, immutable, very pure, and very sure, to which our outstretched hands, our opening eyes, our meeting glances allude ceaselessly.

All our organs are mystical accomplices of the higher self, and it is never a man but a soul that we have known. I do not see the poor wretch who begs alms on the steps at my door; but I do see this other thing: that in our eyes two selfsame destinies greet and love each other and that the moment he stretches forth his hand the little door of the house opens out upon the sea. "In my dealing with my child," says Emerson, "my Latin and Greek, my accomplishments, and my money stead me nothing; but as much soul as I have avails. If I am wilful, he sets his will against mine, one for one, and leaves me, if I please, the degradation of beating him by my superiority of strength. But if I renounce my will and act for the soul, setting that up as umpire between us two, out of his young eyes looks the same soul; he reveres and loves with me." ['The Over-Soul.']

But if it is true that the least among us cannot make the slightest movement without taking account of the soul and the spiritual kingdoms over which it reigns, it is equally true that the wisest of us rarely thinks of the infinite which moves the eyelid as it opens, the head as it falls, the hand as it closes. We live so far from ourselves that we are ignorant of nearly all that takes place at the horizon of our Being. We wander at random in the valley without suspecting that all our movements are reproduced and assume significance at the summit of the mountain. It is needful that some one come to us from time to time and say: "Raise your eyes, see what you are, see what you are doing. It is not here that we live, but on high. These glances interchanged in the dark, these words so empty at the foot of the mountain, see what they become and what they signify upon its snowy summits,

and how the hands we thought so frail reach out momently toward God without our knowing it!"

Some there are who have come to us in this way and, tapping us on the shoulder, have pointed out to us what is taking place upon the glaciers of Mystery. They are not many. There are three or four in this century. There were five or six in the others. And all they are able to tell us is nothing beside all the reality of which the soul is cognizant. But what matters it? Are we not like unto a man who has lost his eyes in the first years of childhood? He has seen the manifold spectacle of being. He has seen the sun, the sea, and the forest. These marvels have now become a part of his essence, and if you speak of them what could you say to him, and what will your poor words be by the side of the wood-path, the tempest, the aurora which is living yet in the depth of his mind and flesh? He will listen to you, however, with joy, delighted and astonished that he knows it all, and although your words represent what he knows more inadequately than a glass of water represents a great river, these impotent little phrases falling from men's mouths will illumine for an instant the ocean, the light, and the shadowy leafage slumbering in the dark beneath his lifeless eyelids.

The facets of this transcendental Me of which Novalis speaks are innumerable, doubtless, and these mystic moralists have not been able to study the same one. Swedenborg, Pascal, Novalis, Hello, and some others examine into our relations with an infinite absolute, subtile and afar off. They lead us toward heights which seem to us neither natural nor habitable, and where we often breathe with pain. Goethe accompanies the soul to the shore of the sea of Serenity. Marcus Aurelius seats it upon the hill-slopes of a perfected humanity, wearisome in its utter goodness, and under too heavy a leafage of hopeless resignation. Carlyle, Emerson's spiritual brother, in this century has given us intelligence of the other end of the valley in lightning-like flashes — single heroic moments of being, upon a background of shadow and storm, an unknown of ever present strangeness. He leads us like a storm-driven flock to unknown and sulphurous pasturage.

He thrusts us into the deepest of the shadows which he has gleefully revealed, where the intermittent mighty star of heroes alone shines, and there abandons us with a wicked smile to the vast reprisals of mystery.

But here in this same day is Emerson, the good morning shepherd of pale meadows, green with a new optimism that is natural and sensible. He does not lead us to the edge of the abyss. He does not take us away from the humble and familiar close, for the glacier, the sea, the eternal snows, the palace, the stable, the pauper's funeral pall, the invalid's pallet, are all to be found beneath the same heaven, purified by the same stars and subject to the same infinite energies.

He comes to many at the moment when he ought to come, and at the very instant when they were in mortal need of new interpretations. Heroic moments are less obvious, those of abnegation have not yet returned; only daily life remains to us, and yet we cannot live without grandeur. He has given to life, which had lost its traditional horizon, an almost acceptable meaning, and perhaps he has even been able to show us that it is strange enough, profound enough, great enough, to need no other end than itself. He does not know any more of it than the others do; but he affirms with more courage, and he has confidence in the mystery. You must live, all you who travel through days and years, without activities, without thought, without light, because your life, despite everything, is incomprehensible and divine. You must live because no one has a right to subtract any commonplace weeks from their spiritual sequence. You must live because there is not an hour without intimate miracles and ineffable meanings. You must live because there is not an act, not a word, not a gesture, which is free from inexplicable claims in a world "where there are many things to do and few things to know."

Lives are neither great nor small, and the deed of Regulus or of Leonidas has no importance when I compare it with moment of my soul's secret existence. It might do what they have done or not; these things do not reach it; and the so

of Regulus when he returned to Carthage was probably as distracted and indifferent as that of a mechanic on his way to the factory. The soul is far apart from all our deeds. It is far away from all our thoughts. It lives alone in the depth of our being a life of which it does not speak; and of the heights where it reigns, its various modes of activity can make out nothing. We walk weighed down by the weight of the soul, and there is no proportion between it and us. It perhaps never thinks of that which we are doing, and this can be read in our countenance. If one should ask an intelligence from another world what is the typical expression of the faces of men, it would reply doubtless, after having seen them in joys, in griefs, and in restless moods: "They look as if they were thinking of something else." Be great, wise, or eloquent; the soul of the beggar who holds out his hand at the corner of the bridge will not be jealous, but yours will perhaps envy him his silence. The hero needs the approbation of the ordinary man, but the ordinary man does not demand the approbation of heroes, and he pursues his course undisquieted, like one who has all his treasures in a safe place. "When Socrates speaks," says Emerson, "Lysis and Menexenus are afflicted by no shame that they do not speak. They also are good. He likewise defers to them, loves them, whilst he speaks. Because a true and natural man contains and is the same truth which an eloquent man articulates; but in the eloquent man, because he can articulate it, it seems something the less to reside, and he turns to these, silent, beautiful, with the more inclination and respect." ['Intellect.']

Man is eager for explanations. He must have his life shown to him. He rejoices to find anywhere an exact interpretation of a petty gesture he has been making for twenty-five years; yet there is no petty gesture here, but the main attitude of the common soul. You will not find the eternal quality of the soul of a Marcus Aurelius here. But Marcus Aurelius was thought itself. Who among us, moreover, leads the life of a Marcus Aurelius? One is man here, nothing more, not magnified arbitrarily, but grown nearer through habit. Here is John who is

trimming his trees, Peter who is building his house; here are you who talk to me of the harvest, and I who give you my hand; yet we are made so that we draw nigh to the gods and are astonished at what we effect. We did not know that the laws of the universe attended upon us, and we turn about and stare without saying anything, like people who have seen a miracle.

Emerson comes to affirm simply this equal and secret greatness of life. He encompasses us with silence and wonder. He puts a shaft of light under the foot of the artisan coming out of his workshop. He shows us all the powers of heaven and earth busied in supporting the threshold where two neighbors speak of the falling rain or the rising wind; and above these two wayfarers accosting each other he makes us see the face of one god smiling upon another. He is nearer to us than any one in our every-day life, the most watchful and persistent of monitors, the most upright and scrupulous, perhaps the most human. He is the sage of commonplace days; and commonplace days are the sum and substance of our being.

The most of a year passes without passions, without virtues, without miracles. Let us learn to reverence the small hours of life. If I have been able to work this morning, in the spirit of Marcus Aurelius, do not find fault with what I have accomplished, for I know well enough that something has come of it. But if I think that I have wasted my day in worthless undertakings, and you can prove to me that I have lived as worthily as a hero, and that my soul has lost none of its prerogatives, you will have done more than if you had persuaded me to save my enemy; for you will have increased within me the sense, the grandeur, and the desire of life; and to-morrow perhaps I shall be able to live with reverence.

Translated by the Editors.

KINDLINESS AS AN ELEMENT OF FAITH: ILLUSTRATED IN LITERATURE.

FROM a purely rational point of view no cause exists, it is said, for the higher virtues which are found in human society. Self-sacrifice, enthusiasm for the general good, the subordination of individual desires to the welfare of the whole, have no place in a reasonable scheme of life.

These forces of social life are the product of an influence from without — the religious faith of a community or a nation — acting upon the individual; they are not necessary developments from germs within.

In strict accord with this sentiment, whose prevalence is witnessed by the wellnigh universal response given to its expression, — in such a book, for instance, as Kidd's 'Social Evolution,' — is the generally accepted idea of realism.

Whether in revolt from its pitiless actualities, or whether in obedience to its fancied necessities, the conception of realism follows the lines of the so-called rational picture of society. We either steel ourselves to gaze steadfastly upon the depths of the possible degradation of humanity and the seeming vanity of its best estates, or we turn shudderingly from these harrowing scenes and construct for ourselves an imaginary ideal world. Few are the minds within whose cognizance both actuality and ideality find room, and still fewer are they who recognize a living organic connection between the two.

Yet it is safe to affirm that such minds alone possess the really healthy, all-round view of life, and hold the only tenable optimism. They alone have reached the full strength of maturity, and they alone are able to impart vigor and inspiration to other minds.

Through what way, then, it may be inquired, have those who have reached this goal been led thereto? There is but one answer to the query: the positive necessity of faith in our common human nature. Forced to admit its depravity, the mind cannot rest in the

despair which ensues upon this realization, but seeks for, and ultimately beholds in open vision, the pure lotos-bloom of spirit which springs every here and there from the blackness of mud. Both realistic and idealistic is the faith which comprehends mud as well as blossom; and that work of art which renews and inspires confidence in the human, has its ideal mission, however realistic the story which it tells may be.

This belief — the impulse and strength of all high effort — surely it is good to impress. And how can it be more deeply impressed than by an effort to show that trust in man is an absolutely essential element in those strong souls whose faith has met and positively conquered doubt?

The list is long of great men and women whose spiritual stories we know, and to almost any of whom we might appeal for illustration of our truth. But we select from it three very familiar names and works: Wordsworth in his 'Prelude,' Tennyson in 'The Two Voices,' and Carlyle in 'Sartor Resartus,' give us striking examples of the truth affirmed.

Wordsworth is pre-eminently the poet of Nature, but it is often overlooked that he is not exclusively so. Nature was his schoolmistress, his guardian angel; but her love was not the end of his searchings and his philosophy. His distinctive message was the adaptation of man and Nature to each other, — the kinship of their spirits. He never made the mistake of subordinating the latter to the former. The mind of man is "the main region of his song." That beauty which is to him a "living presence of the earth" "waits on his steps" as he explores his chosen domain of thought. The spirit of the universe is the power "whose gracious favor is the source of all illumination;" but the ultimate good to be accomplished is the "rousing of the sensual from their sleep of death" to a realization of a true and complete humanity by making them conscious of that Spirit pervading all creation, and uniting in the same indissoluble bonds all nature, animate and inanimate. A conviction of his mission to preach this gospel of nature and man was the result of Wordsworth's study of his own mental and spiritual growth. In that growth, as it is recorded, it is both

interesting and instructive to trace the appearance of the human element. By his own account, the poet was led to the love of man by love of nature. Born and reared among those mountains, lakes, and streams of northern England which yet remain sacred to his memory, his first love was for them. The spiritual emotions of his childhood were inspired by their beauty and grandeur. But everywhere associated with these loved objects he beheld man, depending upon them, adapting himself to them, and them to his own needs, and illustrating with them the harmony of God's works. Shepherds first attracted his thoughts, and ennobled man in his eyes. The eighth book of the 'Prelude' describes these pastoral scenes that delighted his early youth; and in his later years, when his native hills were left behind and he walked in crowded city streets, where man loses his dignity in paltry rivalries and ignoble strife, the generalizations and abstract truths which Nature had taught him fitted themselves to his new environment and gave him, "among least things, an undersense of greatest." That orderly and harmonious conception of life into which the influence of the "perennial hills" had gathered all the aspirations and sympathies of the young soul, threw its halo over disturbing city scenes, and drew them, too, into its charmed circle. A still more severe test of faith came with the disappointment which ensued upon the downfall of the hopes that the Revolution in France had raised. Mankind had turned away in self-seeking and littleness of mind from its own aspirations and ideals. In a time holy by reason of the new beacon-lights which had risen upon the way, the mind of man appeared to be too gross to guide itself by them. In despair for his kind the poet exclaims, —

"The lordly attributes
Of will and choice,
What are they but mockery of a Being
Who hath in no concerns of his a test
Of good and evil; knows not what to fear
Or hope for, what to covet or to shun;
And who, if those could be discerned, would yet
Be little profited; would see and ask

'Where is the obligation to enforce?'
And, to acknowledged law rebellious, still
As selfish passion urged, would act amiss;
The dupe of folly, or the slave of crime."

It is clear that no love of nature alone, no communion with the spirit of the material universe, could suffice for the heart of the poet whose first love nature had been. The human element in the solution of life's problem was wanting, and the slowly constructed faith and philosophy seemed to fall to the ground. The recovery was brought about by human sympathy and the restorative power of nature combined. The elements of health were in the cure. With reference to his sister Wordsworth says of this time: —

"She whispered still that brightness would return;
She, in the midst of all, preserved me still
A poet; made me seek beneath that name
And that alone, my office upon earth.
And, lastly, as hereafter will be shown,
If willing audience fail not, Nature's self,
By all varieties of human love
Assisted, led me back through opening day,
To those sweet counsels between head and heart
Whence grew that genuine knowledge, fraught with peace,
Which through the later sinkings of this cause,
Hath still upheld me, and upholds me now."

From the exaltations and depressions of a long and peculiar experience is at length evolved a faith in which confidence in human nature has an unassailable place. Thus the poet himself expresses it: —

"Each man's mind is to herself
Witness and judge; and I remember well
That in life's everyday appearances
I seemed about this time to gain clear sight
Of a new world — a world, too, that was fit
To be transmitted, and to other eyes
Made visible; as ruled by those fixed laws

> Whence spiritual dignity originates,
> Which do both give it being and maintain
> A balance, an ennobling interchange
> Of action from without and from within;
> The excellence, pure function, and best power
> Both of the object seen, and eye that sees."

If we turn from the gentle yet impassioned course of a spirit which sustained shocks only through its abstract aspirations, to the more rugged way of personal experience, we meet with different modes of recovery from a depressed faith, but we do not miss the old elements. We have not in 'The Two Voices' of Tennyson a history of spiritual development such as we have in 'The Prelude,' but we find there an enumeration of the questions which are presented by human doubt and despair, and a beam from that light which must always illuminate such questionings if they can only be brought into its rays, — the conception of unity through Love. A misery so deep that the blessing of existence is doubted brings one face to face with the darkest problems of life.

We need not enlarge upon those which one voice in the poem presents, and upon which the second voice endeavors to throw some light. They are those which at some time come to every inquiring mind. A reason for bearing the ills of life cannot be found in the thought of man's superiority to all else created; in a boundless universe who will arrogate to man this lordly position? The unique character of each individual is a thought which brings no more comfort when his littleness is also considered. The conception of the progress of the race, of the gifts of the months, of the new life which may be born of the changing years, loses vitality when it comes into contact with the chilling thoughts of loss of human capacity for acquiring, of the eternal continuance of processes, and of the delusive character of knowledge where the scale is infinite. Remembrance of the abounding hope and the joyful aspirations of youth fails to bring inspiration, because blasted by the thought that these were simply energy stored in the opening bud; that, the flower having once bloomed, growth is forever arrested, and it can enter only upon a period of decay. Acquisi-

tions of knowledge seem to belong only to the individual, and to die with him. Truth seems unattainable and shadow-like. That some have appeared to achieve knowledge and peace in possession, does not prove that "the grounds of hope were fixed," but only that in these happier natures there was a kindlier mixture of the elements. Intimations of immortality are illusive and opposed to the evidence of the senses. And yet, through a consciousness of the needs which these bring uppermost in the feelings, firmer ground is gained. It is certainly not life with which we quarrel and of which we complain; it is life itself which we want.

That ground won, positive as to conviction, but barren as to feeling, the needed warmth is not far to seek. It is imparted by the sight of human love and unity. Through the open casement are seen, on their way to the house of God, a man with his wife and child.

> "These three made unity so sweet,
> My frozen heart began to beat,
> Remembering its ancient heat."

A gentler voice resounded through the hollow heart: —

> "'What is 't thou know'st, sweet voice,' I cried.
> —'A hidden hope,' the voice replied."

Despair had been banished by sympathy with human feeling. Doubt had been transformed into the assurance

> "That every cloud that spreads above
> And veileth love, itself is love."

Reversing the experience of the older poet, the latter returns to harmony with nature when he has re-established his connections with human kind, and has seen God through the medium of love for his brother.

> "I wondered while I paced along:
> The woods were filled so full of song,
> There seemed no room for sense of wrong."

—

Little more than a quotation from 'Sartor Resartus' will remind the reader of that wonderful spiritual reconstruction related under the title of 'The Everlasting Yea.' The foundation of the new structure having been laid by the act of the renunciation of self, the allegorical hero proceeds to gather from the old shattered world material for use in that which he is about to build anew.

In the flood of light poured into the soul by the thought of the fatherhood of God, humanity too stood revealed. God our Father means man our brother; a rebinding (religion) to God is a rebinding to man. Read the very words of the converted soul:

> "With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow man: with an infinite Love, an infinite Pity. Poor, wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tried and beaten with stripes, even as I am? Ever, whether thou bear the royal mantle or the beggar's gabardine, art thou not so weary, so heavy-laden: and thy Bed of Rest is but a grave. O my Brother, my Brother; why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom and wipe away all tears from thy eyes! — Truly, the din of many-voiced Life, which in this solitude, with the mind's organ I could hear, was no longer a maddening discord, but a melting one: like inarticulate cries, and sobbings of a dumb creature, which in the ear of Heaven are prayers. The poor Earth with her poor joys was now my needy Mother not my cruel Stepdame. Man, with his so mad wants and so mean endeavours, had become the dearer to me; and even for his sufferings and his sins, I now first named him brother. Thus was I standing in the porch of that '*Sanctuary of Sorrow*'; by strange, steep ways had I too been guided thither; and ere long, its sacred gates would open, and the '*Divine Depth of Sorrow*' lie disclosed to me."

Beautiful words! which find an echo in every heart which has ever been touched by disappointment and grief. Schools of thought may rise and fail; philosophies have their day and cease to be. But so long as human need remains, the gospel of humanity will find preachers and hearers.

Emily S. Hamblen.

FEAR IN MACBETH.

"All is the fear and nothing is the love."

If the words "blood" and "bloody" run through and through the play of 'Macbeth' until they lend a tint to the whole fabric, the words "fear" and "afraid" so thoroughly permeate it that they may be said to be almost its web and woof. On the sixty pages of the edition before me, these words, with their synonyms, occur more than sixty times. In no other play of Shakespeare, in no other production in English literature, can one find a note so persistently repeated. There is no other element in the drama, after once you have noticed it, that so stares you in the face; and yet, strangely enough, in all the Shakespearian literature that I have read I have never seen one allusion to it as a ruling element. To me it seems to be the key-word at every crisis, the one spur everywhere to action, the explanation of every movement; and I believe that without an appreciation of it one will inevitably derive false impressions of the meaning of the tragedy. After the day of his coronation the word is almost constantly on Macbeth's lips. Its frequency increases in a steady ratio until in one space of fifteen lines in the last act he voices it five times. It is needless to say that this was the result of no accident; that, used by a writer like Shakespeare, it has a deep significance; that one cannot weigh it too carefully.

When Macbeth is first introduced to us he is as pure as a child. His "face is a book," he is "full of the milk of human kindness," he would be great, but only by fair means. He is a man of heroic mould, a very Titan in battle, a leader of men, a moulder of events. He is head and shoulders above every other man in Scotland. Duncan was a lovable old man, but he was a sorry king. Macdonwald, "worthy to be a rebel," and the first Cawdor, who fought and died like a hero, realized it so fully that they had raised the standard of revolt. Scotland needed a firm hand at the helm. There was insurrection at home, and the fierce Danes were pouring over the borders. The Scots would fight

bravely and well, but they must have a leader; and in early Britain there was but one logical leader in such a crisis,—the king. But Duncan shrank from his post. His son was a craven, for he ran from the field at the first danger, and later, when his father lay dead, and he, the crown prince, had but to assert his legal right to the throne, he fled quaking in fear across the border, nor stopped till he had reached the sheltering court of "the most pious Edward."

At the critical moment a true hero steps to the head of the troops and saves Scotland. His deeds are Homeric. The soldiers under him fight like cornered wolves. They crush the rebels, and on the selfsame day smite the Dane and "send him reeling home." Macbeth thrills with the sense of power. He has royal blood in his veins; he is the one man of all Scotland, and he knows it,—he has known it for years. He could rule these turbulent Scots; he could purge the land from the thousand ills that had crept in under Duncan; he could make of his dear hills a united fatherland, make himself the father of his nation, and in old age have "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." Such was his dream, and he had a right to dream it. It would have been criminal for such a man to have been unambitious.

See him as he comes marching over the heath country out into our view, flushed with victory, the idol of his army. Duncan is old; the heir to the throne is not yet named; he is in the direct line of succession. The prophecy of the witches but put his thoughts into words, and he starts as if afraid. Then comes the crushing blow of his life,—the blow that ruined him and that all but ruined his land,—Duncan names Malcolm as his successor. Scotland must continue under a weakling. The hand that alone could save her and make her great is to be forever shackled and powerless. To gain his rights, Macbeth must stoop to crime, but this every fibre of his nature forbids. Had he been left to himself, the play would have ended here.

With Lady Macbeth the justice of her husband's cause outbalances everything else, even womanly instinct. She acts on the instant, and there is no escaping her imperious will. She

moves with the precision and the remorseless unhesitancy of a guillotine. She has but one idea, and it completely dominates every faculty. God pity a man who falls into such a grip! Macbeth's struggles are like those of a bird in the lime. With devilish ingenuity she thrusts again and again through the only vulnerable point in his armor. "A soldier and afeared," she hisses, "a coward;" woman as I am, I would do it though it outrage every womanly instinct. Mrs. Siddons used to raise her voice to a scream as she gave out those awful words that violate every canon of femininity. There is no other scene in the play that so moves me as this. A pure and heroic man is at the crisis of his life, and the very deeps of my soul cry out in pity. He is like one in a hypnotic trance. So tight are his nerves wrung that in the collapse after the deed he hovers for a time on the borders of madness. He has done it to show his wife that he is not afraid, and from that moment he has not a single instant when he is not in a hell of fear.

The rest is nemesis, the tireless nemesis that pursues the murderer. He "eats his meals in fear;" he prays passionately to heaven to tear to pieces "the great bond that keeps him pale;" his nights are shaken by fearful dreams. First, his "fears in Banquo stick deep," and in sheer terror he has him disposed of, though the deed for a time drives him to madness. On and on he goes shivering with fear, until the last act is one long shudder.

Many critics have utterly failed to appreciate the true nature of 'Macbeth.' "'Macbeth,'" says Mézières, "is the type of ambition, just as 'Othello' is the type of jealousy." "In spite of every incitement to good," says Flathe, "Macbeth gradually pursued the path of evil." Hienke declares that the moving power of the drama is "the representation of ambition as a fiendish living force," and Leo says that "Macbeth's is a nature predestined to murder." Are these estimates true? Was not the ambition of Macbeth laudable rather than otherwise? Was he not a victim caught in the toils of circumstance, and driven from crime to crime by the fearful inertia of fear; and is it not true that he

was caught, not because he tried deliberately to get the bait, which, after all, belonged to him, but because he was pushed in by another hand?

Macbeth is not a type of ambition and its increasing inertia; he is rather the type of a pure and noble man driven by circumstance to crime and living the rest of his life in fear of the consequences which he knows must sooner or later follow. "Every crime," says Goethe, "is punished upon this earth." It is Æschylus over again; it is the old Greek idea of Fate. When once the fatal step has been taken, the Eumenides are on the trail. With cheeks "blanched with fear," with the finer sensibilities deadened by repeated crimes committed to cover other crimes, with the "better part of man cowed," afraid even to think of the past, he totters across the stage to his doom, a trembling wreck, a wan shadow of what might have been a heroic figure, a man "in whose royalty of nature reigned that which would be feared."

Fred. Lewis Pattee.

SCHOOL OF LITERATURE.

SHAKESPEARE STUDY PROGRAMME: 'LEAR.'

THE STORY OF ACT I.

Paper.—The Double Plot: Lear's Test and Edmund's Scheme.

Hints:—Notice that the play opens on a double plot, the motives of which are similar, yet diverse enough, and which enhance each other. The first few words of Kent and Gloster reveal the whole story of Lear's intended partition of his kingdom, and directly Edmund is introduced and the circumstances which have embittered his pride and will lead him to seek supremacy are set forth clearly, though with touches that seem merely casual. Show how all the incidents of this act unfold from this brief prologue. First, Lear's test of his daughter's love is developed and its consequences wrought out: the cutting off of Cordelia, the banishment of Kent; then, in the next scene, Edmund's plot against Edgar is elaborated; and thereupon, out of the King's trust in Goneril's

false professions the incidents of scenes iii., iv., and v. flow. Is Lear's treatment by Regan and Goneril foreshadowed in this first scene?

Points to explain: — 1. Probable date of the play, and reasons for it. 2. What does Regan mean by the "most precious square of sense"? 3. Give an account of astrology in Shakespeare's day. (See Cyclopædia, also Rolfe's notes.) 4. Did Shakespeare borrow part of Edmund's soliloquy from Brantôme? (See *Poet-lore*, April, 1892.) 5. What was the office and dress of a fool? Was the habit of having a court jester as old as the time of Lear? 6. Explanation of all difficult allusions in the act.

Queries for Debate. — Did Cordelia see disaster ahead for her father from the first? And if so, is she therefore to blame for not being more tractable?

THE STORY OF ACT II.

Paper. — Double Effects: Edgar proscribed, Lear shut out.

Hints: — Summarize the events of Act II., and show how they follow the two lines of the plots which gradually become intertwisted, beginning in sc. i. of this act with Edmund's designs to embroil Edgar with one or other of the Dukes, or to prejudice them against him, and so on, as events permit. Is the quarrel of Kent and Oswald a necessary part of the play? What does it effect? Is Regan harder than Goneril? Would she have been less hard if Goneril had not prompted her action? Why does Shakespeare make Cornwall so much harsher than Albany? How would it have worked to have made Albany the more violent against the King? Would the dramatic effect have been as good? When does Lear's mind first show signs of breaking? Of what use to the story's progress are Curan's few words at the beginning of this act? Compare these with the conversation of Kent and "gentleman" in Act III. Are Albany and Gloster to blame in not taking Lear's part more strongly?

Points: — 1. Give the meaning of the obsolete words *gasted*, *jakes*, *unbolted*, *intrinse*, *renege*, etc. 2. Collect and explain the

allusions in this act referring to Elizabethan ways of living, such as Kent's epithets for Oswald (which, it may be noted, are not quite in place for a play of the time of King Joash of the Bible). 3. What was *Sarum* and *Camelot?* 4. The customs of *Bedlam Beggars.* 5. Examine the indications given as to time in scenes ii. and iv. How long after Kent's arrival before he was set in the stocks, and how long did he stay? 6. What are the sources of the play? (See 'Variorum,' also King Leir and Cordoille, from Layamon's 'Brut,' in *Poet-lore*, Jan., 1892.)

Query for Debate. — Which has the more reason to proscribe one child and favor another, — Gloster or Lear?

THE STORY OF ACT III.

Paper. — The Storm, Promise of Deliverance. Edmund's Plot deepens.

Hints: — Describe in brief the events and the general effect as a whole of Act III. The first scene deepens the feeling of a coming division amongst themselves of Lear's oppressors, already anticipated in the preceding act. It strengthens the hope, also suggested in the foregoing act, that Cordelia is on the way to champion Lear's cause. This faint ray of light only serves to make more visible the tempestuous darkness of Lear's sufferings; and even the hardships of the storm scene are surpassed in cruelty, not in dignity, by the effects of Edmund's designs against his father. These designs too, it must be noticed, threaten the earlier hope of rescue, and leave despair poised at the end of the act between horror and recklessness. Show how this double culmination of agony is the necessary result of the double plot.

Points: — 1. When did Merlin prophesy, and why does the Fool say, "I live before his time"? 2. Collect and explain the allusions to popular fables and ballads in this act, *pelican*, *pillicock*, "Suum non, nonny," "Child Rowland," etc. (Note Browning's use of the line about Childe Roland in his poem of the same name; and for some account of the old Danish ballad, see *Poet-lore*, Aug.–Sept., 1892.) 3. Edgar's fiends, "Malin," "Modo," etc. (See also

his own explanation, IV. ii., and M. D. Conway's 'Demons of the Shadow' or any History of the Devil.)

Query for Debate. — Is the tragic in scene vii. "urged beyond the outermost mark of the dramatic," as Coleridge says, or is such physical horror the only possible effect that would not make an anticlimax after the outbreak of Lear's madness?

THE STORY OF ACT IV.

Paper. — The Plot unified: Good and Bad Powers at Contest.

Hints: — What are the events of Act IV.? Describe its climax-scene, so far as emotion is concerned, — the meeting of Lear and Cordelia. What is Kent's part in bringing this about? How do Cordelia's thanks exhibit her character? Show how by the blindness of Gloster and Cornwall's sudden punishment Edgar and Edmund are pushed to the front on opposite sides; Albany is roused, also, to play a more active part, wherein, though bound to repulse the French invasion, his success will befriend Lear. On the other hand, again, this pushes Goneril on to greater enmity and to plans for herself and Edmund which bring out Regan's ferocity; so that both the sisters, while working with Oswald and Edmund against Gloster, Lear, and Cordelia, are working also against each other. Edgar's defence of his father against Oswald leads to the exposure of Goneril and to what little respite from misery the next act can boast. Note that this fourth act ends with the double plot made one in effect through Edgar's championing one side against Edmund, who stands for the other.

Query for Debate. — Which of the events narrated in Act IV. is most important in its effect upon Act V.?

THE STORY OF ACT V.

Paper. — The Solution: Death punishes and releases.

Points: — 1. Describe the customs of lists and of single combats. 2. Does Lear's reference to the Fool in the third scene mean Cordelia or the Jester? State the evidence for and against its being Cordelia. 3. What is meant by "good-years" (see

Rolfe)? 4. How long does the play last? (See Daniel's Time Analysis [given in Rolfe], and verify, making any criticisms that occur to you.)

Hints: — Show how the act opens just before the battle, and that, as Shakespeare makes it go against Cordelia, it does not provide a solution of the plot, and how, unless the sisters' evil-doing is to be rewarded, some other power must be brought in to direct events. The tournament is to settle what the battle left open; and Edgar's victory over Edmund, and the division, for Edmund's sake, between the sisters, are the means to effect the poetic justice Death deals by punishing the sisters and the traitor, and releasing Lear from his suffering. Notice also that this expedient of Shakespeare's, making the tournament instead of the historical battle the point of the plot, identifies the two interests of the two houses, Lear's and Gloster's, and brings the issue for all to one head. The real tragedy is for the most loyal persons, — Cordelia, the Fool, Kent, and Edgar.

Query for Debate. — Did Shakespeare do "wisely for his art and meaning in letting Father and Daughter lie in one grave"? Or is Cordelia sacrificed for Lear's sake?

CHARACTER STUDIES.

Paper. — Fatherhood as represented in Lear and Gloster.

Hints: — Should Lear be represented as senile and testy, or majestic and wrathful? Were his defects native, or the result of the royal habits of arbitrary command? Is the King excusable in his craving for expressions of love? Is it a sign of a fond old age? When does his mind first show sign of breaking? Is it ever really healed? Is Lear any more thoughtful of Cordelia or careful of her happiness than he ever was, after he meets her again and they are both taken prisoner? When he is full of the idea of the pleasure they will have together in prison, is he not quite forgetful that she could have any other love or interest? Trace the similar and the different characteristics of Lear and Gloster throughout the play. What characteristic faults of Lear's and what of Gloster's have

brought about the evil which works against them and ends by punishing them? What traits of theirs make it easy for their undutiful children to play upon them? From absolute authority and arbitrary power Lear's trouble forces him to learn charity and forbearance; yet his original tendency continues, and his old passion struggles against all his new-taught lessons of patience. Between passion and patience, "between the two extremes [says D. J. Snider] his spirit will sway so fiercely as to shatter him physically and mentally. The way of Charity leads him to sanity, the way of Revenge to madness. So he careens from one side to the other, and the outcome is insanity." So, also, Gloster's trouble teaches him the evil of his own habit of mind and nature, as Lear's trouble taught him the evil of his fixed habit of tyranny. Gloster makes light of his own faults of self-indulgence, and, preferring not to hold himself responsible, he excuses himself by attributing events to fate. His lack of will and self-government leads to a superstitious credulity, and is the instrument, in his son's hand, of his punishment and of his spiritual awakening. Gloster, who is spiritually blind, is made physically blind, and is enlightened through the mediation of his dutiful son (in Act IV. sc. vi.), appealing to the same superstitious credulity the undutiful son had turned against him. Why is it, asks Dowden, "that Gloster, whose suffering is the retribution for past deeds, should be restored to spiritual calm and light and pass away in a rapture of mingled gladness and grief, while Lear, a man more sinned against than sinning, should be robbed of the comfort of Cordelia's love . . . and expire in a paroxysm of unproductive anguish?" Is it because Gloster, weaker minded as he is, yet accuses himself more relentlessly than Lear, and is the purer for it? Is it quite true, moreover, that Lear has little sin to expiate? What evidence does Gloster give that his sons are equally dear to him, as he claims?

Queries for Debate: — Do either of the fathers show unselfishness in their love of their children?

Is Lear's division of his kingdom a sacrifice for his daughters' sake?

CHARACTER STUDIES.

Paper.—Daughterhood as represented by Goneril and Regan.

Hints:—Is daughterhood represented by the false homage Goneril and Regan profess to Lear, or do even their professions, in case they were sincere, show a wrong idea of the filial relation? Which is the cleverer of these two sisters? Which originated their courses of action? Material authority is all they either respect or desire. The homage commonly yielded to success, regardless of how it is reached, and the scorn paid to failure, regardless of a lofty aim, is a sign of the prevalence of just such characters as Regan and Goneril in the world to-day. Why does Goneril despise Albany and prefer Edmund? Is Albany's weakness a result of Goneril's control of events? Is there any truth in Lear's saying that Regan's nature is more "tender hefted" and her eyes more comforting than Goneril's? Regan's relations with Cornwall seem to be on a better footing than Goneril's with Albany; why is it? When did both begin to be especially interested in Edmund? Why did Goneril one way "like it and another like it not" that Cornwall had died? Does Goneril kill herself from remorse or consciousness of defeat?

Paper.—Daughterhood as represented by Cordelia.

Hints:—Is Cordelia devoted to her own ideal of truth at the expense of a proper womanly and filial regard for her father's welfare? Is she hard and stubborn? Or is she just and firm? Is she right in refusing to sacrifice her highest self-interest—the allegiance of her nature to the truth as she saw it—to any one's selfish demands? Was she or was Lear responsible for his banishment of her and thence for all the resulting evils? Does she show any greater regard for her father at the end of the play than at the beginning? Snider says that tenderness rather than truth should have been her pride, and he seems to blame her because she is "ready to sacrifice her share of the kingdom, which might be the protection of her parent in the future, to what she deems truth and duty. So, often, the obstinate adherence to a moral punctilio jeopardizes the greatest interests, even institutions." What do you think of

this? Do you consider the interests of institutions or the will of a parent more precious than individual morality? The same writer holds that Cordelia develops, that when she again appears her character is developed, the ground of the change being France's wooing and the experience of love. Does Shakespeare show this, or is it a mere fancy of Mr. Snider's? What signs of love are there between France and Cordelia? Is she unsisterly? Why does Cordelia ask when she and Lear are captured — "Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?" Does she show any sign of considering that her own future lies apart from Lear's mischance and defeat? Does Lear take it for granted without reason that it is bound up with his?

Paper. — Sonship as represented by Edgar and Edmund.

Hints: — Can Edmund's villany be explained by his circumstances? Does his plot proceed from a proper hatred of injustice? Does his good opinion of his brother Edgar reflect credit upon himself or does it aggravate his guilt? Does his cool and conscious cleverness and lack of hypocrisy make his villany more or less endurable? Is there anything good in his trickery with the sisters? Why does Shakespeare give him the credit of wishing to do one good deed? Is it consistent?

Show that Edgar's career is a development "from blank innocence to a complete knowledge of the world." Is Edgar's deception of his father that he has fallen from the cliff, probable? Is it excusable? Why did he not make himself known to his father sooner? Why did they not go to Dover to join Cordelia's army instead of playing their parts in this cliff episode? This is dramatic license, perhaps.

Queries for Debate: — 1. Is it the disloyalty of Goneril and Regan that brings about their punishment, or their enmity to each other?

2. How far should one person hold himself morally responsible for another? Should a daughter's responsibility go further than a father's?

3. Why has the poet made the battle turn against Lear (changing in this respect both from history and the old play)? Is

the change due to patriotism — *i. e.* the desire not to exhibit France as victorious over England — or to the double plot which is best resolved by showing Lear and Gloster alike defeated ?

CHARACTER STUDIES.

Paper. — The Loyalty of Albany and Kent.

Hints : — Show how Loyalty is represented in the contrast of Albany with Kent. Which is more especially the King's friend? Which is more friend to the King ? What regard does Lear show for each, and how does each return it? Is Albany in love with Goneril, or is he by nature as slow as Kent is quick ? Trace Kent's part throughout the play. What evidence is there that Cordelia's interference at last on Lear's behalf was instigated by Kent? Or is it rather to be supposed that Kent is merely her agent? Does he do more harm than good by quarrelling with Oswald?

Queries for Debate : — 1. Is Kent the ideal character of the play?

2. Is Albany's weakness — I. iv. — the real cause of Goneril's leadership and hence of her contempt for him and the disasters of the play?

The Editors.

BROWNING STUDY PROGRAMME: A GROUP OF RELIGIOUS POEMS,— 'CALIBAN UPON SETEBOS,' 'CLEON,' 'RABBI BEN EZRA,' 'THE DEATH IN THE DESERT.'

I. *Topic for Paper, or Discussion, or Class-work.* — Subject-matter of the Poems.

Hints : — In 'Caliban' we have the untutored thoughts of an undeveloped savage about God. Is he like Shakespeare's Caliban in the possession of considerable intelligence and an appreciation of natural beauty ? Notice the peculiarity of the verb in the third person without any pronoun, which Caliban almost always uses when speaking of himself. This peculiarity is characteristic of language in a low stage of development when distinction between

first, second, and third person is either vague or entirely lacking. Where does he represent himself as lying in the first stanza, and what little events of nature does he describe as taking place around him? Why does he think it will be safer for him to talk about God now than in the winter, and who does he mean would be vexed if he heard him, Prosper or God? What dwelling does he assign to Setebos, and of what does he make him the Creator? Is it true to life that a savage should regard the moon as cold, or is that a fact only known to modern science? Notice the logicalness with which he gives a reason for his proposition in regard to Setebos. What are his reasons, and with what poetical simile does he illustrate? Going on to give further particulars as to the creations of Setebos, what further reason does he give for the creative activity of Setebos, and what argument does he use to show that he could not have made things on any other account? Notice the illustration he uses, putting himself in the place of the capricious creator, and what conclusion he comes to. What further step does Caliban take in the next stanza as to what the capriciousness of Setebos shows, and what illustration does he use to clinch his argument? What modification does he make in the character already given Setebos, and what quality does he add, and how does his illustration resemble the previous ones? Having decided that Setebos is rough and ill at ease, with his inquiring nature Caliban must have a reason for it. To account for this he has to imagine a cause behind Setebos. Is he quite clear as to its being a cause or an effect? What are the characteristics of the "Quiet"? And how does he illustrate by his own feelings? Is his feeling in regard to the quails quite consistent with his pleasure in making and marring clay, or does it show a little glimpse of aspiration in his nature not before observable? He immediately decides that he is more interested in Setebos than in the "Quiet." What new idea does Caliban add in the second statement just following of the reason for Setebos creating the world, and how does he illustrate out of his own experience? What difference of opinion was there between Caliban and his Dam about Setebos and the "Quiet," and what further reason does Caliban give to prove that he is right in attributing creation to Setebos?

What are Caliban's conclusions in regard to the supposition that Setebos may like what profits him? Notice again his illustrations from his own experience. What examples of the wantonness of Setebos does he give in the next stanza, and what does he conclude as to the way to please him? What is the only hope that things will ever change, and what other point of disagreement between Caliban and his Dam is brought out? How does Caliban think he would best order his life to escape the ire of Setebos? What happens now in the midst of Caliban's theologizing, and how does it affect him?

In 'Cleon' we follow Cleon's thoughts as he writes a letter to Protus in answer to one received from him with generous gifts. The opening lines of the poem are the greeting of the letter, after which Cleon goes on to speak of the gifts he has received. Notice how he does not enumerate them, but with a few powerful strokes portrays the scene of the unlading of the galley. Not only do we get an idea of the richness of the gifts sent but we also receive a definite impression of the dwelling-place of Cleon.

What do you gather from the next stanza in regard to the character of Protus? What do we learn of Cleon himself in the next stanza in his answer to Protus that all he has heard of him is true? Notice that Cleon is a universal artist, and how he argues that a universal composite mind such as his is greater than the mind of the specialist. To a judge who only sees one way at once the composite mind does not look so great as the man of the past great in one thing. Then he shows how life is like a great mosaic, every man being a figure in the pattern, and that progress is not the blotting out of what has gone before, but the combining of all the parts into a perfect picture. The divine men of old had each reached at some one point the outmost verge of man's faculties, and who can ever reach farther than they did in any one direction? Show the appropriateness of the illustration of the sphere. What fiction does Cleon say he once wrote out in his desire to vindicate the purpose of Zeus in man's life, — a thing which his soul cried out to Zeus to know? But though this is a dream, what does he say is not a dream? And since all material things progress, can it be pos-

sible, he asks, that the soul deteriorates? How does he make himself stand as a proof that the soul does not deteriorate? Does he show modesty or egotism in this instancing of himself as an example of soul-progress? In the next stanza what do we learn in regard to Protus's attitude toward death, and what he thinks Cleon's must be? Before answering this question he goes off on a long course of reasoning. Does he decide that admiration grows with knowledge or does he seem to think it debatable? What case does he suppose in order to present his argument more forcibly? Notice the contrast he draws between nature outside of man and man. Instead, however, of asking Zeus to add to man the quality of being able to realize and understand the joy and beauty of life, what does he think might more reasonably have been asked? And why does the possession of consciousness seem so horrible to him? How does Cleon prove to himself that Zeus, in spite of this awful failure of the flesh to attain to the heights of joy seen by the soul, has not created man to suffer simply for his own delight? Still is there any sign to show that Zeus cares? And so what is the final dismal conclusion as to progress?

In answer to the supposition of Protus that Cleon in his art works finds joy, and will gain immortality, what question does he put to the King, and how does he illustrate the fact that an accurate view of joy is not the same as feeling joy? Is the thought that his work lives any consolation to him? How does he feel that death is even doubly horrible to him? What does he dare imagine at times to be his need? What hint of Cleon's attitude to Christianity is given in the last stanza, and to whom does it appear that Protus wished to send a letter if he could find from Cleon where it should be delivered?

Sum up now in a few words the conception of God held by Caliban and that held by Cleon.

Notice the contrast between the attitude of Cleon and Ben Ezra. Although the Hebrew considers age the best, what does he feel about the hopes and fears of youth? He does not remonstrate on account of them but prizes them. Notice the poetical imagery of the second stanza. In saying (iv) that it were a poor

vaunt of life were man but made to feed on joy, he is again opposed to Cleon. What does he rejoice over and welcome, and what comforts him? Failure, so horrible to Cleon, is a joy to Ben Ezra. What does he recognize with Cleon is the distinction between man and brute? Do they not equally recognize the inadequateness of the flesh to keep pace with the soul? Just as after declaring old age superior he then proceeds to show the need and use of youth as a complement, so after declaring the superiority of the soul, Ezra proceeds to show the use and need of the flesh. The beauty of all material things appears to him, and he is filled with the goodness of life and praise for its creator. Whatever failure may appear in the flesh he has faith that the maker will sometime remake complete.

Does he indicate in the next two stanzas a desire that the remaking complete will be to raise the flesh so that it will be as equal to the soul's needs as the brutes' is to theirs, since pleasant as the flesh is now, the soul always yearns for rest? He hopes that we may not always say that progress is in spite of flesh, but that flesh helps soul as soul helps flesh.

In xiii he returns to the first thought of welcoming age. Show how he enlarges upon the idea, and what he considers are all the advantages of old age, and what is best suited to youth in contrast with old age up to stanza xxiii.

What does he decide (xxiii) are the important things in life? (xxvi) Enlarging upon the simile of the potter's wheel, what ideas does he evolve from it about the permanence of truth? Explain the force of imagery in xxix. (xxx) The imagery in this stanza is somewhat obscure, but life having already been compared to a vase or cup, Ben Ezra means by this imagery that the uses of life to God are the important things to be considered, that our lives are the cup for the festive board of the Lord. When the cup is finally complete, what need to think of the stress of earth's wheel? What is the concluding thought of the poem?

What do you learn from the first stanza of 'The Death in the Desert,' as to the nature and form of the communication which the speaker in the poem is to make? In the next eight para-

graphs what scene is vividly portrayed by Pamphylax in his parchment? Is there anything so far to indicate whose death-bed is being described? Has sufficient of the personality of the dying man been revealed to make the stanzas following intelligible? Explain how he describes himself to be so withdrawn into his depths that his consciousness of his own or others' personality is so dimmed that he could believe those about him to be James and Peter, or even John himself. How does the speaker of the poem expound the doctrine of the dying man in regard to the soul, and how does this explain his feelings as he describes them in the preceding stanza?

With what image does he further explain his sensations in the next stanza, and how does he reveal who he really is? What doubt suggests itself to him, and what account of his past life does he give in the two next stanzas? What idea do we receive of his age and of his influence as long as he is alive? Sum up the arguments used by him in the next stanza as assurance for those unborn generations who have not themselves seen or heard, and who he feels will have doubts of the truth. Are the arguments in the nature of proof, or are they simply an expression of his own overwhelming sense of the truth of what he has seen and heard?

Is the main thought to be gained from the following stanza that the realization of divine love is the most important need of man, and that just how it was revealed to man is not so important as the fact that it has been revealed in some way?

In the next stanza is there any force in his argument as a proof of the truth of what he has seen, or is it rather a reiteration of the fact that he is sure of it himself? What arguments of the doubter does John next present, and how does he meet them? The first argument he presents he calls the Pagan's teaching. How does he modify it in the next following stanza? Point out the essential difference in the two arguments, and also the points of resemblance. In the next stanza what reasons does he give for the weakness of what he calls the Pagan's teaching? What further questionings of the doubter does he then present?

Sum up his final arguments. Does he not allow some good in

a Pagan's way of arriving at the truth — that is, a yearning for it until he crystallizes it into a set form which is an image at least of the truth? What are the few remaining stanzas (except the last) taken up with? What is meant in the last stanza by Cerinthus being lost? What other passage in the poem throws light on the attitude of Cerinthus?

Topic for Debate: — From his whole course of argument do you get the impression that John's belief rests upon faith and not upon reason?

II. *Paper.* — The Four Poems as Phases of Religious Thought.

Hints: — These poems are representative of four great phases in religious thought, — the natural uncultured reasoning of the savage, the cultured reasoning of the Greek, the inspired reasoning of the Jew, and the reasoning based on the belief in incarnation of the Christian. Two divisions of the subject may be made, the first dealing with a comparison of the differences and resemblances between the different forms of reasoning as presented by Browning, and second, whether Browning has correctly portrayed these four phases. (See 'Caliban,' *Poet-lore*, November, 1893, also 'On Caliban and Cleon,' May, 1891.)

Notice that the Setebos which Caliban conceives is a reflection from his own nature. This is very cleverly indicated by Browning's always making Caliban illustrate from his own experience. From these illustrations we see that Caliban was an observer of what seems often even to us the capriciousness and cruelty of nature. Is his conception of God colored by what he has experienced at the hands of Prospero? Is there any embryonic idea of love in Caliban's god? Had Caliban experienced any love in his life as we find him in Shakespeare and in Browning's poem?

In Cleon the crude observation and sensation of the savage has given place to the cultured observation and sensations of the Greek. He has advanced beyond that stage where his God is a reflection of himself. Zeus is really a survival from a more savage age, which fails to come up to the requirements of Cleon. Thence his great disquietude, and his reaching out toward a conception of

God that includes the idea of love and care. But while Caliban bases his reasoning on merely personal experiences, Cleon bases his not only upon his own experiences but upon the sympathy which he feels with others. Aware of the existence of love in himself and others, he longs for some sign that love is the ruling quality of the Divine mind. The sign of this love would be the assurance that joy such as the soul sees might one day be in truth experienced, and that the progress of the soul which is the distinctive mark of man as separated from the brute is not to end in nothing.

Do you agree with Cleon that the sympathetic mind which enters into sympathy with all forms of art and reaches a high point, if not the highest in the creation of all, is a more developed mind than that which is specially developed in one direction and thereby reaches the highest point? Do you think that the highest enjoyment comes from direct experience or active participation, or from entering into sympathy with the experience of others? Can sympathy be entire without a personal knowledge of the same thing? For example, is one happiest playing the piano himself, even if he only does it moderately well, or listening to a great performer? Or can one really enjoy great playing if he has not tried to do the same thing himself? Which is the ideal of Cleon, and how does Caliban approach his ideal?

In 'Rabbi Ben Ezra' we find that the Rabbi agrees with Cleon as to the progress of the human soul. But Cleon's progress is an intellectual progress, while Ezra's is a spiritual progress. While Cleon longs for the enjoyment of the full development of self, Ezra longs for the full development of self only that he may give delight to his Creator. Where Cleon's aspirations make the failure to attain them seem a black horror, Ezra's aspirations fill him with hope. He belongs to the race that has had full assurance of the existence of a God who watches over the affairs of men, but a God jealous of his own prerogatives. Is there much assurance of the love of God as Ezra conceives him? Is he not rather like a perfect architect who fashions men for his own glory, differing from Caliban's God mainly in the fact that instead of enjoying the

suffering which he causes mankind, he administers it with love as a means of perfecting man to grace the after time?

In the 'Death in the Desert,' the God of love is made manifest. Against all supposable doubts, John holds firm ground, yet he is very liberal in his attitude toward those who have had aspirations toward the truth. Observe how John sketches the stages of religious belief in the passage beginning, "first, like a brute obliged by facts to learn," like Caliban; next, as "man may, obliged by his own mind," like Cleon. But even such reasoners about God as Caliban and Cleon do it through the gift of God,— note passage following. And all this is "midway help" till the fact be reached indeed through the Divine incarnation. He accepts the fact of man's anthropomorphic conceptions of God, and declares that they have glimmers of truth, but that in Christ we have the truth indeed; no subjective conception emanating from the mind of man, but an objective truth.

For the second part of this paper, it will be interesting to compare Caliban's God with savage conceptions of God. (See Fiske's 'Idea of God,' which gives a sketch of savage beliefs about God.) It has been objected that Caliban's theology is not truly primitive, but it may also be said that the intention of Browning is not so much to give an exact representation of savage ideas of God, as to show how the conception of God is colored by the experiences and observations of man in undeveloped stages of mind. Dr. Berdoe considers Caliban's theology to be much like that of Calvin (of whom an account may be found in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' Account of Calvin). Do you see the resemblances?

Does Cleon faithfully picture Greek thought about the time of Christ? The persons of the poem are not historical. (For Greek thought, see Lewes' 'History of Philosophy,' 'The Seekers After God,' etc.)

(For Rabbi Ben Ezra, see article in *Poet-lore*, 'Browning's Hebraic Sympathies,' May, 1891. Berdoe's 'Cyclopædia' gives some interesting information as to the real Rabbi.)

Does John's theology show bias in the direction of any special

creed? This poem has been said to have been written in refutation of the opinions of Renan and Strauss, whose doubts are represented by the doubters in the poem. Are the arguments as strong as they might be made?

Topic for Debate: — Are these poems all thoroughly dramatic in their presentation of religious thought, or are there certain resemblances of thought in them which show Browning's own bias toward a philosophy of evolution?

III. *Paper.* — The Art of the Four Poems.

Hints: — These poems are all in monologue form. How do they differ as to form? — 'Caliban' gives direct the thoughts of the speaker, and only these, but without any direct description of his life. An excellent idea of the way he spends his time is revealed by means of the illustrations which he uses. These illustrations, therefore, serve three purposes: to make clear his thought, to give a glimpse of his way of loving, and to show that his conception of Setebos is the result of his own experiences. In 'Cleon' we get not only Cleon's thoughts as he writes his letter to Protus, but we get frequent glimpses of the thoughts of Protus by means of Cleon's answers; and not only do we get Cleon's thoughts, but owing to the nature of the questions put to Protus we get a complete view of Cleon's personality. 'Rabbi Ben Ezra' is less complex in its form, being simply a presentation of the Rabbi's thoughts with no side issues of any sort. In 'The Death in the Desert' the speaker does not reveal himself at all; he is merely the mouthpiece for the document of Pamphylax (an imaginary person, by the way). The document gives a simple account of the scene of John's death and of what he said on his death-bed. But there is the complexity so often seen in Browning's monologues, through John's imagining the arguments of the doubters, so that there are really two lines of thought carried on in the poem.

Notice the allusions of Caliban to Natural History. Are his remarks always scientifically correct? Does he use many figures of speech? What is the character of the illustrations and figures used by Cleon? Explain allusions.

Are there many allusions in 'Rabbi Ben Ezra,' and is there

much poetic imagery? Of what character are the allusions in 'The Death in the Desert'? Explain whatever figures there are.

Topic for Debate: — In which of these poems is there the greatest richness of imagery? Is there any special appropriateness of the imagery to the subject in any or all of the poems?

The Editors.

PERSONALITY IN WHITMAN.

THE Boston Branch of the Walt Whitman Fellowship has adopted for its present session the following programme. It consists of a line of reading, study, and discussion, taking its start from Whitman's own design and claim for 'Leaves of Grass': "to articulate and faithfully express in literary or poetic form, and uncompromisingly, my own physical, emotional, moral, intellectual, and æsthetic personality" ('A Backward Glance o'er Travel'd Roads,' p. 6). It finds its cues for the twofold — (1) literary, (2) scientific — illustration proposed in Whitman's statements that "the conclusions of the 'Leaves' are arrived at through the temper and inculcation of the old works as much as through anything else — perhaps more than through anything else" (p. 12), and that they grew out of a desire that American poetry should "build on the concrete realities and theories furnished by science" and "the modern time" (p. 10).

November 18, 1897.

I. Physical Personality.
  In 'Leaves of Grass.' Poems: 'As Adam Early in the Morning'; 'I Sing the Body Electric.'
  Literary Illustration.
  Scientific Illustration.

Query for Symposium of Opinion: Do you think Whitman confuses body with soul?

December 16, 1897.

II. Emotional Personality.
  In Whitman. Poems: 'Recorders Ages Hence'; 'Earth my Likeness.'

Friendship in Bacon and Shakespeare. In Emerson and others.
The Emotions physiologically considered.

Symposium : What do you think Whitman means when he says "'Calamus' exposes me more than all my other poems"?

January 20, 1898.

III. Moral Personality.
In Whitman. Poems: Songs of the 'Open Road,' 'Broad Axe,' 'for Occupations,' 'Prudence.'
Social Passion in Browning, William Morris, Edward Carpenter.
Modern socialistic plans and experiments.

Symposium : Does Whitman seem to you to be in sympathy with modern reforms?

February 17, 1898.

IV. Intellectual Personality.
In Whitman. Poems: 'With Antecedents'; 'Beginning my Studies'; 'Shut not your Doors'; 'Laws for Creations.'
In Other Poets.
Recent Results in Psychology.

Symposium : Do you find Whitman lacking in expression of the Intellectual in personality?

March 17, 1898.

V. Æsthetic Personality.
In Whitman. Poems: 'Vocalism'; 'Song of the Answerer'; 'Poets to come'; 'Man and Nature'; 'By Blue Ontario's Shore.'
In Other Poets.
Æsthetics on the Scientific Side.

Symposium : Does Whitman contravene democracy in any respect by his exaltation of the poet?

THE TENNYSON BIOGRAPHY.

WITHOUT having quite the fascination of the memoirs, autobiography, and letters of the Carlyles, these thick volumes, with their numerous excellent portraits, follow hard upon. Every page

is interesting. Their publication is the literary event of the year. Read them once, and you feel like at once re-reading. The man's daily life was hid from the public during his earthly sojourn, for reasons known to all. Americans, especially, have never rightly known him. Out of these volumes we are now to reconstruct our imperfect and misleading ideal. We thought he hated America. He did not; all that was best in us he liked. We stole the reading of his books, and he was half his life a poor man; he did not thank us for that theft, of course. He admired our Constitution, and loved our Longfellow and Whitman.[1] Hitherto, lovers of Tennyson in America have had to subsist chiefly on newspaper rumors and reporters' inaccurate and often malicious accounts of the poet. But we have no reason any longer to *hurler avec les loups*. This family portrait — though of course touched with softest and most loving tints, the few harsher traits and habits (egotism, rough manners) ignored — fitly supplements the ill-natured caricatures of the press. Making all abatements for partiality, one sees gradually dislimning out of these pages an extremely noble and lovable personality, —

> "The great Laurifer, whose chanting large
> And sweet shall last until our tongue's far doom" (*Stedman*), —

a man who faithfully "followed the Gleam" from very childhood until, with his Shakespeare in his hand, and looking out on the universe bathed in soft moonlight, he drifted out across the bar into that world of spirit and of shining suns he had so long and wistfully studied.

He was a large-moulded man in mind and body, — thin-skinned (literally and metaphorically), shy, irritable, and eccentric in certain

[1] Poets and musicians rarely have praised their rivals and contemporaries, and Tennyson never praised our poets' *work* as he should have. "I know several striking poems by American poets," he said. "Several"! Of course this stingy, patronizing praise of poets like Emerson and Whitman, Whittier and Longfellow — some of them as great as himself, or greater — shows badly. But artists will be artists. I am told, by the way, by one who saw it, that Tennyson sent Whitman a manuscript copy of 'Crossing the Bar.'

things, it is true, but the dominant traits tolerance, utter truthfulness, receptivity, generosity, magnetism. A man of the most catholic of tastes in reading, continually broadening his culture by the natural sciences (botany, astronomy, etc.), politics, and the humanitarian studies; his thirst for books unquenchable. The trait that dominated all others was his perfect transparency, utter childlikeness and unreservedness to the last. Next in constant evidence was his genial humor, the fun always sparkling at his eyes, the fund of laughable stories endless. He was a most hospitable host: "Come again, and come soon," was his uniform parting cry as he sped the parting guest at the door. He never refused money to deserving and unfortunate *literati*, remembering his long years of poverty, and said the best word he could for poets submitting their work for his judgment. One fears, if this tolerance had been known, his house would have been flooded with parcels from American bards. He once endured the torture of hearing 'Maud' read by an American crank who had come over on a cattle steamer for that purpose. Tennyson paid his way back to America. But I suppose American poets felt as did the refined C. P. Cranch, who, I remember, in a poem of his on Tennyson's 'The Princess,' sadly asks what the great laureate would care for him even if he dared to send him his praise. (I thought that Tennyson would have loved this too shy but genuine poet, and I longed to tell the dear man so, had *I* dared.) One of the most interesting features of the Tennyson biography lies in the poet's keen critical (or, rather, admirant) remarks on the other European poets, — especially Milton, whom he greatly admired for his sonorous lines and magical diction. He loved Virgil for the same qualities. Here we touch his great limitation, too. For this passion for verbal polish became a disease with him, made him petty. At a time when it should have been thrown aside, — the 'Hamlet' and 'Macbeth' and 'Winter's Tale' period, the reflective stage, — he clung to it all the more; and the result is, the entire last half of his work, except a few lines here and there, is disappointing. All that dramatic work, one fears, was written for money solely, or chiefly.

Another salient feature of the biography is in Tennyson's (and

his son's) elucidating comments on the Tennyson poems, their genesis, etc. (The "hitherto unpublished poems," by the way, add nothing to Tennyson's fame, and do not always repay reading.)

The laureate was fortunate in his birth and in the quiet, beautiful landscapes about his rural homes. As a boy, he, with his ten or twelve brothers and sisters, tumbled about among the books of his father's library in the little rectory at pastoral Somersby, — "a land of quiet villages, large fields, gray hillsides, and noble towered churches, on the lower slope of a Lincolnshire wold."

"Tennyson," says his son, "always spoke of it with an affectionate remembrance; of the woodbine that climbed into the bay-window of his nursery; of the Gothic vaulted dining-room with stained-glass windows, making, as my uncle Charles Turner used to say, 'butterfly souls on the walls;' of the beautiful stone chimney-piece carved by his father; of the pleasant little drawing-room lined with book-shelves, and furnished with yellow curtains, sofas, and chairs, and looking out on the lawn. This lawn was overshaded on one side by wych-elms and on the other by larch and sycamore trees. Here, my father said, he made his early song, 'A spirit haunts the year's last hours.' Beyond the path, bounding the greensward to the south, ran in the old days a deep border of lilies and roses, backed by hollyhocks and sunflowers."

Alfred was a born poet, — looked it and was thought to be such from the start. 'T was in the family: two or three at least of his brothers wrote volumes of poetry. Like our Websters, he had a swarthy, adust complexion and huge frame (his father was six feet two). He always loved children. When a young man, they clustered about and upon him to listen to his famous stories of romance and faëry. His delicately pretty baby-songs show his spirit in this. He read deep mystery in the wide wonder-eyes of a babe. When a young man, he would make himself a Colossus of Rhodes for the boys, "the fun being that they should brave a 'thwack' from his open hand, or escape it if they could, while rushing under the archway of his legs." To his own children he was devoted, and joined in all their mock battles, theatricals, and readings.

At Trinity College, Cambridge, Tennyson was the life of a coterie called "The Twelve Apostles." Here he made the friend-

ship of Arthur Hallam, Spedding, Milnes, Tennant, etc. He did not take a degree, but gave his attention mainly to poetry, — publishing there, when he was twenty-two, the 'Poems Chiefly Lyrical' ('Claribel,' 'Arabian Nights,' 'Mariana,' etc.). As Carlyle lost the manuscript of his 'French Revolution,' so Tennyson one night lost out of his great-coat pocket the entire manuscript of this volume, and accomplished the feat of reproducing it all from memory. It was his habit all his life to compose his poems in his walks (sometimes having two long poems in his head at once), and not put them to paper until elaborated. To test the melody, he always murmured them aloud ("What is Master Awlfred always a-praying for?" said the housemaid), and, when written, read them aloud in order to perfect the rhythm and diction.

In 1842, Tennyson (just like a poet!) lost every cent he had — the proceeds of his little estate in Grasby, Lincolnshire, and the $2500 left him by Arthur Hallam's aunt — in a concern called "The Patent Decorative Carving and Sculpture Company," founded by a Dr. Allen up there in the country, and designed to make its stockholders wealthy by manufacturing carved furniture by machinery. Like Dickens's famous Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company, the concern went to the dogs. Tennyson was made so ill by the misfortune that his life was despaired of. "I have," he wrote, "drunk one of those most bitter draughts out of the cup of life, which go near to make men hate the world they move in." His brother-in-law, however, Edward Lushington, insured Dr. Allen's life for a part of the debt, and the doctor had the grace to die in about a year. By this money loss, Tennyson's marriage to Emily Sellwood was delayed five or six years longer. At length, in June, 1850, he was united to his Rachel — for whom he had waited ten years — at a fine old village church in Shiplake on the Thames. The poet had $1500 in the bank, and his pension; his wife also had a little income; 'In Memoriam' had just appeared, on which and the other poems Moxon had promised a small yearly royalty. The wife's father gave the furniture. For three years they led a kind of wandering life, and then bought Farringford, by Freshwater, at the western end of the

Isle of Wight; and here Tennyson lived for the forty remaining years of his life. His other place — Aldworth, near Haslemere, built in the sixties — was just across the channel in Sussex; and thither the family went about the first of each July, and spent the summer.

The pension had been got for Tennyson in 1845 by his friend Milnes (Lord Houghton).

"'Richard Milnes,' said Carlyle one day, withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, as they were seated together in the little house in Cheyne Row, 'when are you going to get that pension for Alfred Tennyson?'"

Milnes said it must be thought on. His constituents would probably think Tennyson was some poor relation of his own.

"'Richard Milnes, on the Day of Judgment, when the Lord asks you why you did n't get that pension for Alfred Tennyson, it will not do to lay the blame on your constituents; it is *you* that will be damned.'"

Among the congenial neighbors of the family at Farringford was Sir John Simeon, in the grounds of whose place at Swainston the scene of 'The Princess' is laid. He is the Sir Walter Vivian of the poem. Tennyson wrote the tender and melodious elegy, 'In the Garden at Swainston,' while smoking one of Sir John's pipes in that garden on the day of his friend's burial in 1870.

"Three dead men have I loved,
And thou art last of the three."

The others were Arthur Hallam and Edward Lushington. Another lifelong neighborly-friendly family was that of the Camerons, — Mrs. Cameron, the amateur photographer, so quick-witted and genial and eccentric, and her husband, the retired India official, in caftan and oriental robes, whom Tennyson called "a philosopher with his beard dipped in moonshine." The house of the Camerons was covered with ivy and garlanded with roses to the roof. Later came the Prinsep family. Tennyson made a call on Mrs. Prinsep at the Briary almost daily, when he walked out. Here he could chat with two painters, — her son Val and the Academician, G. F.

Watts. On the walls of the studio hung the colossal sketch of the Drayman and his Horses. The Queen, too, had (as a woman, and not as queen) a personal love of Tennyson, who was her distant neighbor in the Isle of Wight. Her letters in the biography are interesting.

Tennyson liked to work on his grounds at Farringford, raking leaves, spading, mowing grass, etc. His cloaked figure striding over the downs or along the cliffs is familiar to the reading world. His "sacred pipes" were his half-hours after breakfast and dinner, when he had his best thoughts and was left undisturbed. He made many trips, or pleasure tours, by yacht, rail, or afoot, to the Pyrenees, Norway, the Channel Isles, Wales, France, Italy, but, strange to say, never reached Rome. He was not much of an antiquary, although his studies were largely *super antiquas vias:* if old literature — Gower, *e.g.* — was dull and stupid, he would none of it. His beautiful similes, when not welling up unconsciously from his stores of classic reading, were taken first hand from the fine scenery met with on his travels.

God and Immortality were constant subjects of thought with him, — and conservative thought, too.

A great charm of these volumes of biography lies in the fact that they introduce so many eminent people. We should enjoy their company better if the biographer had not deemed it a part of filial piety and duty invariably to stand with a chip on each shoulder daring the world to deny that his father (which word is repeated *ad nauseam* on every page) is not the greatest man in the universe. By some kind of art, one knows not what, every one else in England that knew Tennyson is belittled and subordinated in this biography, so as to throw into gigantesque relief the character of the hero. But one soon learns to expect this, and the son is so affectionate and unconscious in it all that one forgives him. Our debt to him is deep, but we could have wished that the noble and intimate friends — Palgrave, Browning, Carlyle, Tyndall, Jowett, queer old Fitzgerald, Aubrey de Vere, Spedding, etc. — had been allowed by the biographer to present their taffy on smaller shovels, and burn their incense under the poetic nose with more discrimination;

for really the reminiscences of these and other eminent friends are most precious, and, although relegated to fine type, deserve to be in the largest type.

A word or two on certain poems. It appears that the amusing 'Northern Farmer, Old Style,' and 'Northern Farmer, New Style,' were both suggested by actual cases. Tennyson's uncle told him, for the first-named, an incident of a farm bailiff, who, when eighty years old and dying, remarked, 'God A'mighty little knows what He 's about, a-taking me. An' Squire will be so mad an' all." The second 'Northern Farmer' the poet constructed (as the geologist a fossil out of a single bone) from a sentence a rich old chuff in his neighborhood uttered, "When I canters my erse [horse] along the ramper [highway] I 'ears proputty, proputty, proputty." Tennyson invested this old brute with the solemn humor of humanity, as "Fitz" said, divining his whole character from that one remark. It was this farmer's wife, by the way, who brought him his "proputty," — $25,000 on each shoulder, she said. We are told that when a certain Yorkshireman read this poem to a Yorkshire farmer he said, "Dang it! that caps owt. Is that i' print? Because if it be, I 'll buy t' book, cost what it may."

Locksley Hall is an imaginary place, said Tennyson, and the hero imaginary, too. Anent the line, "Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change," he explained: —

"When I went by the first train from Liverpool to Manchester (1830) I thought that the wheels ran in a groove. It was a black night and there was such a vast crowd round the train at the station that we could not see the wheels. Then I made this line."

The different sections of 'In Memoriam' were written at different times and places during a succession of years, and then woven together into a connected whole. The sonnets of Petrarch and of Shakespeare gave suggestions. It was at first called 'Elegies,' or 'Fragments of an Elegy.' The long, narrow tradesman's account-book in which the sections were written came near being lost for good, Tennyson having left it in an empty closet in some lodgings he had abandoned. What narrow escapes from destruction many of the world's masterpieces seem to have had!

It was interesting to me to read in these volumes Tennyson's statement that his lyrics all took shape around some euphonious phrase, chance-heard, perhaps,— such as "Some one had blundered," "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," "The Lady of Shalott." I remember that Mr. E. C. Stedman (whose perfect ballad, 'The Tomb of the Poet Chaucer,' just issued in book form, will last as long as any lyric of Tennyson's) told me that his ballads were built up in the same way; *e.g.*, the John Brown lyric grew out of the phrase "Old John Brown of Ossawatomie." That an astonishing number of Tennyson's melodies were so wrought is clear to any one examining the early volumes, the poems of which nearly all have the refrain, — 'Claribel,' 'The Two Marianas,' 'Lilian,' 'Adeline,' 'Margaret,' 'Eleanore,' 'Madeline,' 'The Owl,' 'Arabian Nights,' 'Ode to Memory,' 'A Dirge,' 'Oriana,' 'The Merman,' 'The Lady of Shalott,' 'The May Queen,' etc. In his maturer work the refrain was discarded.

Tennyson had no sympathy for the despoilers of Shakespeare's fame. He writes: —

"I have just had a letter from a man who wants my opinion as to whether Shakespeare's plays were written by Bacon. I feel inclined to write back: 'Sir, don't be a fool.' The way in which Bacon speaks of love would be enough to prove that he was not Shakespeare" (ii. 424).

In here abruptly closing this notice, it should be said that only a few pearls have been picked here and there from the great treasure-chests of the Life, — mere samples and no more. It is a full commentary and handbook for Tennyson's poetry as well as for his personality. *W. S. Kennedy.*

(Alfred, Lord Tennyson: A Memoir by his Son. 2 vols. London & New York: The Macmillan Co. 1897 [$10.00].)

BRITISH VERSE: GEORGE MEREDITH AND WATTS-DUNTON.

THE revivifying influence of the out-door world on British Poetry has now been long recognized as a new birth belonging in its efflorescence peculiarly to this century.

Perhaps the poets, from Thomson to Tennyson, who have newly looked on Nature, were forerunners of the insatiable curiosity in the objective world which is leading the modern scientists to their magician-like achievements. Or, perhaps the eyes of scientists and poets have been alike touched with fresh power to see, merely because the hour was fully ripe for all mankind to make the tired, gray old world over again into quite a bright-faced new story by dint of themselves looking at it more discerningly.

These poets of Nature, however, have, for the most part, cherished these new sensations of the outer world with a grain of prejudice against the inner world of the microcosm; or, at least, with a sense of conflict between the large ease of the cosmos and the intensive restlessness of the human energies. Even Wordsworth — although he did not mean to show man any disrespect, but, on the contrary, to offer fresh chaplets of homage to every churl — is unable to regard the stress of the process of civilization without intolerance and disdain. Matthew Arnold, instead of justifying his fine and spacious phrase upon Sophokles and attempting to see life steadily and see it whole, finds his characteristic poetical motive and doctrine in a comparison of Nature with man which is derogatory to man. Nor has Tennyson escaped in his personal temperament and in his poetic mood the usual tendency of the Nature-poet to dislike the crowding town the more, the more he loves the lonely wildwood.

In taking up the volume of poems George Meredith has recently selected as representative of his life-time's yield of verse, and noticing how large a share of the book is devoted to aspects of out-door life, a striking although subtile difference is evident between his treatment of Nature in relation with man and that of his great

elder-brother poets of the century now waning. It is triumphantly suggested even in such descriptive pieces as 'The Lark Ascending,' or 'Seed-Time,' or 'Hard Weather,' or in that marvellous impressionistic idyl, 'The South-wester.' In such a symbolistic myth as 'Melampus,' or such sonnets as 'Earth's Secret' and 'Sense and Spirit,' it is made clear. It consists in a peculiarly close spiritual accord between the passionate complexities of the social human soul and that simplicity and solitude of external nature beside which man is usually written down as puny.

Not by argument, yet convincingly, does Meredith strike with indomitable good cheer his blended chord of cosmic strength and human sensibility, and hearten man with an over-persuading sense of their essential harmony. He is even a little impatient with the one-sided, sensuous, and sentimental glance that plays off these supplementing sides of life — the human and the non-human — against each other, instead of intellectually discovering their unitary basis. It is as if it were only a case of more head being needed to see the whole splendid scheme opening out before the Nature-environed man, or more development along the path on which this century has already planted his listless feet. The vista George Meredith sees invites a confident tread.

The volume that brings such an outlook is tonic, noble, and rare among books of verse, as stirring and extraordinary in its blend of intellect and sensibility in the make and message of a song as in the purport and construction of the novels on which are impressed the unique personality of George Meredith.

In the case of Meredith's treatment of nature in his poems it would seem as if his novelist's faculty of objectivizing the inmost human sentiments and impulses had enabled him to reach a higher plane of lyrical consciousness regarding nature and man. From that vantage-ground he not only holds control of the sensations which overmaster the purely lyrical poet and make him practically rather the slave than the maker of his song: he is able, also, to discern the more personal and ephemeral elements of his own emotion, to separate them from their central and essential principle, and to strike a new emotional music from the vibrations of that typical princi-

ple which must in the nature of things be one with the process of the suns in both man and nature, and capable of bearing to new heights of joy the sense of nature expressible in a poem.

There is in 'The South-wester,' for example, description which does not end with descriptiveness, analogy of human experience with out-door appearance which transcends the analogy. Some ineffable enduring essence, born of the union of eye and soul, stirs livingly within the poet's words, and breathes the joyous uplift they convey.

Let no one who has not gleaned with musing eyes the hourly aspects of an autumn day of high west wind after a storm by the seashore enter into the recesses of that day's every impression as reproduced in 'The South-wester.' The armadas of white clouds, incredibly swift and utterly quiet, whose wind-martialled manœuvres of the sky seem to race along in ghostly reflex over yellow grain-tops and green grass with shimmering foot-tracks, now bright, now dark, mimicking the brush of the rushing breeze on the fluent surface of the sea,—all this and all that follows in its mobile train is alive in 'The South-wester.'

"Day of the cloud in fleets! O day
Of wedded white and blue, that sail
Immingled, with a footing ray
In shadow sandals down our vale!—
And swift to ravish golden meads,
Swift up the run of turf it speeds,
Thy bright of head and dark of heel,
To where the hill-top flings on sky,
As hawk from wrist or dust from wheel,
To where the hill-top flings on sky,
As hawk from wrist or dust from wheel,
The tiptoe scalers tossed to fly!"

Not alone such odd verisimilitudes as these of the hawk and the wheel giving the eye an image of the orbic sweep outward of the flying wind over infinite free spaces, but this whole motionful seizure of the beauty of a day is characteristic of Meredith's descriptiveness. Later, analogies thicken. The rising day is a

babe in a cradle watched round by the brine-born clouds, and they are standards whose imperial march ushers the moment of an unguessed wealth of homage to Earth — the fiery coming of that day — " the young lord of Earth's desire whose look her wine is and whose mouth her music ! " The glories of high noon grow ever younger and more fresh with age, and when the end comes it is not an end, and one is made aware that these descriptive miracles of a poetic day tend toward a sort of spiritual incarnation or avatar of beauty capable of yielding man, like the actual day it celebrates, a joy earth-born yet peculiarly his own. This is Meredith's especial contribution to Nature-poetry: a gift to wed the twain — the living soul of nature and the aspiring soul of man. 'Earth's Secret' bears explicit witness to the same effect: —

> " Not solitarily in fields we find
> Earth's secret open, though one page is there ;
> Her plainest, such as children spell, and share
> With bird and beast ; raised letters for the blind.
> Not where the troubled passions toss the mind,
> In turbid cities, can the key be bare.
> It hangs for those who hither thither fare,
> Close interthreading nature with our kind.
> They, hearing History speak, of what men were,
> And have become, are wise. The gain is great
> In vision and solidity ; it lives.
> Yet at a thought of life apart from her,
> Solidity and vision lose their state,
> For Earth, that gives the milk, the spirit gives."

The other half of Meredith's poetic work in this volume, dealing with man more exclusively, falls into two main groups, one of contemporaneous and the other of mediæval portraiture. Juggling Jerry and his fellows of 'The Old Chartist' and 'Martin's Puzzle' do not entirely convince one of their vitality, and they do not strike the note of whimsical profundity that distinguishes their sister, of 'Jump to Glory Jane,' excluded from this volume. The presentation of historic life in the 'Song of Theodolinda' and 'The Nuptials of Attila' is sealed with no less signs of rare poetic

distinction than the poems of nature already described, and whether they are thoroughly appreciated or not they are not so likely to be blundered over. They share the fame already yielded to 'Modern Love,' four sonnets from which are given.

Short of the peculiar dramatic sympathy that in Michael Field's recent play of 'Attila, My Attila' reincarnates Attila's little bride, Ildico, through the medium of a word or so put in the mouth of Honoria, what is more of an artistic marvel than the reserve-force of Meredith's genius which paints abundantly enough with but an innuendo the potent soul of the wronged little maiden at bay with an aroused army in Attila's tent?—

> "She, the wild Contention's Cause,
> Combed her hair with quiet paws.
> Make the bed for Attila!
>
> . . . .
>
> "So the Empire built of scorn
> Agonized, dissolved, and sank.
> Of the Queen no more was told
> Than of leaf on Danube rolled.
> Make the bed for Attila!"

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's new volume of collected verse reveals a genuinely sweet and attractive poetic personality.

'The Coming of Love and Other Poems' is keyed neither to any high passion nor wide horizon of meaning, but within its genial range of pure emotion and meditative epigram it attains its aim by means of a metrical excellence, whose skill is so easy and suave that you need to stop and look about you to note the perfection of its polish, the unsought-for tunableness of its rhymes.

The sonnet-form takes the impression of every verser's thumb, now, till there is hardly room left for a fresh impression in that much-modelled wax. It is getting to be a fatal fashion. There are many sonnets in this volume, however, whose smoothness seems inevitable. One would say that Mr. Watts-Dunton's normal manner of thinking took sonnet-shape. Even the two long main poems, 'The Coming of Love' and 'Christmas at the Mermaid,'—

one a little gypsy love-drama, the other a wassail-bowl round of songs, in which Jonson and Raleigh take part, and England's Armada victory is stirringly celebrated, — drop into octave and sestet easily, as if it were a dear and familiar attitude of mind. 'A Starry Night at Sea' opens 'The Coming of Love' as follows: —

"If heaven's bright halls are very far from sea,
I dread a pang the angels could not 'suage:
The imprisoned sea-bird knows, and only he,
How drear, how dark, may be the proudest cage.
Outside the bars he sees a prison still:
The self-same wood or mead or silver stream
That lends the captive lark a joyous thrill
Is landscape in the sea-bird's prison-dream.
So might I pine on yonder starry floor
For sea-wind, deaf to all the singing spheres;
Billows like these, that never knew a shore,
Might mock mine eyes and tease my hungry ears;
No scent of amaranth, moly, or asphodel,
In lands that bloom above yon glittering vault,
Could soothe me if I lost this briny smell,
This living breath of Ocean, sharp and salt."

P.

(Selected Poems by George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1897 [$1.25]. — The Coming of Love and Other Poems by Theodore Watts-Dunton. London and New York: John Lane. 1898 [$2.00]).

TALKS ON THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

Of all the arts, literature is the most immaterial yet least vague and most intellectually consecutive. It is the most sensitive and forward-reaching, yet most imbued with the sum and substance of past life.

And yet there are writers who declare that literature should not be studied. By some quirk of mind whose logic is hopelessly occult, they hold that it may be appreciated off-hand without

reciprocal activity. Or, if not, so much the worse for such literature. Call it "obscure," or "classic," or "decadent," or anything else which may seem to put the burden of obtuseness on the wrong shoulders and excuse further investigation.

Mr. Arlo Bates, being a genuine and thoughtful lover of exalted literature, is, of course, not such a writer. In his 'Talks on the Study of Literature' he gives deep-reaching advice well fitted to correct many loose notions that are unfavorable to the proper appreciation of literature. He even provides against them so lucidly and well that his own principles are broad enough, fully expanded and applied, to modify his own harsh judgments against the more modern modes of literary art employed by such writers as Ibsen and Maeterlinck. One is forced to conclude either that he has not pushed his practice even with his theory, or that externalities have blinded his usually nice vision to the essential traits of these two writers, in particular, since they deal — Ibsen dramatically and in the flesh, Maeterlinck transcendentally — with the very element of noble art to which Mr. Bates justly gives so high a place in his discussion of the criteria of literature, — the typical. In his one specific mention of Ibsen's work, he clearly does misconceive the character of Nora, supposing her to have been meant to be really as frivolous and puppet-like as it is only meant that she shall appear to be by those who do not guess the presence of her dormant soul, until the events come that bring out the doll-wife's latent but never quite atrophied human strength. Rejane showed this native continuity and growth of Nora. She made her *act* the puppet and *be* the woman. And no appreciator of the play ever saw Nora otherwise. One might almost as well believe in Iago's "honesty" as in Nora's "puppetism."

The eighteen chapters here given, originally delivered as Lectures at the Lowell Institute, treat broadly and suggestively of various aspects of the study, criteria, and language of literature, and of the classics, contemporary literature, fiction, and poetry. They are genuinely illuminating contributions toward clearer thought and sounder conclusions upon the right appreciation of literary art.

The word "study," Mr. Bates points out, is conceived as denoting "a mechanical process full of weariness and vexation of spirit," but this "is actually true of no study which is worthy of the name; and least of all is it true in connection with art. The word as applied to literature is not far from meaning intelligent enjoyment; it signifies not only apprehension but comprehension; it denotes not so much accumulation as assimilation; it is not so much acquirement as appreciation."

He finds the study of literature to be, then, in a word, "that act by which the learner gets into the attitude of mind which enables him to enter into that creative thought which is the soul of every real book." Merely to mention the names, Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, is to call up some idea of the different conditions of their time, artistic mode of expression, and individual genius, all of which entered into their creative thought and must, therefore, enter into the responsive thought of the reader if he is to wing his imagination along with theirs.

To call up a like idea of the different conditions of the present time, a contemporaneous mode of art and a modern type of genius is equally desirable to convince one of the efficacy of literary study. The view is incomplete, without some modern type of artist whose imaginative power cannot be declared of temporary or permanent value, until the conditions of the present that entered into his creative thought be apprehended sympathetically in their differentiation from the creative thought of his predecessors as well as in their line of unity with it.

The ability "to travel in time," a happy phrase quoted by Mr. Bates, is, he holds, an essential element in the appreciation of literature. He is strong and admirable in his exposition of the intelligent insight over past life which the animate records of literature open to the student of humanity. But the ability to travel in present and forward-reaching time is not correspondingly dwelt upon. This must be, however, equally the prerogative of the modern creative writer and the requirement of his proper appreciators and critics. An intelligent insight as to present life and future tendencies is equally open to the student of humanity in present-day literature.

The adequate comprehension of great past literature provides a touchstone, Mr. Bates claims, for the harder task of assaying the value of a contemporary writer. Here, again, all that he says concerning this seems admirable, yet lacking in this supplementary qualification: that only a sense of the flux in human and literary development can make criticism mobile and responsive to the open differences as well as to the hidden continuity in all experience and expression. With this qualification the artistic laws criticism may discern will not be fixed external standards of measurement, which every fresh genius will prove to be erroneous, but vital principles capable of infinite adaptability and various movement.

Mr. Bates, indeed, states, if he does not actually illustrate, how impossible it is, as he says, " to separate the influences of literature from the growth of society and of civilization." Again, " It is because of the reaching of the imagination into the unknown vast which incloses man that life is what it is."

Conditions dim and alien as yet to many of his fellows dwell clearly in the consciousness of the present-day great writer. These conditions he embodies dauntlessly, projecting the reach of his clairvoyance into the future which is even now brooding in darkness over human civilization.

It is possible, then, that just the reproach of the abnormal which Mr. Bates incidentally brings against Ibsen, for example, is the honor due him for developing the possibilities of the present normal standard in human nature by illustrating its unsound bases.

The secret of the modern inclusion in art of all sorts of incompletion lies in the simple fact that more men interest the modern writer than the ancient. He does not find, on investigation, so precise a demarking line between the abnormal and the normal as Mr. Bates sees, for instance; possibly there is no such line this side of the lunatic asylum. At any rate, an acute observer looks in vain for stability outside of the conventionally or medically fixed, and actually finds the abnormal in what is called health, and health in what is called the abnormal. Disease and disaster, death

itself, yes, even "decadence," are incidental merely to life and progress. Once embrace a large view of human life as spiritualized stuff in movement in its environment with a tendency to interesting differentiation, — a view not very far from Browning's or Ibsen's, — and all men are interesting, their "abnormalities" but potencies in process of development, and instead of an ungodly exploitation of the abnormal there is a divine faith in the perpetual progression toward spiritual vigor and beauty.

"Life is but a succession of emotions; and the earnest mind burns with desire to learn what emotions are within its possibiliites. The discoverer of an unsuspected capability of receiving delight, of the realization of an unknown sensation, even of pain, increases by so much the extent of the possessions of the human being to whom he imparts it."

In such words as these does Mr. Arlo Bates provide his own antidote for his express disdain of writers whose art has brought us new sensations. *P.*

(Talks on the Study of Literature by Arlo Bates. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1897 [$1.50].)

RECENT STORIES.

In 'The Story of Jesus Christ,' Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has done a very difficult thing in a masterly manner. With a leaning toward a rationalistic interpretation of many of the events in the life of Jesus, she yet firmly holds to a belief in his supernatural character, and, as a result, she has succeeded in making live before the reader a being who combines in a wonderful manner human force of will with the divine nature. No matter what one's theological beliefs might be, or whether one had any theological beliefs at all, he could not fail to be impressed and touched and ennobled by this artistic presentation of a marvellously beautiful character. Her skill has displayed itself especially in her manner of showing the unity of this great life, and the gradual unfolding to perfect blossom of its spiritual and intellectual powers, and also in the creation of the environment in the midst of

which Jesus lived and worked. She makes him stand forth clearly as a liberal, a democrat, and a lover of humanity in an age which did not know the meaning of such terms.

At times the author has, perhaps, in her attempt to do full justice to the human side of the character of Jesus, overstepped the bounds somewhat, and attributed to him feelings which some of us should prefer not to think characteristic of even a developed but merely human being; for example, she says of his manner when he went to dine with the Pharisee, "His air of conscious superiority, restrained by modesty, was very attractive; it was the essence of good breeding." There are many little shocks like this scattered through the book; but if she has slipped some times in such particulars, she has triumphed in her treatment of the miracles, — a difficult enough subject to handle in these prosaic days. So reverent, and withal so dramatic, is her touch when she is on this ground that even the hopelessly agnostic Huxley might feel a thrill of sympathetic admiration.

'FREE TO SERVE' is an interesting story, and, on the whole, well written, though possessing some faults of construction; for example, the portrayal of the characters starts out well in every case, but weakens as the tale goes on, — the villains having a rather namby-pamby way of turning out quite saint-like at the end, while the good characters have remarkably little control over their own fate. There are hitches also in the linking together of the parts of the story, so that you get the impression that it has been put together from the outside instead of developing naturally from the inside. On the other hand, there is a delightful vein of romance running through the story which reaches a very pretty climax. The author's imagination is never at a loss in inventing striking incidents, by means of which the plot progresses; her manner of writing English is beyond criticism, and she has manifested real power in her presentation of the life and manners, the customs and pastimes, of the old colonial Dutch days. *C.*

(The Story of Jesus Christ, An Interpretation, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1897 [$2.00]. — Free to Serve, A Tale of Colonial New York, by E. Rayner. Boston: Copeland and Day. 1897 [$1.50].)

NOTES ON AMERICAN VERSE.

AMERICAN Verse is represented this autumn principally by writers who have already won for themselves a welcome among readers of poetry, and in the case of Edmund Clarence Stedman, by one whose poetry, though not large in quantity, has long held an honorable place. Mr. Stedman has collected, for the first time, those occasional poems which he has written during the last twelve or fifteen years, and of them has been made a very considerable volume. One is not often ushered more modestly or exquisitely into a volume of poems than by Mr. Stedman in his prefatory verse, which strikes a note of sadness at the thought of his enforced separation from his muse.

> "Thou, — whose endearing hand once laid in sooth
> Upon thy follower, no want thenceforth,
> Nor toil, nor joy and pain, nor waste of years
> Filled with all cares that deaden and subdue,
> Can make thee less to him — can make thee less
> Than sovereign queen, his first liege, and his last
> Remembered to the unconscious dying hour, —
> Return and be thou kind, bright Spirit of song,
> Thou whom I yet loved most, loved most of all
> Even when I left thee — I, now so long strayed
> From thy beholding! And renew, renew
> Thy gift to me fain clinging to thy robe!
> Still be thou kind, for still thou wast most dear."

After this one cannot read his poems without feeling the unrealized possibilities of his genius, especially when it flashes out in such fine poems as 'The Death of Bryant,' or the poem to Shelley called 'Ariel,' in which there is unusual power of thought and fancy combined in rich harmony of language. Facility of expression is a marked characteristic of the work of Stedman; a ballad, a lyric, or *vers de société* fall off his pen with no apparent effort. In all these lighter forms of verse his touch is sure, and whenever he has essayed verse of larger scope, he shows such undoubted power

that, with him, we regret sincerely his separation from his muse for so many years, caused, we understand, by the cares of an active business life. Now that they have joined hands again, it is to be hoped they will travel the rest of life's path together, and repeat the pleasures we have had in reading this volume.

In 'Ballads of Lost Haven,' which are all rhymes of the sea, there is plenty of scope for that peculiar weirdness of fancy which sometimes seizes upon Bliss Carman. This, together with an easy mastery of expression, forms the chief characteristic of this little 'Book of the Sea.' It is rather remarkable that he has not more often been struck with the laughing, frolicsome aspects of the sea, or the sea Keats knows, and we all know, which sometimes is in such gentle temper found

> "That scarcely will the very smallest shell
> Be moved from where it sometime fell
> When last the winds of heaven were unbound."

He very evidently thinks of the sea in Maeterlinckian fashion as symbolizing the unknown and not very promising prospects of eternity; but if one is in a properly æsthetic frame of mind, not seeking for spiritual or moral uplifts, — but simply ready to enjoy any fantasy of the mind if presented in sufficiently striking form, — he will get an hour's real enjoyment out of these ballads. Grewsome enough is the thought of the sea as a grave-digger; but who could escape the fascination of the poem so-called, with its horrible rhythmical suggestion of the incoming waves bearing their burden of dead? The 'Yule Guest' has all the odor of mediæval quaintness and horror about it, and gives one more creepy feelings than the famous ballad of 'Leonore,' which it slightly resembles. Another one which carries you along with its swing, and entertains with its story, is the ballad of the Kelpie Riders. There are some fine bits of nature description; this, for example: —

> "No bit of shade as big as your hand
> To traverse or trammel the sleeping land,
> Save where a dozen poplars fleck
> The long gray grass and the well's blue beck.

> Yet you mark their leaves are blanched and sear,
> Whispering daft at a nameless fear,
> While round the bole of one is a rune,
> Black in the wash of the bleaching noon."

With the exception of a few pieces which are only saved from commonplaceness by their felicitous style, this collection of ballads is sufficiently original in theme and treatment to add substantially to the growing fame of the author.

Richard Burton's volume, 'Memorial Day and Other Poems,' contains much interesting work, showing more strength of expression and less the influence of Sidney Lanier than his first volume. As a rule, memorial poems and commemoration odes do not appeal to the present writer. They are too apt to give the impression of being concocted on certain well-defined lines. So much patriotism, so much philosophy, so much hero-worship, strung together on a thread of emotion, which somehow rarely strikes a note of true genuineness. Dr. Burton has, however, succeeded in permeating his memorial poem with a good deal of vital emotion, which reaches a climax in the stanzas descriptive of the patriot in a crisp presentation of an evolved social philosophy wherein love and individual integrity form the rudder of humanity, not competition and conquest. These are good principles to have reflected in poetic moods, even at the risk of a slight suspicion of didacticism. Did any one ever get through a memorial poem without laying himself open to such a suspicion?

'The Race of the Boomers' is a stirring bit of verse, with all the wild, pulsing life of our transitional phases of civilization ringing in it, — the mad rush westward and the sickening struggle for the survival of the fittest in the fierce competition for land. The last stanza thus epitomizes the whole history of the Indian outrages: —

> "While ever up from the earth, or fallen far through the air,
> Goes a shuddering ethnic moan, the saddest of all sad sounds;
> The cry of an outraged race that is driven otherwhere,
> The Indian's heart-wrung wail for his hapless Hunting Grounds."

Dr. Burton is in one of his happiest veins when he is singing his nature lyrics. Here line after line reveals the love for nature which it is given to many to feel, but only to the poet to put into words.

Hannah Parker Kimball's verse is especially noticeable for the strength of its style. Her words often form series of picture-provoking symbols, which bring many rays of thought into a focus. This quality is striking in her long poem, 'Victory,' which opens the present volume. And if it were not that the *motif* of this poem is so strongly suggestive of Browning's 'Paracelsus' that comparisons between the two are inevitable, it would stand as a poem of considerable power. As it is, this similarity of *motif* combined with a philosophy somewhat vaguely expressed and much less developed than Browning's, makes it seem hardly worth while to have expended such really fine workmanship upon a theme with so little originality. Even this, however, might be forgiven if in the treatment any new and revivifying impulses of thought had been introduced, with the effect of presenting the problem of struggle in a new light.

That she has a fund of genuine originality is shown in her treatment of nature. She imbues nature with a sort of dramatic personality, and depicts it in moods as special and as varying as those of a human being.

Hidden away at the end of the volume is Miss Kimball's masterpiece, 'The Druidess,' composed in her finest manner and upon a fresh and splendid theme which arouses in the mind no temptations to invidious comparisons. Here all her good qualities are at their best, — the harmony and strength of her style, which is seldom if ever marred by a sudden descent into commonplace or puerile expression. Her inspiration does not give out, as in so many poets, when she is halfway through a poem, but carries her loftily to the end. She is, moreover, one of the few who can write blank verse that is really poetry, and not a species of ambling prose more dull than the dullest prose.

To these beauties of style is added in this poem a fire of enthusiasm in her subject which touches the plane of inspiration.

It is difficult to choose any lines more illustrative than others of its sustained beauty. We take these at random : —

> "She saw all lives wherein the past is sped,
> All yet to be, whirl by her through the heavens;
> She caught strange fragments of that harmony
> The earth chants ever, swaying into song;
> And through all sweep of time, she knew the One.
> And then her eyes grew star-like, with the love
> Wherewith the One loves and sustains the All.
> She entered regions wider than this life,
> And all who saw her marvelled and were still,
> Awed by her luminous beauty, for her face
> Was like the image of an absent god.
> And men brought to her, in their turbulence,
> The troubled splendor of their fleeting lives,
> And they returned and knew undying gain,
> The pageants and the triumphs of the soul."

If Miss Kimball continues as she has begun, she has a very fair chance of some day leaving the ranks of the minor poets to join that enviable few whose right to poethood is not shadowed by any limiting adjective.

Among other interesting volumes of verse may be mentioned William Edward Penney's 'Ballads of Yankee Land;' John Vance Cheney's 'Out of the Silence.' Still others are 'The Daughter of Ypocas, and Other Verse,' by H. R. Remsen, poems by Henry D. Muir and others, which will be found recorded in the list below.

C.

(Poems Now First Collected, by Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. 1897 [$1.50]. — Ballads of Lost Haven, a Book of the Sea, by Bliss Carman. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe and Co. 1897 [$1.00.] — Memorial Day and Other Poems, by Richard Burton. Boston: Copeland and Day. 1897 [$1.25]. — Victory, by Hannah Parker Kimball. Boston: Copeland and Day. 1897 [$1.25]. — Ballads of Yankee Land, by William Edward Penney. Boston: T. Y. Crowell and Co. [$1.50]. — Out of the Silence, by John Vance Cheney. Boston: Copeland and Day. 1897 [$1.50]. — The Daughter of Ypocas, and Other Verse, by H. R. Remsen. Hartford: Clark and Smith. 1897. — Poems by Henry D. Muir. Chicago. 1897. — In Promised Land and Other Poems, by Michael

IF I WERE GOD.

It seems almost sacrilege to touch with the rude hand of the reviewer so exquisite a bit of writing as Richard Le Gallienne's 'If I were God,' in which we seem to be brought into the Holy of Holies of two beautiful human souls, — one a Christian and a woman, the other a man who is a lover of Beauty.

Yet the shadow falls here of the modern Pre-Raphaelite darkness of mind, — a darkness resulting from a sort of polarization of the light shed upon the world in the middle of this century by science. To such minds, science, in sweeping away supernaturalism, swept away also all foundation for a belief in God. They are therefore thrust back upon Materialism as a philosophy of life. At the same time they are forced, by the inherent tendency of the human mind to seek ideals, into a love for beauty, though for beauty as bounded by their material conceptions of the universe. Material decay is to them so hideous that despair and even greater unbelief seizes upon them when they contemplate it. They have not had a vision of the larger beauty whose roots find nourishment in that very material decay to them so abhorrent, and whose blossoms are the sorrowing and struggling passions of the human soul, and without which art would be as insipid as a cloudless sunset.

Here, then, we have this hopeless lover of Beauty, and a Christian who is assured of the revelation of God. Both their attitudes have elements of incomprehensibleness in them; namely, the materialism of the lover of Beauty, and the anthropomorphism of the Christian. If she had only recognized that the revelation of human love she had had, was not simply an image of divine love, but a

Lynch. Boston: Chas. O'Farrell. 1897. — The Romance of Arenfels, by C. Ellis Stevens. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1897 [$1.25]. — Fugitive Lines, by Henry Jerome Stockard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1897 [$1.00]. — Selections from the Poems of Timothy Otis Paine. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1897 [$1.25]. — Poetical Sermons, by William E. Davenport. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1897. — The Death of Falstaff and Other Poems, by L. Bruce Moore. Baltimore: Cushing and Co. 1897 [$1.50].)

direct revelation of divine love; and if she had declared not that beauty is a messenger from God, but that it is a flash from God's own face; and if she had made some attempt to show how evil has enlarged immeasurably the spiritual realms of beauty, instead of making the exceedingly weak statement that she believed it somehow lovely, — she might have been able to plant the light of conviction within the soul of the purblind lover of beauty who had merely caught hold of the hem of the garment of beauty, and at the same time have convinced the reader that Le Gallienne's mind is not in that hopelessly polarized condition of the Pre-Raphaelites. He does not seem to be aware that there are people in the world to whom the loss of a supernatural basis of faith is as nothing, who see God directly revealed in Beauty and Love, and whose faith is only strengthened by the indirect proof of God in evil and failure. And if Christianity is changing, as the delicate woman-soul in this earnest dialogue declares, it is because of the influence of just such devoutly religious minds, whose attitude already fulfils her prophecy for the future Christianity.

"It will judge rather a man's self than his actions; will separate men and women into good and bad *natures* rather than into the well or the ill behaved. It will judge men and women by a subtler test of the spirit than can be applied to mere surface actions: and it will become more as Christ meant it to be, — a religion of love, a vast brotherhood of the loving and the lovable." *C.*

(If I Were God, by Richard Le Gallienne. Boston: T. Y. Crowell and Co. 1897 [50 cts.].)

NEW EDITIONS.

The New Whitman. — THE setting of the new Whitman is thoroughly worthy of the contents, — that notable American product, which is and must remain, however opinion may further qualify it in the future, a historic landmark in the literary life of the New World. Looking at 'Leaves of Grass' afresh and as a whole, as many will wish to regard it in its present attractive

shape, both of those who know it well and those who have yet to make its acquaintance, its inherent unity is most impressive. Like the grass which is its symbol, every separate leaf is a radiation from a central nucleus of life, — a typical human personality, which thrives with its feet in the earth, heart by heart beside its fellows, expanding through love and friendship, and ever erecting its happy head in the all-encompassing ether — the spiritual light through which its aspiring confident life attains perpetual and joyful growth. All seems to fall in with the implications of this poetic symbol. From the opening 'Inscriptions' and the 'Starting from Pomonok,' — which we have before suggested might be taken as the Itinerary for the open road this volume sets before the reader, — to the posthumous poems, the 'Old Age Echoes' here first published, there seems to be no word which is not complete in itself and true to this drift, nor any new word which does not develop and establish it more essentially. To begin with, come themes of the ground-source of life, Selfhood and Generation. Yet these are never expressions of selfhood and generation solely or separably, for here, as Whitman declares, is "no poem, nor the least part of a poem, but has reference to the soul." From these expand in broadening circles themes of love, friendship, and universal interdependent fellowship, and thence the whole moves freely on to ensphere still more mystical ensembles and to pursue still wider-sweeping orbits of meaning concerning Life and Death, the Soul and Evolution. The two poems last written, 'Death's Valley' and 'A Thought of Columbus,' strike these crowning chords: "sweet, peaceful, welcome Death" loosening the "stricture-knot call'd life," in a scene of broad and blessed light and air,

"With meadows, rippling tides, and trees and flowers and grass,
And the low hum of living breeze — and in the midst God's beautiful
eternal right hand;"

and the "widest, farthest evolutions of the world and man," as "here to-day up-grows the western world," issuing from "a mortal impulse thrilling its brain-cell." The publishers have given this last complete edition of 'Leaves of Grass' a distinctively

handsome yet simple form, and in every particular — the design of grass at the back of the volume, and the bold plain monumental lettering of the title and titlepage, the soft, mellow-toned paper, the portraits of Whitman youthful and aged, and the *facsimile* of a page of his MS. — the make-up of the book is artistic and suitable. An index of titles should have been added to the index of first lines which is provided.

The Cambridge Burns. — If Burns were liked for what he actually was as man and really was worth as poet, the character of his audience would probably change more than the amount of his fame. Aside from the newly collected poems, the variorum readings, and the many studious notes of the definitive 'Centenary Burns,' edited by W. E. Henley & T. F. Henderson, the introductory essay by Mr. Henley is the notable trait. The essential part of the Henley-Henderson editorial equipment is the basis of the new 'Cambridge Burns,' and the Henley Essay is reproduced in it. That essay, 'Robert Burns: Life, Genius, Achievement' puts the Bard's personality and the sources of his lyric genius in a new and vivid light, which the general public should have and now does have, in this beautiful edition so exactly adapted to its desires and needs, the chance to see for itself. In another and more general way it is of use in that it furnishes information concerning the long literary pedigree of the sprung-from-the-heart lyric, which has been so long popularly cherished as spontaneous and simple, and by those tokens, forsooth, superior to other sorts of poems.

The New Dante. — Probably the best poetical version in English of Dante's 'Divine Comedy' that there is — Cary's, with Rossetti's delicate translation of 'The New Life,' together with many adequate notes and summaries, a bibliography of useful commentaries, an introduction which strikes the right mean of popular account and scholarly interpretation, and a generous supply, moreover, of illustrations combine to make the new Dante an event of good cheer not only for all the lovers of the great Italian but for all his latent lovers who may come to know the strenuous and sanctified, almost archaic beauty of the strong mediæval soul whose bitterness

was quenched in ardor. To the Editor, Professor Oscar Kuhns, the general public owes its thanks for a thoroughly well-appointed and helpful Dante, which the publishers have made, also, a comely and substantial library volume.

The Wordsworth Reprint. — The reprint of the first edition of the 'Lyrical Ballads' of 1798, published by Mr. David Nutt, a poetical treasure before gladly heralded in *Poet-lore*, has now been followed by as careful, attractive, and well executed a reprint of the 'Poems in Two Volumes' by Wordsworth, originally printed in 1807. The beautiful external plainness of these books, with their white linen backs with label and gray covers enfolding so rich a poetic interior, is now made still further an attractive and valuable possession for the Wordsworth lover by the adequate preface and notes of the Editor of the 'Oxford Wordsworth,' Thomas Hutchinson. Mr. Hutchinson's special appendix on the Wordsworthian Sonnet does much in little space, showing the poet's theory and how he developed the scope and province of the Sonnet by building on the Miltonic form. *P.*

(Leaves of Grass, including Sands at Seventy, Good-Bye My Fancy, Old Age Echoes, and A Backward Glance o'er Travel'd Roads, by Walt Whitman. Boston: Small, Maynard, & Co. 1897 [$2.00]. — The Complete Poetical Works of Robert Burns. Cambridge Edition. Boston & New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1897 [$2.00]. — The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri translated by the Rev. Henry F. Cary, together with Dante Gabriel Rossetti's translation of The New Life, edited with introduction and revised and additional notes by L. Oscar Kuhns. New York & Boston: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1897 [$2.00]. — Poems in Two Volumes by William Wordsworth. Reprinted from the original edition of 1807. Edited with a note on the Wordsworthian Sonnet by Thomas Hutchinson. London: David Nutt. 1897. 2 vols. 7/6 net.)

THE EMERSON-STERLING LETTERS.

The friendship between Emerson and John Sterling which this little volume records is genial and intimate, although the two never met save in these letters, their published work, and common friendship for Carlyle.

The gentle, closely-buttoned-up soul of Emerson is led in his very first letter to confess his dearest desire. To me this is the most interesting betrayal of him which this pleasant volume affords, and it is, also, its loveliest flower of diction. What had moved Emerson's heart toward Sterling was his poems. More than that: they moved him toward poetry. He tells Sterling of his pleasure in his poems and adds: —

". . . I count him happy who has this delirious music in his brain, who can strike the chords of Rhyme with a brave and true stroke; for thus only do words mount to their right greatness, and airy syllables initiate us into the harmonies and secrets of universal nature."

Then, in the germinal warmth of unbosoming to an unseen friend, he does not withhold the noble emulation they have stirred within him: —

"I am naturally keenly susceptible of the pleasures of rhythm, and cannot believe but that one day — I ask not where or when — I shall attain to the speech of this splendid dialect, so ardent is my wish; and these wishes, I suppose, are ever only the buds of power; but up to this hour I have never had a true success in such attempts."

This was written in 1840. So we may detect here the first reticent closely furled leaf-tips of the volume of Poems Emerson published in 1846.

Except for this unexpected authentication of Emerson's poetic birthday, this brief series of letters is but a minor document in the literary history, on the personal side, of our mid-century days. It is closely linked with another such minor document, Carlyle's 'Life of Sterling.' To that life, however, Carlyle's pen gave such distinction as keeps it in memory, so that Mr. Edward Emerson's remarks in this volume concerning it must seem mistaken to many. Here and there these letters yield curious glimpses of the opinions current upon contemporaries. Sterling writes of an age now conceived to be illustrious in the annals of poetry: "With us poetry does not flourish. Hartley Coleridge, Alfred Tennyson, and Henry Taylor are the only younger men I now think of who have shown

anything like genius, and the last — perhaps the most remarkable — has more of volition and understanding than imagination." This "perhaps the most remarkable" is now perhaps the least remarkable. In reply, Emerson names his greatest Concord contemporary as the least in public opinion in the same way as follows: "My neighbors in this village of Concord are Ellery Channing, . . . a youth of genius; Thoreau, whose name you may have seen in the Dial; and Hawthorne, a writer of tales and historiettes, whose name you may not have seen, though he too prints books."

P.

(A Correspondence between John Sterling and Ralph Waldo Emerson, with a Sketch of Sterling's Life, by Edward Waldo Emerson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1897 [$1].)

NOTES AND NEWS.

Much of the so-called "critical" writing on contemporary literature in the United States is even yet without much quality of its own. It originates in England, or gets its patterns there.

Some of the periodicals that contain it are edited in London, either totally or in the main; and with some superficial adaptation to "the American Market" their sale is exploited over here, not as frankly competing British publications, but as American organs of criticism.

This imitativeness, betrayed, also, even in the names of many of our sprightlier native-born critical journals, is, of course, a quality incident to our English derivation and our national callowness, and in so far as we are really mentally dependent and deficient in initiative we come rightly by this badge of weakness on our patient, conveniently stooping backs. There is no good reason, though, at our age as a nation, why we should not be well aware of it.

IF, in spite of all our eagle-screaming, we are limp-kneed from modesty, we might now be heartened to the literary vigor which would best pay homage to our illustrious English descent and our many-nationed lineage, by the signs that are not lacking of the world-honor duly gained by our more stanchly independent creative minds.

One of the most recent of these signs is the remarkable tribute of a young French writer to the stirring and vitalizing influence of New England transcendentalism which is given in the essay on Emerson translated in this number of *Poet-lore.* Maeterlinck's 'Le Trésor des Humbles,' which contains this essay, was translated in England by Mr. Sutro, and has been issued in an American edition by Dodd, Mead & Co. This essay on Emerson, however, — perhaps the clew to the philosophy of the whole volume, — was omitted. We are glad, therefore, to give it here to a public likely to enjoy the subtile purity of its thought. It is an original sort of appreciation, unfolding further some of Emerson's implications, until they coincide surprisingly with Whitman's. It is unusual, too, in the manner of its appreciation. It makes no direct comment on Emerson's words, although it quotes some striking illustrative passages. Its critical value consists in the Emersonian spirit it re-embodies, and in the sympathy it shows for that belief in the potential nobility and inherent worth of every human soul which is the characteristic of the American ideal.

—— THE richly cultured artistic talent of the French professional writer has covered so much human subject-matter that one would say there was no corner not used up, and that the over-subtlety of much French work was a necessity of the story-writer's attempt to get something striking out of his narrow over-tilled allotment of human subject-matter.

One young writer has found in prehistoric times a piece of ground not yet pre-empted. M. Rosny's hero of his long prehistoric romance, 'Valmireh,' is a kind of Mowgli of a larger type,

who witnesses the successive combats of colossal antediluvian beasts and conquers the victor, and whose developing heart, subduing gradually the preying appetites it has in common with the brute, makes him emerge into a loving manhood.

In the short story by Rosny which we give in this number, there is a touch, here and there, in the descriptions of the British Museum, and of the starry worlds in the observatory scene, which gives a characteristic idea of the grandiose world-vistas he loves to portray. The departure from the usual conditions of a French love-story, the creation of so loyal a lover, and the elaboration of his very naïve confessions and revelations of himself are also quite fresh and distinctive of Rosny's talent. We may add, by the way, that this story of Rosny's takes the place of the play of Hauptmann's originally intended for this number, which is unavoidably postponed till our next issue.

ANOTHER NOTE ON TENNYSON.

With peculiar interest and satisfaction I have read 'A Note or so on Tennyson,' by Prof. Charles W. Kent, of the University of Virginia, and gladly welcome such a painstaking student as an ally in the task of stemming the flood of misinformation about Tennyson. Fortunately appeal can now be made to an authoritative biography. There will be less excuse in the future for slips as to dates and other particulars relating to the late Laureate's life and writings.

The incident of Alfred's writing verses on a slate, at the bidding of his older brother Charles, is often referred to, but there seems to be no way of settling the matter whether the boys were then at Somersby or Louth. Church is untrustworthy. In the recently published memoirs by his son is this autobiographical note: "According to the best of my recollection, when I was about eight years old, I covered two sides of a slate with Thomsonian blank verse in praise of flowers for my brother Charles, who was a year older than I was, Thomson then being the only poet I knew." At

seven he was sent to the Grammar School at Louth, and lived there with his grandmother, Mrs. Tytche, but he was at home part of the time. I incline to the opinion that the lines were written in the Somersby garden.

All lovers of Tennyson will prize the excellent chapter on 'In Memoriam' in the new biography, which gives so many valuable details concerning the spirit and the form of this poem. According to the poet himself (as quoted on pages 304–5 of Vol. I.) and the comments of the son, the dates of some of the sections of 'In Memoriam' are fixed. The first Christmas eve, referred to in xxviii. and xxx., was Dec. 25, 1833. The second Christmas might be in 1834 or later, for the third Christmas eve (Dec. 25, 1837) was passed in the Tennysons' new home at High Beech. The grand lyric outburst, 'Ring out, wild bells,' would seem to have been composed about Jan. 1, 1838, and cxv. would naturally be assigned to the same year. The day referred to in lxxii. was Sept. 15, 1834, — Arthur Hallam having died just a year before. One may fairly conjecture that xxi. was written soon after the discovery of the satellites of Uranus and Saturn in 1847, but possibly only the fifth stanza was written then. 1848, that year of European revolutions, might appropriately be considered the date of Canto cxxvii., but this is not certain. The transition period, during which 'In Memoriam' was written, was marked by "storm and stress" more than once. The first written sections, we are told, were ix., xxx., xxxi., lxxxv., and xxviii., and presumably they were jotted down in the latter part of 1833, or not much later. From Lady Tennyson's journal for 1868 an interesting extract is taken:

"*April.* There has been a great deal of smoke in the yew-trees this year. One day there was such a cloud that it seemed to be a fire in the shrubbery."

This suggested a passage in 'The Holy Grail,' and section xxxix. of 'In Memoriam,' written then and published in 1869.

As to the metre of 'In Memoriam,' the statement of the poet is explicit, —

"I had no notion till 1880 that Lord Herbert of Cherbury had written his occasional verses in the same metre. I believed

myself the originator of the metre, until after 'In Memoriam' came out, when some one told me that Ben Jonson and Sir Philip Sidney had used it."

Section xcviii. refers to the honeymoon trip of Charles Tennyson Turner in the summer of 1836.

At the wedding of Alfred Tennyson and Emily Sellwood, besides the bride's father, Professor Lushington and wife, Charles Weld, and Mr. Phillimore were present. Nothing is said of Charles R. Welch, mentioned by Jennings.

The Tennysons first tried housekeeping at Warninglid in Sussex. They remained here only a few months, and then "took up their abode at Chapel House, Montpelier Row, Twickenham." The time of their departure is left in the vague. They left Twickenham Nov. 24, 1853, for Farringford, first leased but not purchased until the spring of 1856. It would be too arduous a labor to correct all the blunders in Jennings' book, so I stop here.

Eugene Parsons.

CHICAGO, Nov. 16, 1897.

LONDON LITERARIA.

THE 'Life of Lord Tennyson,' as also the publication of the 'Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning,' has anew called attention to the personality of Robert Browning, whose magnanimity and greatness of soul has once more been made manifest in the various letters addressed by him to Tennyson. But the question of an adequate Life of Browning again forces itself to the front, and one naturally feels that what has been done, with so much good taste and reticence, in the case of Tennyson, should likewise be done on behalf of his great compeer. There must be ample "material" in existence somewhere, while letters innumerable have come to light since the hurried publication of Mrs. Orr's memoir.

Then, too, is it not time that a bust of Browning graced the Abbey? Or are the English lovers of the poet waiting the first move in this matter from their brothers in America? However this may be, let us hope that ere the dawn of the new century the

busts of Elizabeth and Robert Browning may occupy their fitting niche in the Abbey.

The North London Browning Union continues its useful and unobtrusive work. It issues no 'Transactions,' nor any summary of papers or discussions; but it has been the means of making the poet known to a number of people who hitherto knew him only as a name. Its members for the most part consist of men and women engaged in the "daily task, the common round," with no pretension of adherence to any literary *coterie*, but who, having been led to read Browning, have found in some of his poems so much of joy and consolation as to induce them to enter more widely into their study. The new session opened last October, when an exceedingly able paper on 'Abt Vogler' was read by Mr. Lucy. At the following meeting, Mr. F. Armitage gave an interesting "talk" on 'Saul,' interwoven with a reading of the poem. Other papers to follow are on 'Childe Roland,' 'Euripides in Browning,' 'Elizabeth Barrett Browning' (by Miss C. G. Barnard), and 'Thomas Carlyle' (by the Hon. Secretary).

In this connection I should like to be allowed to mention the great pleasure several of the members recently had in examining Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell's one-volume edition of 'The Ring and the Book.' The clearness of the illustrations and the really beautiful "get up" of the volume was much admired; while a special meed of praise was awarded to the accomplished editors for the numerous "notes," explanatory and otherwise: "Just what is wanted —and to the point," was the general verdict. That some such edition is not possible in England seems a mystery difficult to fathom.

Apropos of the reviving interest in the work and personality of Lord Byron, I note that the first volume of Mr. John Murray's edition of Byron's works is to be issued early in the new year. This volume will, of course, contain the earlier poems,—of these an "authoritative" text is to be given, carefully collated from manuscripts still in existence, from proofs, and various editions; and all the changes of any importance made by the poet will be duly noted. The anticipatory interest in this volume is increased

by the fact that it will include some eleven new poems, composed about the period of the 'Hours of Idleness.' Full "notes" are to be affixed to the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' 'Hints from Horace,' 'The Waltz,' and 'The Curse of Minerva.' The inevitable *édition de luxe* is to follow, and this will contain pictures and portraits connected with this period of the poet's life, some of which are to be reproduced for the first time.

Next year, too, is to see the issue of what may be termed an historical "fine-art" work, — a personal life of Charles I., by the late Sir John Skelton. The whole of the letterpress had been written and revised prior to the death of Sir John, consequently no "editing" is needed, and the work promises to be one of exceptional interest. The collections at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle have been utilized for most of the illustrations; and other collections have likewise been called into requisition. The frontispiece is to be a facsimile, in colors, of Vandyck's portrait of Charles I., which is in the Louvre.

Messrs. Kegan, Paul & Co. has just issued an interesting work by Mr. W. H. Fincham, of the Ex-Libris Society, on 'English and American Artists and Engravers of Book-plates,' — a "hobby" which is at the present time in the ascendant. It seems that the "large paper" edition has been already sold out; while a "special edition" of fifteen copies only is to be issued on Japanese vellum, which "will contain many book-plates not included in the ordinary edition, — especially that of the Duchess of York, which will serve as a frontispiece." No doubt these fifteen precious copies will be worth the exorbitant prices they will fetch; but it certainly seems invidious that the "book-plate" of the Duchess should only be visible to the "hobbyist" with the deepest purse. It would appear that in these days, as in Thackeray's, the race of "snobs" still abounds; or, at any rate, a certain modicum of literary selfishness. If a subscriber cares to pay a price for copies on vellum, well and good; but surely he whose pocket will only permit of the "ordinary" edition, may well ask for the reproduction of *all* the book-plates in *his* edition, — that is, supposing them to be of any interest at all.

Descending a step or two lower, I note the advent of another

semi-literary art novelty, — this time hailing from Paris. It seems that Mr. Ernest Maindron — the "eminent 'authority' upon artistic advertisement posters!" — is editing a work entitled 'Les Programmes Illustrés.' It consists of a number of reproductions, colored and otherwise, of music-hall and theatrical programmes, menus, invitation cards, etc., in which the art of Chéret, Grasset, Ibels, Caran d'Ache, and others are represented.

A somewhat ominous note has been sounded which primarily concerns collectors of first editions, but which is, indeed, of vital interest to all book-lovers. It seems that the durability of the paper upon which our modern books are printed is of the flimsiest kind, — an examination of various samples of which have shown that something like one half of the literary and scientific works of our day are printed upon paper which, at the most, is given a "life" of but one hundred years; while there is still graver reason to fear that in fifty years from the date of publication, the paper upon which most of our modern books are printed will be found to be completely rotten. This will, no doubt, come as a surprise to many book-lovers, and it is high time that steps were taken thoroughly to investigate the matter. It appears that at the Charlottenburg Institute, near Berlin, an examination was made a few years since of ninety-seven printing papers, including some in use by London publishing firms, and that only four of these papers stood the "test" applied for durability! It is satisfactory to note that on the Continent steps have been taken to remedy this grave state of affairs, — Prussia enforcing the use in governmental departments of a water-marked "normal-paper" (which satisfies the requirements of the Charlottenburg laboratory); while stringent regulations to the same effect are enforced in Denmark; and we learn from *The Speaker* that "Italy, Austria, France, and Holland are commencing to move in the matter." Of course, the Prussian regulations apply to writing-paper only, — but this means that half the battle is won. In England nothing has yet been done. The Society of Arts, however, is about to report on the work of paper-testing in Charlottenburg, and it may be hoped this will pave the way for overhauling the whole matter. At any rate, if the

statements made are anywhere near the mark, — of which there seems to be little doubt, — it is high time that steps were taken to remedy so grave a state of affairs, not only in the interest of bibliophiles, but on behalf of posterity, to which a paramount duty is surely owed in this matter. *William G. Kingsland.*

LONDON, ENGLAND, Nov. 30, 1897.

—— THE inquisition on English sales of Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot still goes on; and in but one instance, the sale at Oxford, does it show any evidence that Dickens is on the wane or that any of the great novel-writers have suffered eclipse. The steady increase of sale in great poetry, and notably of Browning, is marked. An English paper sums up as follows: —

"After all, the sensational novel has only an ephemeral existence. A 'City Bookseller,' in an interview, gives his views upon what people read. Novels and poetry are in so much request that little else is worthy of mention. It is, however, satisfactory to find that the steadiest demand is for the established English writers — Dickens, Scott, Ruskin, and Thackeray. 'These great writers we have always in stock, and we have continually to renew our supply of them.' The call for the moderns is like a fire of straw; it blazes furiously, and is soon extinguished. Even Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Corelli have their brief day, and cease to be. 'Ian Maclaren' is not asked for nearly so much as he was a year ago. As for poetry, people bought Tennyson's books because he was Poet Laureate, but his works have not maintained their popularity since his death; while as for Mr. Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate though he be, 'no one will buy his poems.' In contrast to Tennyson, Browning and Swinburne are still largely inquired for, and this fact shows that the public taste is not on the downward grade."

—— A LIST of copies of the First Folio of Shakespeare compiled by Mr. H. Ingleby appears in *Notes and Queries.* It leaves out the copies owned by Dr. H. H. Furness of Philadelphia, John P. Morgan of New York, and the Boston Public Library, but includes several other copies owned in America and is doubtless a good list of the copies owned in England. It runs as follows: —

1–4. The British Museum. Four copies, including the well-known Grenville copy. 5. The Duke of Devonshire. 6. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts. 7. The Earl of Warwick. 8. The Earl of Ellesmere. 9. Lord Leigh. 10. The Rowfant Library. 11. The Earl of Gosford. 12. The Grey Library, Capetown. 13. Huth. 14. R. Turner. 15. R. Holford. 16. Augustin Daly, New York. 17. Robert Hoe, New York. 18. The Lenox Library, New York. 19. Maurice Jonas. 20. The Shakespeare Library, Stratford-on-Avon. 21. Rev. Dr. Ferrers, Master of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. 22. Holcombe Ingleby. 23. Robert Roberts, of Boston. 24. C. J. Toovey. This well-known copy has several uncut leaves, and is said to be the finest in the world. 25–26. Trinity College Library, Cambridge. Two copies. 27. Lieut.-General Sir Edward Newdegate. 28. B. Quaritch. 29. Pickering & Chatto. 30. The Birmingham Free Library. 31. The Leeds Free Library. 32. Mark Beaufoy, South Lambeth. 33. Edwin Lawrence, M. P. 34. Dr. Williams's Library, Gordon Square. 35. Lord Tweedmouth. 36. Sir David Dale, Darlington. 37. The Bodleian Library, Oxford. 38–39. John Rylands Library. Two copies. 40. The Earl of Crawford. 41. Baron Aldenham. 42. Lady Pauncefort Duncombe. 43. The Proprietary Library, Plymouth. 44–45. Lord Amherst of Hackney. Two copies.

—— COLLEGE men and women and all lovers of American literature are invited to do themselves the honor of contributing toward the "Lowell Memorial." It is proposed to preserve a portion of Lowell's home domain, "Elmwood," and open it as a public park, in his memory. The Metropolitan Park Commission has agreed to give one-third of the $35,000 required, thus reducing the amount to be raised to about $23,000. $5,000 has already been raised by private subscription. The greater part of the money already raised has naturally been contributed in Cambridge; but it is hoped that the tribute may assume a national character and receive general support, and the appeal is made to all his fellow-countrymen, far and near, to join with the Cambridge Committee in honoring the name of James Russell Lowell, Poet, Statesman, and Scholar.

Contributions may be sent to the Treasurer, Willard A. Bullard, First National Bank, Cambridge.

—— PROFESSOR HIRAM CORSON'S 'Selections from the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer,' published last year by the Macmillan Co., has been adopted in preference to Skeat's text-books by "The National Home-Reading Union" of London, of which the Princess Louise is President.

—— 'LAUS DEO' and 'Abram Morrison' were both composed by Whittier, says his biographer, Mr. Pickard, in the silence of Friends' Meetings, and others of his poems he used to compose without aid of pen and paper and left unchanged; but generally he wrote and rewrote, interlined, and corrected, sometimes entirely changing the character of a poem and making his MS. almost illegible. His lifelong invalidism prevented him from setting apart any regular hours for composition, and at no time could he spend a long time even in writing letters. "All his poems were written subject to this hard condition; they were composed verse by verse in such intervals of rest as might come to him. It was the habit of most of his life to relieve the tedious hours of sleepless nights by reciting aloud the verses of his favorite poets; and it was upon his pillow that his busy brain conceived some of his own best poems. He said his lines aloud as they came to him, that he might get the sound of them."

—— KIPLING'S theory of education as exemplified in 'Captains Courageous' seems to consist in bullying a boy to smoke a cigar that makes him sick, and giving him a drubbing that makes him fear the rod. Evidently it is not reason and Herbert Spencer, after all, but fagging, fear, and force that are our kindly lights.

—— WE must be all wrong in these United States, then, for we are the only nation of the world which spends more for rational education than for force. According to the figures given by Mr. C. R. Skinner, Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of New York, England expends 6 to 1 for war, Russia 17 to 1 for

war, and the United States 4 to 1 for education, or more than England, France, and Russia combined.

—— AFTER Tennyson had left an inn in the Island of Skye, says Professor Knight, in his 'Reminiscences' in *Blackwood's*, the landlord was asked, Did he know who had been staying in his house? It was the poet Tennyson. He replied, "Lor' — to think o' that! and sure I thoucht he was a shentleman!" Near Stirling the same remark was made to the keeper of the hotel where he had stayed. "Do you ken who you had wi' you t'other night?" "Naa; but he was a pleesant shentleman." "It was Tennyson, the poet." "An' wha' may *he* be?" "Oh, he is a writer o' verses, sich as ye see i' the papers." "Noo, to think o' that! jeest a pooblic writer, and I gied him ma best bedroom!"

—— THE Variorum 'Winter's Tale' is in press. This is good news. Gratitude for Dr. Furness's enlightened labors has been in place so often that public thanks go out at once to greet the new volume.

—— THE following letter was received by us from an admirer of Miss Alice Elizabeth Sawtelle's interesting little book on 'The Sources of Spenser's Classical Mythology.' As it contains a criticism of our review, based, we think, upon a slight misunderstanding of our point, we print it along with a fuller explanation of the ground of our criticism, so that others may not be misled in the same way as our correspondent.

"We confess to a little surprise at the statement in your review that 'Miss Sawtelle's remarks upon the sources of myth itself should be taken with caution, revealing as they do no acquaintance with the most recent scholarship on the subject.' Professor Jacob Cooper, D. C. L., LL.D., late professor of the Greek Language and Literature at Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J., in a letter to

Professor ——, says: 'The amount of collected and carefully sifted mythological lore in Miss Sawtelle's dissertation is prodigious. There is evidence to any classical scholar that this store of learning is gathered from original sources. Though relating to Spenser chiefly, yet the mythological allusions treated are so numerous and full that they can safely be employed as a handbook of classical mythology,' etc. Other testimony is no less commendatory of the monograph as an able and a scholarly piece of work.

Very truly yours,

A. M. T."

We quite agree, as our review showed, with those who have praised Miss Sawtelle so highly for her knowledge of the classical and cultural sources of myths. She has certainly supplied most valuable material for the tracing of literary origins and developments in myth, but this does not go to the root of the matter. We failed to discover in Miss Sawtelle's work any acquaintance or even any consciousness of the existence of the extensive researches into the ultimate sources of myth made by the anthropological school of mythologists so prominent to-day, and among whom may be mentioned Lang, Frazer, Stuart-Glennie, and Hartland. In other words, her knowledge of sources is distinctly literary, not scientific; and when, for example, she traces the Bacchus myth from Homer down, she is giving it as it appears in the art-product, literature, which throws little light either upon its ultimate origin or upon the true manner of its transmission. In fact, the whole subject of the ultimate source and transmission of myth is in so chaotic and controversial a stage that no one dare venture positive statements on the subject. The character of Miss Sawtelle's work would prevent her, of course, from entering into any controversy upon moot points concerning the origins of myths, but a consciousness of their existence would have perceptibly strengthened her work on the critical side.

——Browning saw more in Guercino's Angel and Child than most other people do; and in a letter of his referring to the London Browning Society's reproduction of a print of the picture, issued

in 1883, as an illustration of his poem of 'The Guardian Angel,' he accounts for his poet's flattery as due to taper-smoke, and it is true that this, mingled with the mists of fancy, may do much for an ancient canvas. He says: "I probably saw the original picture in a favourable *darkness;* it was blackened by taper-smoke, and one fancied the angel all but surrounded with cloud — only a light on the face."

He adds: —

"By the bye, that picture of Lippi's, mentioned by Mr. Radford, with the saints in a row, has — either *that* or its companion, the Annunciation, also in the National Gallery — the arms of the Medici above the figures; and in all likelihood both pictures were painted during Lippi's stay, enforced or otherwise, in the Medici Palace."

—— WILLIAM MORRIS became a printer almost by chance. He had always been interested in the mechanical arts, and one of his most interesting writings was his series of lectures on 'Hopes and Fears for Art,' delivered between 1878 and 1881, which were chiefly concerned with the crafts. He was an expert wood engraver, and in 1888 he chanced to hear a lecture on typography. Directly he became interested, and with him interest meant study, and study meant mastery. He probed deep, went into the composition of type-metal, learned the "stick," mastered press-work, investigated the minutest details of the various aspects of the craft, and at length brought out the 'Golden Legend.' So much was written about this that the type became known as "golden," and an American publisher was reported to have said that he did n't see why equally good results should not have been produced by using "ordinary type-metal."

The demand for Morris's work was emphatic, some of the books issued from the Kelmscott press commanding extraordinary prices. The entire edition of Chaucer was sold two months before it appeared. 'Atalanta In Calydon,' published at $10, sold at $20 within six months. Keats' 'Poems,' published at $7.50,

now sell at $28; Shakespeare's 'Poems,' published at $7.50, cannot be bought at less than $22. Some of the little sexto-decimo volumes, like 'King Florus and La Belle Jehane,' have brought as much as four and one-half times their publication price. The most valued of the octavos is 'The Story of the Glittering Plain,' for which $45 is freely offered. Of this book it was said that Mr. Morris not only designed the type, the titlepages, and the cover, but that he cast the type for the book, set it up, did the press-work with his own hands, bound it and actually made the paper on which the volume was printed.

—— From the Stratford-on-Avon *Herald* we gather the following Shakespeare Memorial items:—

Beech-Trees from Elsinore. — Three fine young beech-trees, from the grove around Ophelia's Well at Elsinore, Denmark, have recently been presented to the Memorial Association by Mr. Alex P. Alston, of the Villa Taylor, Elsinore. The trees have been planted in the Memorial garden at the back of the Theatre, so as to form a continuation of one of the Bancroft avenues. It may be remembered that a chestnut-tree from Hamlet's grave is growing near the Wash at the southern end of the Memorial garden.

Shakespeare Library. — A most interesting addition has recently been made to the Memorial Library, *viz.*, the collection of Italian novels known as the 'Hecatommithi' of Geraldus Cinthius, from which Shakespeare probably derived the plots of two of his plays, —'Othello' and 'Measure for Measure.' The edition now acquired for the Memorial is in Italian, and was published during the poet's lifetime, 1565. Cinthius appears to have been a favorite with the old English dramatists. Beaumont and Fletcher, Dryden and Shelley, are believed to have drawn largely from these novels. The story of 'Othello' is derived from that of 'Il Moro di Venezia,' the seventh tale of the third decade of the 'Hecatommithi,' and no English translation of it during Shakespeare's lifetime is known, but a French translation was published in 1584. The plot of 'Measure for Measure' is indirectly derived from another story in the same book, and many scattered scenes in the works of Elizabethan dramatists may be traced to the same source. The Memorial copy is in perfect condition, and sumptuously bound by C. Hering.

A Curious Portrait of Shakespeare. — Talma, the noted French tragedian, had in his possession a portrait of Shakespeare which he purchased from a broker. The painting was in oil, and made upon a panel of oval form, inserted in a piece of wood that once formed part of a pair of bellows, the lower part of which, together with the leather and nozzle, were lost. On each side of this piece of wood, and attached to the edge, was a carved pair of wings. Around the surface, close to the edge, and in one line, was rudely carved in letters rather more than half an inch in length the following verses: —

> "Who have we here,
> Stuck in these bellows,
> But the Prince of Good fellows,
> Willy Shakespeare."

Directly over the portrait, and carved, were these lines: —

> "O, base and coward luck
> To be so stuck."

and immediately under the portrait were the following: —

> "Nay, but a God-like luck 's to him assigned,
> Who, like the Almighty, rides upon the wind."

—— A WRITER in the December number of *L'Humanité Nouvelle*, Paris, finds it somewhat surprising to learn that Walt Whitman's work, received here — that is, in France — with enthusiasm, is not accepted in America without reserve. "The American literary world is annoyed that anyone should think he hears in 'Leaves of Grass' a new voice which expresses the hope of a young people, and the people, they say, scarcely read Whitman." This French writer adds a little caustically: "The American literary world does not wish to be considered young, and its only fear is lest it should be discovered to be uncultured. Those who know anything of American politics and finance, however, may doubt whether America quite understands what the benefactions of modern civilization are."

THE SUNKEN BELL.

BY GERHARD HAUPTMANN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HEINRICH, a bell-founder.
MAGDA, his wife.
Children of both.
The Parson.
The Schoolmaster.
The Barber.
The old WITTICHEN.
RAUTENDELEIN, an elfish being.
NICKELMANN, an elemental spirit.
A hobgoblin, a faunlike forest spirit.
Elves.
Little men and women of the forest.

Scene. — A mountain range and a village at its foot.

ACT I.

A mountain meadow, surrounded by rustling fir-trees. In the left background, half concealed by an overhanging rock, a little hut. In the right foreground, near the edge of the wood, an old draw-well, on whose raised edge sits RAUTENDELEIN, *an elfish being, half child, half maiden. She is combing her thick red-gold hair, and at the same time defending herself against a bee, which persistently torments her.*

Rautendelein. Thou golden hummer, whence comest thou? Thou sugar-sipper, little wax-maker, thou little sun-bird, bother

me not! Go! let me alone! I must comb my hair with my aunt's golden comb, and I must hurry, or if she come home she will scold me. Go! I say, let me alone! What seekest thou here? Am I a flower? is my mouth a blossom? Fly across the brook to the edge of the woods, little bee; there are crocuses, violets, primroses; creep into them, and drink until thou reelest! I am in earnest; go away! be off home to thy castle! Thou knowest thou art in disgrace. The Bush-granny has conceived a hatred of thee, because thou furnishest the wax for the altar candles in the church. Dost understand me? Is this the way to behave? Ho, old chimney on my aunt's roof! send down a little smoke to me, and drive this naughty thing away! — Come, hello, hello, come, hello, hello, gander, whoop, whoop! March! [*The bee flies away.*] At last!

[RAUTENDEL *combs her hair quietly for a few moments; then she leans over the well and calls down:*] Holla, Nickelmann! He does not hear me. I shall sing my own song: —

> I know not whence I am come,
> I know not whither I go:
> Whether I am a little wood bird
> Or a fairy.
> The flowers, expanding,
> Fill the wood with perfume;
> Has any one learned
> Whence they are come?
> Often I feel a burning desire
> To know my father and mother.
> But, as this cannot be,
> I am reconciled to my fate.
> I am a beautiful golden-haired wood-nymph.

[*She calls down the well again:*] Ho, old Nickelmann, please come up here. The Bush-granny has gone for fir cones, and I am so tired of being alone. Tell me a story, please. If you will, I shall gladly creep like a marten on the poultry farmer's chicken coop to-night, and steal a black cock for you. He is coming!

Ho, Nickelmann! The water guggles and gurgles; the little silver bubbles rise. If he comes up now, he will shatter the round black mirror down there, in which I am nodding so gayly to myself.

[*Amusing herself with her reflection.*] Good day, dear maid of the well! What is your name? — What? — Rautendelein? You claim to be the most beautiful of maidens? Did you say yes? — I . . . I am Rautendelein. What are you saying down there, pointing with your finger to your little twin breasts? Look at me! Am I not as beautiful as Freya? Is my hair not made of pure sunbeams, and does it not shine in the bright mirror of the water down there red and glowing, like a mass of gold? You display to me the fiery net of your locks, and spread them out in the deep water as if to catch fish in them: very well, may you catch a stone, you stupid lass! Now your showing off is all over; while I am as I was before. — Ho, Nickelmann; come, help me pass away the time. Here he is.

[NICKELMANN *rises to below the breast from the well.*] Ha-ha-ha! You are not pretty. Just to call you gives one gooseflesh, and it is worse every time one sees you.

Nickelmann [*an old, gray-haired water-sprite, reeds in his hair, moisture dripping from him, snorting like a seal. He winks his eyes until he has accustomed them to the daylight*]. Brekekekex.

Rautendelein [*mimicking him*]. Brekekekex. The smell of spring is in the air, and you are astonished at it. The last lizard to leave his hole in the wall knows it; the louse and mole, the brook-trout and quail, the otter, water-shrew, fly, and haulm, the buzzard in the air, the hare in the clover, all know it! How is it that you don't?

Nickelmann [*growing angry and puffing out*]. Brekekekex!

Rautendelein. Have you been asleep? Don't you hear and see?

Nickelmann. Brekekekex, don't be so pert; do you understand me! you silly little monkey, you little fool! you yolk of an egg! half-hatched peewit! hedge-sparrow's eggshell! that is what you are: quak! I tell you quorax, quorax! quak, quak, quak!!!

Rautendelein. If my uncle is going to be cross,
I shall dance a little ringlet for myself!
I shall find plenty of good comrades,
For I am pretty, lovely, and young.
[*Exultantly.*] Hey, huzza! lovely and young.

Hobgoblin [*not yet visible*]. Hoi-ye-ho-ho!

Rautendelein. Come dance with me, little goblin!

[*The hobgoblin, a wood-spirit, with the horns, legs, and beard of a goat, springs into the meadow with droll antics.*]

Hobgoblin. If I cannot dance, I can jump so well that the nimblest wild ram cannot imitate me. If this does not please you [*lustfully*], I know another jump. Come into the thicket with me, little nixie; there is an old hollow willow there, which has never heard the crowing of a cock nor the rushing of water. I will cut a magical whistle for you there, to whose music they all dance.

Rautendelein [*slipping away from the goblin*]. I? — go with you?
[*Mockingly.*] Goat-legged, shaggy-legged!
Chase your little moss women!
I am neat and slender.
Go away; you smell goaty!
Go to your dear Dame Goblin,
Who has a baby every day,
And three on Sunday, which makes nine:
Nine tiny, dirty, jumping goblins!
Ha, ha, ha! [*She goes into the house, laughing insolently.*]

Nickelmann. Brekekekex, she is a wild lass. May lightning strike you!

Hobgoblin [*he has tried to catch the girl, but now stands still*]. Just the right kind to flirt with. [*He pulls out a short tobacco-pipe, and striking a match on his hoof, lights it.*]

Pause.

Nickelmann. How do things go with you at home?

Hobgoblin. So-so, la-la! Down here, with you, it smells warm and is cozy. Up there, with us, the wind whistles and sweeps.

Swollen clouds trail over the back of the mountain, and, like squeezed-out sponges, leave their water behind them. It is beastly!

Nickelmann. What other news is there, goblin?

Hobgoblin. Yesterday, I ate the first rampion salad. To-day, forenoon, I left the house for an hour, and climbed down the mountain, through the screech owls, into the forest of tall trees. There they were digging earth and breaking the rocks. Cursed plunder! Truly, there is nothing to which I have such an aversion as to the building of churches and chapels, and the cursed ringing of bells!

Nickelmann. And the mixing of cumin seeds in bread.

Hobgoblin. But what good does it do to cry oh and woe! We must just endure it. The new thing, with its pointed windows, towers, and capitals, and its cross on top, rises right above the edge of the precipice. — Were I not nimble, by this time that beastly bell would be hanging at a secure height, and tormenting us with its roaring. Instead, it lies drowned in the lake. — Zounds, cock! that was a fiendish joke. I stand in the high mountain grass, leaning against a pine stump, gaze at the little church, chew a little stalk of sorrel, and think of nothing but gazing and chewing. Truly! I see before me a little blood-red butterfly, clinging to a stone. I notice how it tips and sways timidly, and pretends to be sipping from a little blue hepatica. I call to it, and it flutters hither on my hand. I had recognized the little elf at once. I talk about one thing and another, about how the frogs are spawning in the ponds, and that kind of thing: I have forgotten just what. At last it weeps bitterly. — I comfort it as best I can, and it begins to talk again: when with "gee" and "haw" and cracking of whips they drag something up from the valley, — an inverted butter churn, or something like it; it is perfectly frightful to look at, and all the little men and women of the marsh are seized with terror. They intend to hang the thing — it seems incredible — high up in the tower of the chapel, where they will beat it daily with an iron hammer, and torment all the good little earth spirits quite to death.

I say hm; I say so-so. Upon which the little elf flutters to the ground. I, however, steal on a herd of goats, feast myself, and think: oho! I drank three swollen udders empty: no maid will milk another drop from them! Now I placed myself near the red brook, where man and steed would soon pass. Zounds! thought I; you must be patient; and I crept after them, behind hedge and rock. Eight snorting nags in hempen harness could hardly move the monster. With panting flanks and trembling knees they rested to tug again. I noticed that the boards of the wagon could scarcely bear the weight of the heavy bell. The road lay close to the edge of the precipice, so, after a goblin's fashion, I saved them the trouble. I grasped the wheel: a spoke snapped, the bell shook, slid back; one more gap, one more push, and it shot head foremost into the depths. Hi! how like an iron ball it sprang from rock to rock, at every leap awakening the echoes with its clanging. Far below, the dashing waves received it: may it remain with them, for there it rests well.

[*While the goblin has been talking, the twilight has deepened. Several times, toward the end of his narrative, a weak cry for help is heard coming from the wood. Now* HEINRICH *appears; he seems ill, and drags himself toward the hut with difficulty. At the same time the goblin disappears in the wood;* NICKELMANN, *in the well.*]

Heinrich [*a bell-founder, thirty years of age, with a pale, sorrowful face*]. Kind people, do you not hear? open the door. I have lost my way. Help me! I have fallen. Help, help, good people! Oh, I can — go — no — farther.

[*He sinks, fainting, on the grass not far from the door of the hut. Over the mountains are bands of purple clouds. The sun has set. A breath of cool night wind blows over the meadow. The old* Wittichen, *a hamper on her back, hobbles out of the wood. Her hair is snow-white and flowing. Her face is more like a man's than a woman's. A downy beard.*]

Wittichen. Rutandla, come and help me! I have gathered too heavy a load; come and help me drag it in. Rutandla, come! I have no more breath left. Where is the girl? [*Calling to a bat that flies past.*]

Ho, old bat, will you listen to me! your craw is full enough. Listen to me! fly into the scuttle window, and see whether the girl is there. Tell her to come at once; there is a storm coming on before night. [*Shaking her fist at the sky, where there are pale distant flashes of lightning.*]

Hello! don't drive too furiously! hold your goats in a little, and don't let your red beard sparkle quite so fiercely! Ho, Rutandla! [*Calling to a squirrel which springs across the path.*] Little squirrel, I will give you a beech acorn. You are lithe, and have nimble feet. Jump into the house, make a little bow, and tell her she must come. Go, call Rutandla for me! [*She stumbles against* HEINRICH.]

What is this? — who is lying here? — What now? Please tell me what you are doing here, fellow? Well, this beats everything! Are you really dead? — Rutandla! — that would be ill luck! They are ready, now, to set their bailiff and their parson at my throat; this was the one thing wanting! I am like a creature hunted by dogs. The one thing they needed was to find a corpse here, and I might well look out for my little house; they would take it for firewood. You, fellow! — He does not hear. [RAUTENDEL *comes out of the hut, and looks around questioningly.*] At last you have come! — Just look here! We have a visitor — and what kind of a one! silent and safe enough, anyhow. — Bring a bundle of hay, and make a bed for him.

Rautendelein. In the house?

Wittichen. What are you thinking of? What should we do with the fellow in that little room! [*She goes into the house. After having disappeared in the house for a moment,* RAUTENDELEIN *reappears with a bundle of hay. She is about to kneel down beside* HEINRICH *when he opens his eyes.*]

Heinrich. Tell me, kind maiden, where am I?

Rautendelein. Oh, in the mountains!

Heinrich. In the mountains, yes. But tell me how I came here.

Rautendelein. I do not know, dear stranger, and cannot tell you. But do not let the way it happened trouble you. Here are

hay and moss; put your head down on them and rest yourself! You must need rest.

Heinrich. You are right, I do indeed need rest; but I cannot rest. Alas! I cannot rest, my child! [*Restlessly.*] And I must know what happened to me.

Rautendelein. If I only knew, myself.

Heinrich. It seems to me . . . I think . . . but when I think, everything seems to be a dream. Surely, I am dreaming, even now.

Rautendelein. Here is some milk for you. You are so weak; you must drink it.

Heinrich [*eagerly*]. Yes, I will — drink. Give me — what you have there. [*He drinks from the vessel, which she holds out to him.*]

Rautendelein [*while he is drinking*]. You are not used to the mountain, I think; you spring from those beings who dwell in the valley, and you climbed too high, like a hunter who plunged to his death on our hill while on the track of a fleeing, wild, mountain creature. Yet it seems to me he was a man of a different kind from you.

Heinrich [*after he has finished drinking, has stared at* RAUTENDEL *fixedly, and with ecstatic amazement*]. Oh, speak! speak again! Your drink was a cordial; your speech more — [*again wandering, distressed*]. A man of a different kind, of a better kind. They also fall. Speak again, child!

Rautendelein. What good does my talking do? I would better go and draw fresh water from the well for you, for dust and blood disfigure . . .

Heinrich [*beseechingly*]. Stay, oh, stay! [RAUTENDELEIN, *whom he holds firmly by the wrist, stands irresolute.*] Look at me with your puzzling glance! The world is renewed in your eyes; the world, with its mountains, blue sky, and little wandering clouds . . . so sweetly bedded, — the world entices me back again. Stay, child, stay!

Rautendelein [*uneasily*]. It shall be as you wish, but . . .

Heinrich [*more feverishly, and beseechingly*]. Stay with me!

stay; do not go away! Do you not know . . . do you not guess what you are to me? Oh, do not waken me! I want to tell you, child, I fell . . . but no: you talk, for the only thing I want to hear is your voice, endowed by God with tones of heavenly purity. Talk! Why do you not talk? Why do you not sing? — As I said before, I fell. I know not how it happened! Did the path I was walking on give way? Did I fall willingly or against my will? I know not. Briefly: I fell, dust, stones, and turf with me, into the depths.

[*More feverishly.*] I grasped a cherry-tree, you know, — it was a wild cherry, that grew out of a cleft in the rocks. But its slight stem broke, and, with the blossoming little tree in my right hand, its rosy leaves scattering as we rushed through the air, I slid — into the abyss — and I died; I am dead now. Say that I am! say that no one will ever waken me!

Rautendelein [*uneasily*]. I think you are alive!

Heinrich. I know, I know. — I did not know it before! life is death; death, life.

[*Again wandering.*] I fell. I fell and lived. The bell fell: we two, I and it. Did I fall first, and it after me, or was it the other way round? Who knows? No one will ever fathom this mystery, or if any one does, it is all one to me: that was in life — and now I am dead.

[*Tenderly.*] Stay! My hand . . . it is . . . white as milk, and as heavy as lead; I can hardly raise it; but your soft hair rolls over it like Bethesda's waves . . . how sweet you are! Stay! my hand is harmless, and you are sacred. I have seen you before. Where did I see you? I wrestled, I served for you . . . how long? I longed to conjure your voice into the bell metal, to wed it with the gold of the sun; but I always failed to make this masterpiece, and I wept bitter tears!

Rautendelein. Wept? How? I cannot understand you: what are tears?

Heinrich [*making a great effort to raise himself*]. Lift me up a little, dear image! [*She puts her arm under him.*] Are you bending over me? – With your loving arms, oh, loose me from the

hard earth, to which the hour binds me as to a cross! Loose me! I know you can, and, my forehead . . . take this off with your soft hands: they have twisted branches of thorns around my forehead. No crown! only love! love!

[*He has been raised into a half-sitting posture. Exhausted.*] I thank you. — [*Tenderly and dreamily.*] It is beautiful here. There is such a strange, wonderful rustling. The dark arms of the firs move so mysteriously, and they sway their heads so solemnly. The spirit of the fairy tale, yes, the spirit of the fairy tale is wafted through the wood. It whispers; it speaks softly. There is a gentle rustling, the fluttering of a leaf; there is a singing through the wood grass, and see! in trailing misty garments, white and floating, it approaches, — it stretches out its arm; it points to me with its white finger, — it comes nearer, — touches me . . . my ear . . . my tongue . . . my eyes — now it is gone — and you are there. You are the spirit of the fairy tale! Spirit, kiss me! [*He faints.*]

Rautendelein [*to herself*]. You talk so strangely I cannot understand you! [*Making a sudden resolve, she is about to go away.*] Lie still and sleep!

Heinrich [*dreaming*]. Spirit, kiss me!

Rautendelein [*startled, stands still and stares at him. It has grown darker. Suddenly she calls anxiously*]. Granny!

Wittichen [*calls from the interior of the hut*]. Well, girl!

Rautendelein. Please come out here!

Wittichen. You come in here, and help me light the fire!

Rautendelein. Granny!

Wittichen. Do you hear me, come quickly. I want to feed and milk the goat.

Rautendelein. Granny! Please help him! He is dying, granny!

Wittichen [*she appears on the threshold of the hut, with a milk pot in her left hand, and calls to the cat*]. Here, puss, puss!

[*Referring cursorily to* HEINRICH.] The plant does not grow that would help him. All men must die; it is never otherwise. Even if he were spared now, he must die soon. Let him alone! he will

never be any better off. Come, pussy! come! here is a little milk for you. Where is puss?

Hello, hello, hello, little men of the wood!
I have a bowl and a jug here.
Hello, hello, hello, little women of the wood!
I have a fresh-baked loaf of bread here,
Something to lap and something to bite,
For which even princes and counts would fight.

[*About ten droll little men and women waddle hurriedly out of the wood, and fall over the bowl.*]

Ho, there! Quietly, quietly! Here is a little piece for you, a crumb for you, and a sip for each one. What are you quarrelling about, you contemptible little fellow? You must not do that. Well. — That is all for to-day. Little people, little people! Everything seems to be going topsy-turvy to-day. Now, be off.

[*The little men and women go back into the wood the way they came. The moon has risen; on the rocks above the hut is seen the goblin, who puts his hands together like a shell, and holding them before his mouth, imitates like an echo a call for help.*]

Hobgoblin. Help! Help!

Wittichen. What is the matter?

[*Calls from far back in the wood.*] Heinrich! Heinrich!

Hobgoblin [*as before*]. Help! Help!

Wittichen [*shaking her fist at the goblin*]. Stop your fooling with these poor mountain folk. You must be up to something; you must make a racket, frighten a dog, or lead a journeyman astray on the moor until he breaks his neck or his leg.

Hobgoblin. Granny, take care of yours! You are going to have fine guests!

What does the goose carry on his down?
The barber with his lather!
What does the goose carry on his head?
The schoolmaster with his cue,
The parson with the cross:
Three pretty fellows!

[*Calls nearer than before.*] Heinrich!

Hobgoblin [*as before*]. Help!

Wittichen. May lightning strike you! He is pulling a schoolmaster down around my neck, and a parson on top of him. [*Threatening the goblin with clenched fist.*] Just you wait! You shall remember this! I shall send you gnats and a great gadfly; and they shall sting you until, in your deadly anguish, you know not where to go!

Hobgoblin [*maliciously, as he disappears*]. They are coming.

Wittichen. Well, they may come for aught I care!

[*To* RAUTENDEL, *who still stands absorbed in* HEINRICH *and his sufferings.*] Go in the house! blow out the light! and we will go to sleep. Be quick!

Rautendelein [*gloomily and defiantly*]. I will not.

Wittichen. You will not?

Rautendelein. No, granny.

Wittichen. Why not?

Rautendelein. They will take him away.

Wittichen. Well, what if they do?

Rautendelein. They shall not do it.

Wittichen. Child, child! Come, let that heap of misery lie where it is, and let them do what they will with it: the dead with the dead. He must die; let him die now, and all will be well with him. See how life tortures him; how unceasingly it rends and bruises his heart!

Heinrich [*dreaming*]. The sun departs!

Wittichen. He has never seen the sun. Come! Come away from him! Follow me! I mean it for the best. [*She goes into the house.* RAUTENDELEIN *remains and listens. Calls of "Heinrich! Heinrich!" are again heard. The girl hastily breaks a blossoming branch from a tree, and with it draws a circle on the ground around* HEINRICH, *saying at the same time*:]

With this spray of early blossoms,
In the way grandmother taught me,
I draw a safe and magic circle,
In it, stranger, stay unharmed!
Stay thine own, and thine and mine!

Let no one step within it,
Be it boy, or be it maiden,
Youth, manhood, or old age.

[*She steps back into the darkness.*]

[*The* Parson, *then the* Barber, *and then the* Schoolmaster *emerge from the wood.*]

Parson. I see a light!

Schoolmaster. I do, too!

Parson. Where are we?

Barber. The Lord knows! There is the call again, "Help, help!"

Parson. It is the Master's voice.

Schoolmaster. I hear nothing.

Barber. It came from above us.

Schoolmaster. That might be if things fell toward heaven! It seems to me, however, they fall the other way: from the mountain into the valley, and not from the valley on to the mountain. The Master lies fifty fathoms lower down; not up here — as I hope for salvation!

Barber. Zounds, you simpleton! Did n't you hear the calls? If that was not Master Heinrich's voice, I will shave Rübezahl's beard as surely as I am skilled in my craft! There is the call again.

Schoolmaster. Where?

Parson. Tell me, first, where are we? My face is bleeding; I can scarcely drag my legs along; my feet hurt. I shall go no farther.

Call. Help!

Parson. The call again!

Barber. It was close by us! Not ten feet away!

Parson [*sitting down, exhausted*]. I am so tired that my legs ache. Indeed, dear friends, I can go no farther. For God's sake, leave me here! If you should beat me black and blue, you would not move me from this spot. I can go no farther. Beautiful church festival, must thou end thus! — Kind Heaven! who would have thought it! And the bell, our devout Master's great-

est masterpiece! . . . The ways of the Most High are inscrutable, and very wonderful.

Barber. Where are we? A little while ago, parson, you asked where we were. Now, in all kindness, I advise you to get away from here as fast as you can! I would rather spend a night, naked, in a wasp's nest than on this spot; it is — God help us! — it is the Silver-slope, and we are not a hundred steps from Mother Wittich's house. Cursed tempest-lurer! Come, let us get away from here!

Parson. I can go no farther.

Schoolmaster. Come, I beg you, come! Sorceries are not the worst thing here; I am not afraid of witchcraft, but you could not find a worse place than this: a veritable paradise for all sorts of rabble, thieves, and smugglers. It has such a bad name, from the robberies and bloody assassinations that have been committed here, that had Peter come here, when he wanted to learn to be afraid, he would certainly have learned.

Barber. You know the multiplication table, but there are other things beside the multiplication table. I hope, friend, you may never know what witchcraft is! Ugly as a toad in its hole, the witch hag sits over there and hatches evil; she it is who sends you illness, and if you have cattle, she sends the plague into your stable, and the cows give blood instead of milk; she gives the sheep the worm, the horses the staggers, and, if it pleases her, she makes wens and ulcers appear in your children's throats.

Schoolmaster. Gentlemen, you imagine these things! The night has bewildered you; you speak of witches. But listen: some one is moaning! I saw him with my eyes.

Parson. Whom?

Schoolmaster. Him for whom we are looking: our Master Heinrich.

Barber. The witch personates him!

Parson. It is a spectre conjured up by the witch!

Schoolmaster. It was not a spectre! And twice two is four, and never five, and there are no witches! The Master Bell-founder lies there as truly as I hope sometime to gain eternal blessedness.

Watch: in a moment the clouds will move away from the moon. Watch: gentlemen! — well? Am I right?

Parson. That is certainly the Master!

Barber. The Master Bell-founder!

[*All three, hastening toward* HEINRICH, *stumble against the magic ring, and start back.*]

Parson. Oh!

Barber. Oh!

Schoolmaster. Oh, oh!

Rautendelein [*is seen for an instant as she springs down from the branch of a tree. She disappears with scornful, demoniac laughter*]. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Pause.

Schoolmaster [*puzzled*]. What was that?

Barber. What was that?

Parson. Some one laughed.

Schoolmaster. Fire leaped up right in front of my eyes. I believe I have a hole in my head as big as a nut.

Parson. Did you hear that laugh?

Barber. I heard some one laugh, and something crash.

Parson. There was laughter. It came from that pine, which is swaying over there in the dim moonlight: there! the one from which the owl flew screeching just now.

Barber. Do you believe me now, about the old hag, that she can do more things than eat bread? Is this a canny place, or does your flesh creep, here, as mine does? Satan's hag!

Parson [*taking his crucifix in his hand, and holding it before him, he advances resolutely toward the hut*]. Even if it be as you say, or if the devil himself have his lair here, take courage, and let us face him! We will overcome him with God's word. Satan's tricks are seldom performed in such broad daylight as was this one, when bell and bell-founder were thrown down together: the servant of God and the bell dedicated to his service, which was intended to hang high above the edge of the abyss, from there to ring out through the air the gracious message of peace and eternal love. We are here as soldiers of God! I shall knock.

Barber. Do not!

Parson. I shall knock. [*He knocks.*]

Wittichen. Who is there?

Parson. A Christian.

Wittichen. Christian or heathen, what do you want?

Parson. Open the door.

Wittichen [*opens the door and appears with a lighted lantern in her hand*]. Well? What do you want?

Parson. In the name of God, whom thou knowest not, woman . . .

Wittichen. Oho! This begins very edifyingly.

Schoolmaster. Hold your tongue, you thunder-lurer! don't say another word. The measure is full, and your time is meted out. Your shameful life and actions have made you so odious in the diocese that — if you do not now do as you are told — the red cock[1] will crow on your roof before morning; your nest for stolen goods will blaze toward heaven in fire and smoke!

Barber [*crossing himself constantly*]. I fear nothing from your evil glance, accursed cat; keep on looking at me with your glowing eyes; wherever your glance may touch my body there is a cross. You, — what they just now called you, give him up to us!

Parson. In the name of God, whom thou knowest not, woman, — I repeat it, — cease your hellish jugglery at once, and help us! There lies a man, a master workman, a servant of God, endowed by him with skill to make that which shall rule in the kingdom of the air, to his honor, and to the curse and shame of all hellish rabble.

Wittichen [*while constantly warding them off, has walked toward* HEINRICH *with her lantern*]. Enough! Take the poor pygmy, lying there! What do I care? I have done nothing to him. As far as I am concerned he may live his life as long as his breath lasts, if he can, and that will not be any too long. You call him Master. That sort of mastership is not worth much. The iron bell which that fellow made may sound well to you. You have a kind of iron

[1] "I will set a red cock on your roof" is an incendiary threat in Germany. The symbol is of remote antiquity.

ears, which hear nothing; no good sounds ring in them. He, too, never hears them. I know well where the things all fail. There is something lacking in the best of them, and every one of them has a crack. Here, take the litter, and carry the youngster home! There greet him, "Master," — Master Milk-face! Stand up. You shall help the parson preach; you shall help the schoolmaster beat the children, and the barber beat up lather. [HEINRICH *is laid on the litter; the* Barber *and the* Teacher *lift him up.*]

Parson. You wicked, blasphemous woman, be silent, and turn from your hellish ways!

Wittichen. Spare yourself such talk! I know your preaching; I know, I know: the senses are sins; the earth is a coffin; the blue sky, the lid; the stars are little holes, the sun is a big hole, in the sky; the world would go to ruin were it not for the parsons; and our Lord is a bugbear. He should take a rod to you; you deserve it, you good-for-nothings; that is what you are, — that, and nothing more. [*She slams the door to.*]

Parson. You she-devil . . .

Barber. For heaven's sake, be quiet! Exasperate her no further, or we shall fare badly.

[*The* Parson, *the* Teacher, *and the* Barber *go off into the wood with* HEINRICH. *The moon comes out clear, and all is peaceful in the meadow. Three elves slip out of the wood one by one, and dance in a circle.*

First elf [*calling in a whisper*]. Sister!

Second elf. Sister!

First elf. White and pale, the moon rules over the mountains; her dim, cool light is over everything, — over hillside and cavern and valley.

Second elf. Whence comest thou?

First elf. From where the light is refracted in the cataract, and the bright, illumined water plunges roaring into the depths, out of the throat of the pit of foam I rose, and rushed forth through a dripping, rocky gate from the damp night below.

Third elf [*coming*]. Sisters, are you dancing here?

First elf. Hasten and join us.

Second elf. Whence comest thou?

Third elf. Listen and hear! but dance on undisturbed: surrounded by rocks, deep and clear as a black jewel, lies the lake that bore me; gold stars sparkle in it. In the bright moonlight I snatched up the silvery burthen of my clothes, and over rock and cleft, through the light mountain air, I transported myself hither.

Fourth elf [*coming*]. Sisters!

First elf. Sister, come join the dance!

All. Our whispering, dancing circle.

Fourth elf. To come hither, I secretly freed myself from Dame Holle's flowery moor.

First elf. Glide and wind in the dance.

All. Our whispering, dancing circle.

[*The lightning grows more vivid. Distant rumblings of thunder are heard. Suddenly* RAUTENDELEIN *stands at the door of the hut looking at them, her hands behind her head. The moon shines full upon her.*]

Rautendelein. Holla! little elf!

First elf. Hark! a scream.

Second elf. Ouch! My dress is being torn in two. Get away, you old root!

Rautendelein. Holla! little elf!

Third elf. Oh! my coat. It is gray, with a white hood, and it flies hither and thither and catches on everything.

Rautendelein [*joining the dance*]. Let me join your circle! your whispering, circling dance. Little silver elf, dear child! look at my clothes. My aunt wove bright little silver threads in them for me. Little brown elf! take care of the splendor of my brown limbs; and thou, little golden elf! be sure to take care of my gold hair; when I swing it up high — do thou do so too! — it is a silken, red smoke. When I let it hang over my face, it is a flood of gold and light.

All. Glide and wind in the dance, a whispering, dancing circle.

Rautendelein. A bell fell into a hole full of water. I pray thee, little elf, tell me where it lies?

All. Glide and wind in the dance, a whispering, dancing circle. Our feet touch not daisy or forget-me-not.

Hobgoblin [*comes in walking like a goat. The thunder grows louder. During the following there is a heavy peal of thunder and the sound of rain*]. Daisy and forget-me-not I stamp into the ground; if the bog spatters you and the grass crackles, hi! little elf, it is I do that. Buck, ram, ho! hurrah! — The bull snorts in his oat straw, and the young Swiss cow stretches out her neck and lows to him. On the stallion's brown skin a fly is bridegroom and a fly is bride; and the love-dance of the gnat is danced around the horse's tail. Holla! old hostler, does the maid come to you, just on time? Though the manure decays in the hot stall, it is soft to fall on. Holla! Hurrah! Huzza! The whispering is over, the low talking under the ice; life moves hotly and noisily. The tom-cat miaus, the cat mews. Hawk, nightingale, and sparrow, hare and stag, hen and cock, partridge, quail, whistling swan, stork and crane, lark and finch, beetle, moth, butterfly, frog and toad, lizard and louse, — each lives for the day, and loves his fill.

[*He clasps one of the elves in his arms and runs into the wood with her. The rest of the elves scatter.* RAUTENDELEIN *remains, standing alone in the centre of the meadow, lost in thought. The storm, with its thunder, rain, and wind, has passed over.*]

Nickelmann [*rises above the edge of the well*]. Brekekekex! Brekekekex! Ho, there! Why are you standing there?

Rautendelein. Oh, dear Nickelmann, I am so sad, — oh, I am so sad!

Nickelmann [*slyly*]. Brekekekex! in which eye?

Rautendelein [*delighted*]. In my left eye. Don't you believe me?

Nickelmann. Oh, yes, indeed! yes, indeed!

Rautendelein [*touching her left eye with her finger.*] Look, what is that?

Nickelmann. What do you mean?

Rautendelein. What I have in my eye.

Nickelmann. What have you in your eye? Show me!

Rautendelein. A little hot drop has fallen on me.

Nickelmann. Oho! from the sky? Come here, and let me see it!

Rautendelein [*holding the tear-drop out to him on her finger.*] A very small, bright, hot drop. There, look at it!

Nickelmann. Pshaw! it is pretty. If you wish, I shall take it away and set it prettily for you in a rosy little shell.

Rautendelein. Very well, I will lay it on the edge of the well for you. But what is it?

Nickelmann. A beautiful diamond! If you look into it, all the pain and all the happiness of the world sparkle in this stone. It is called a tear.

Rautendelein. A tear? I believe if this is a tear that I have wept it. After this I shall know what tears are. — Tell me something about them!

Nickelmann. Come to me, dear child!

Rautendelein. Oh, no, you can tell me just as well here! Why should I come to you? Your old well ledge is crumbling and wet, and full of wood-lice, spiders, and . . . I know not what! And you and everything, — you disgust me.

Nickelmann. Brekekekex! I am very sorry for that.

Rautendelein. Another little drop, just like the other.

Nickelmann. The rainy season! In the distance Master Thor lightens. Like the gentle winking of a child's eye, the lightning falls from his beard, and breaks through the vaporous masses of clouds with a violet blue light. The flight of ravens, which tumultuously accompanies him, is visible in a flash of lightning, hurrying away under gray clouds! Their wings are wet by the wild rush of the rain. Listen, child! how thirstily Mother Earth drinks it, and how tree and grass, fly and worm, rejoice in the lightning, which gleams again and again! Quorax! [*Lightning.*] Look in the valley! Master, well done! He is kindling an Easter eve bonfire for himself; the forge blazes. Twelve thousand miles of light. The church tower totters; the belfry is shattered; confusion thrusts itself forward. . . .

Rautendelein. Oh, just listen to him! Please be still! Why not tell me something I want to know?

Nickelmann. Brekekekex! The little sparrow, the little nothing! what is the matter with it? When one strokes it, it pecks one. Is that good manners? One does what one can, and in the end earns a box on the cheek. Am I not right? What do you want to know? — Now she is pouting again.

Rautendelein. Nothing. Let me alone!

Nickelmann. There is nothing that you want to know?

Rautendelein. No.

Nickelmann [*begging*]. Say but one word to me!

Rautendelein. I should like to go away from you all!

[*She stares into the distance, her eyes full of tears.*]

Nickelmann [*sorrowfully, urgently*]. What have I done to you? Where do you want to go? Does your erratic mind long for the land of men? I warn you. Man is a thing that by chance became entangled with us: of this world, and not of it. Half — where? who knows? — half, here. Half our brother, and born of us; half enemy and stranger to us, and lost. Woe to him who, belonging to the free mountain world, associates with the accursed people, which, feebly rooted, is yet so foolishly deceived that it destroys its own root in the ground, and thus, diseased at its heart, ripens and germinates like a potato sprouting in the cellar. With longing arms it reaches toward the light; the sun, its mother, it does not know. A spring breeze, which easily breaks off a rotten branch, caresses the green blade of grass, and offers refreshing coolness. Curiosity, desist! do not push into their circle! You will put a mill-stone around your neck. They will wrap you in gray, misty night. You will learn to weep where, here, you have laughed. You will be chained to an old book, and will bear the curse of the sun-mother as they do.

Rautendelein. Granny says you are a wise man. Look at the little brook which flows from your spring; there is no other stream so thin and small, yet it will and must go into the land of men.

Nickelmann. Quorax, brekekekex, but you must not go! Listen to what a man a thousand years old says to you: let the little servants go their ways, wash soiled clothes for men, turn

their mills, water the cabbages and plants in their gardens, swallow I know not what, — brrr, — it makes me shudder. [*Vehemently and eagerly.*] But you, the Princess Rautendelein, should be a king's consort! I have a crown of green crystal which I will put on your head in a room shimmering with gold, whose floor and ceiling are of clear blue stone. The table and chest are of red coral. . . .

Rautendelein. If your crown is of pure sapphire, let your daughter deck herself with it. I like my golden hair much better; it is my crown, and it does not press heavily on my head. And what if your chest and table are of coral, how could I live with lizards and fish? with quorax and qurax, and in grass and reeds, sea-weeds and smells, in wells and bogs? [*She starts to go.*]

Nickelmann. Where are you going?

Rautendelein [*lightly, indifferently*]. What is that to you?

Nickelmann [*sadly*]. Much, brekekekex.

Rautendelein. Whither I please.

Nickelmann. Whither you please?

Rautendelein. Hither and thither.

Nickelmann. Hither and thither?

Rautendelein [*throwing up her arms*]. And — into the land of men! [*She hurries away and disappears in the wood.*]

Nickelmann [*in the greatest terror*]. Quorax! [*Crying.*] Quorax! [*Softer.*] Quorax! [*Shaking his head.*] Brekekekex!

ACT II.

An old-fashioned German living-room in HEINRICH'S *home. Half of the wall at the back forms a deep niche, in which are the open hearth and chimney; a copper kettle hangs over the dead embers. In the projecting half of the wall is a window with diamond panes, under which is a bed. In each of the side walls is a door, the one to the left leading into the workshop, the one to the right into the entrance hall of the house. In the right foreground a table with chairs around it; on the table a pitcher of milk, cups, and a loaf of bread. Not far from the table a washbasin. Carvings by Adam*

Kraft, Peter Vischer, and others adorn the room, prominent among them an image of the crucified Christ made of painted wood.

HEINRICH'S *two sons, five and nine years of age, in Sunday attire, are sitting at the table with their cups of milk in front of them. Dame* MAGDA, *also in festal attire, enters the room from the right; she has a bunch of primroses*[1] *in her hand.*

It is early morning, and grows lighter during the following.

Magda. See what I have! children! I found a whole patch of them right back of the garden. Now we can decorate ourselves as festally as we should on this your father's day of honor.

First boy. Give me . . .

Second boy. And me a little bunch.

Magda. Each of you shall have five little flowers; one of them unlocks the gate of heaven, you know. Now drink your milk, eat your piece of bread, and let us be off. The road to the little church is long, long and steep.

Neighbor [*at the window*]. Are you awake so early, neighbor?

Magda. Yes, indeed! I did not close my eyes all night; but as it was not sorrow that kept me awake, I am as much refreshed as if I had slept like a dormouse. The day is going to be clear, I think.

Neighbor. No doubt, no doubt.

Magda. You are coming with us, I hope? I advise you to. We shall make it an easy pilgrimage, keeping pace with these little legs. We shall not be likely to walk too briskly for you; although I tell you, honestly, neighbor, I would rather fly than go on foot, I am so urged on by joy and impatience.

Neighbor. Did not your husband come home last night?

Magda. What are you thinking of? I shall be happy if he succeeds in having the bell firmly hung in the belfry by the time the people assemble to-day. The time was short: therefore he had to be as quick as possible, and not spare himself. If my Master Heinrich has had one hour of sleep, if he has been able to rest on the wood-grass and close his eyes for a little while, I have

[1] *Himmelschlüssel*, — literally, keys to heaven.

cause to thank the good God. It does not matter; the labor has been great, but the reward is greater. You would not believe how strong and pure and wonderfully clear the new bell sounds! Listen closely when it raises its voice to-day for the first time! It is like a prayer and a sermon, like an angel's song, bearing consolation and happiness.

Neighbor. No doubt, no doubt. Still I am surprised at one thing: you know, Mistress Heinrich, that I can see the little church on the mountain from my door. It was said that a white flag would flutter from the tower as soon as the bell was securely hung. There is nothing to be seen of a white flag.

Magda. Look real sharply, and you will surely find it.

Neighbor. No, I am sure I shall not.

Magda. Well, even if you are right, it signifies very little. If you knew, as I know, how much labor there is in a work of this kind, how a man like the Master racks his brains, wrestles with it, and works at it day and night, you would not be surprised if the last nail had not been driven into the beams on the second when it was intended it should be. Perhaps you would see the flag waving now if you were to look.

Neighbor. I do not believe so. The whole village thinks that something is not quite right up at the church. Then, too, there have been signs threatening misfortune: the Hochstein farmer saw a naked woman riding through his grain on a boar. He picked up a stone and threw it at the spectre. Immediately his hand was paralyzed to the knuckles. They say the evil spirits in the mountains were angry because of the new bell. I wonder that you knew nothing of this. The bailiff has gone up there with a lot of people. They think . . .

Magda. They think what? The bailiff has gone up there? For God's sake!

Neighbor. There is nothing but rumor as yet. No positive information. No ground for anxiety. Don't be excited, I beg you! Don't! There has as yet been no report of any disaster. They say the bell-wagon is broken, and that something has happened to the bell. No one knows what.

Magda. Well, if there is nothing more — if the bell is gone, it is gone! — if only the Master is not hurt. I shall not take the little bouquet from my breast. Since we cannot be certain about anything now, I beg you to take the children . . . [*She quickly lifts both children out of the window.*] Will you?

Neighbor. Oh, certainly, certainly; I will take them home with me!

Magda. Yes, take them home with you, I beg you, and I shall hurry and go as fast as I can, to see for myself, to help, to do I know not what. I only know that I must [*she hurries out*] be where my Master is.

[*The neighbor goes away from the window. The murmur of voices is heard, and then* MAGDA'S *voice in a loud, piercing scream. The* Parson *comes in hastily, sighs, and wipes his eyes. He looks around in search of something, quickly uncovers the bed, and runs back to the door, where he meets the* Schoolmaster *and the* Barber *carrying the litter on which* HEINRICH *lies. Green boughs have been spread under the unfortunate man.* MAGDA *follows, an image of the deepest despair, rigid, almost out of her senses. A man and woman lead her, and the people press in after her.* HEINRICH *is laid on the bed.*]

Parson [*to* MAGDA]. Compose yourself, Mistress Heinrich, and put yourself in God's hands. We thought he was dead when we put him on our litter, yet he revived on our way here, and, as the physician who saw him assured us, you may still hope.

Magda [*groaning heavily*]. Hope, God in heaven! One single moment ago I was so happy. What is the matter with me? What is happening? Where are the children?

Parson. Put yourself in God's hands, Mistress Heinrich! Have patience! Patience and submissiveness! You know that where need is greatest God's help is often very near. If, however, he in his counsel has determined not to grant earthly recovery, you have still this consolation: your husband will enter into eternal joy.

Magda. Why do you talk to me of consolation, pastor? Do I need consolation? He will recover! He must recover!

Parson. Yes, so we hope. But if he does not, God's will will

still be fulfilled. Be it in one way or another, the Master will triumph. In the service of the Most High he cast his bell. In the service of the Most High he went up into the mountain, where the powers of darkness dwell unconquered, and cleft and precipice defy God. In the service of the Most High, also, he fell in combat against the malignant spirits of hell, which, fearing the glad message of his bell, united in a hellish brotherhood and played this trick on him. God will punish them for it.

Barber. Somewhere hereabout there is a wonder-working woman, who heals by prayer, as the disciples of our Saviour did of old.

Parson. Go look for her, and when you find her, bring her here.

Magda. What happened to him? What are you staring at? Out with you! This is unholy curiosity. Go! don't touch him with your glances! They will kill him, or, at least, sully him. — Cover him. There, now go. Go to the jugglers if you want to stare. What happened to him? Are you dumb?

Schoolmaster. It is hard to tell how it happened. Perhaps he tried to hold the bell when it fell. — One thing is certain, if you could see the place from which they fell, you would kneel down and thank God; for I say it is a miracle that your husband is still living.

Heinrich [*weakly*]. Give me a little water!

Magda [*starting up as quick as a flash*]. Be off with you!

Parson. Go, good people, quiet is necessary here! [*The people go out.*] If you need me, dear madam, you know where you will find me.

Barber. And me, too.

Schoolmaster. I think I shall stay.

Magda. No, no one! no one!

Heinrich. Give me a little water! [*After some advice, given in a low tone, the* Parson, Schoolmaster, *and* Barber *withdraw, shrugging their shoulders and shaking their heads.*]

Magda [*hastening to Heinrich with water*]. Are you awake, Heinrich?

Heinrich. I am thirsty. Give me some water. Don't you hear?

Magda [*involuntarily*]. Patience! patience!

Heinrich. I shall learn to practise patience, — soon enough, Magda. You will need to be patient only a little while longer. [*He drinks.*] Thank you, Magda!

Magda. Oh, Heinrich, don't talk that way! It makes me very anxious when you talk so.

Heinrich [*feverishly, vehemently*]. You must not be anxious, for you must live, and live without me!

Magda. I cannot . . . will not live without you!

Heinrich. Your grief is childish, and you must not torture me with it. It is unworthy of you, for you are a mother; you must compose yourself, and fully comprehend that word.

Magda. Please do not be hard and angry with me now!

Heinrich. You call it being hard and angry when I tell you the truth. In the children's little bed lies that which is yours; your happiness, your life, your need, your all, rests under those white sheets. Were it not thus, it would be wicked.

Magda [*throwing herself on him*]. God help me! but I love you much more than our children, than myself, than anything.

Heinrich. Woe unto you, then, doomed to be early widowed! And thrice woe unto me, damned to take the bread and milk from your mouth and to devour it; though I feel it will be poison on my tongue, good as it is. Farewell! One way or another, I commend you to him whom we cannot escape. The deep shadows of death have been to many a welcome light: may they be so to me, also!

[*Tenderly.*] Give me your hand. I have wronged you often in word and deed; I have grieved your love too many times: forgive me now, Magda! I never meant to, yet I did it again and again. Something, I know not what, forced me to hurt you, and to hurt myself at the same time. Forgive me, Magda!

Magda. Forgive you? what? If you love me, Heinrich, do not talk this way, or my tears will come. I would rather you should scold me. You know what you are to me.

Heinrich [*vexed*]. I do not know.

Magda. You took me, lifted me up, made me a human being. Ignorant, poor, I lived anxiously and as if under a rainy sky, all overcast and gray; you beckoned me, led me, brought me into joy; and I never felt your love more than when, with rude touch, you turned my face away from the darkness toward the light. Is it this I am to forgive you? This for which I owe you my whole life!

Heinrich. How strangely the web of souls becomes entangled!

Magda [*softly stroking his hair*]. If I have brought you any pleasure, have made an hour in house or workshop pass more quickly, and, perhaps, have not displeased your eyes, . . . I beg you to think, Heinrich, that I would gladly, with all my heart, give you I know not what, — everything; and that I had nothing but this to give you in return.

Heinrich [*uneasily*]. I am dying; it is well. God wills it for the best, for if I lived, Magda, . . . bend down to me: it is better for both of us that I should die. You think, because you have bloomed, and bloomed for me, that I called forth your blossoms. You are wrong. The eternal worker of miracles called them forth; he who, to-morrow, in the spring woods, with its hundred million blossoms, whipt by his cold winter storms — It is better for both of us that I should die. You see, I was old and worn, — a bad mould. I am not sorry that the bell-founder, who made me no better, now rejects me; and when, with mighty force, he pushed me into the abyss, after my own bad work, I was glad. Yes, my work was bad; the bell that fell was not for the heights, Magda, — not made to awaken the echoes of the peaks.

Magda. Your words are wholly incomprehensible to me. A work so highly praised, so faultless, without the smallest blister in the metal, its tone so pure — ! When it solemnly raised its voice, as it hung out there between the trees, they all said, as with one voice: "The Master's bell sings like a chorus of angels." . . .

Heinrich [*feverishly*]. It would ring in the valley, but not in the mountains!

Magda. That is not true. You should have heard, as I did, when the pastor said, most earnestly, to the sexton, "How splendidly it will ring in the mountains!" . . .

Heinrich. It would ring in the valley, but not in the mountains: I alone know that. The pastor does not know it — I shall die, child, and I want to die! For if I recover, am poorly mended up — so to speak — by Master Barber, made ripe for a hospital, or I know not what, the hot drink of life — which at times was bitter, often sweet, but always strong, when I drank it — would be made for me an insipid broth, thin, stale, sourish, and cold. Let him drink it to whom it tastes good. The brew disgusts me from afar. Keep still. Listen to me further. If you should bring me a physician who, you believed, could make me able to enjoy life as I used to, and could steel me again to the old work, — still, Magda, the end has come for me.

Magda. For Christ's sake, tell me, man, how this change came over you? A man like you, favored, loaded with gifts from heaven, much praised, beloved by all, a master of his art. Full a hundred bells, fashioned by you in restless, joyous activity, sing your fame from a hundred towers, and pour, as if from cups, the deep beauty of your soul over town and field. You mingle in the deep purple of the evening, and in the gold of the Lord God's early morning. You rich man, who can give so much, you voice of God! — you, who have drunk the happiness of the giver again and again, and nothing else, when beggars' pangs were our daily bread! — you look with ingratitude on your daily work? Then, Heinrich, how can you urge me into the life that fills you with loathing? What is it to me? What can it be to me, if even you reject it like a bad penny?

Heinrich. Do not misunderstand me. . . . You yourself have just now sounded deeper and clearer than any of my bells, many as I have made. I thank you. But you shall — you must — understand me, Magda! Once again: my last work failed. With "gee" and "haw" and stout curses, they dragged the bell up the mountain, while I, with beating heart, climbed after them. Well, it fell. It fell fully a hundred fathoms, and rested in the mountain lake. There in the mountain lake rests the last fruit of my strength and skill. My whole life, as I have lived it, brought forth and could bring forth no better: so I threw it after my bad work. Now it

rests in the mountain lake, though I myself spend a poor remnant of gloomy existence here. I do not grieve and grieve for what is lost; I am sure of one thing: neither the bell nor life will return to me. And if I should fix my desire on hearing buried tones again — woe to me! existence, so grasped and so led, would be a sack full of sorrow and regret, madness, darkness, error, gall, and vinegar.

But I shall not grasp it! The service of the valleys no longer allures me, their peace no longer cools my hot blood. Since I have been up in the mountains, everything in me demands them: demands that I should walk in the clear spaces above the seas of mist, and perform deeds with the strength given by the heights! Because, ill as I am, I cannot do this; because, even should I climb up there, with pain, I should only fall again, — I prefer to die. I must grow young again, if I am to live. From a fabulous, mythical mountain blossom . . . from a second blossom send forth new fruit. I must feel strength in my heart, marrow in my hands, iron in my sinews, the mad joy of conquest in a new and unprecedented cast and work.

Magda. Oh, Heinrich, Heinrich! If I only knew where to find what you languish for, — the well whose water gives youth, — how gladly would I run my feet off to get there! Yes, even though I should find death in the well, — if it would bring youth to your lips.

Heinrich [*harassed, delirious*]. Beloved, dearest! No, I do not want it. Keep the drink. There is blood in the spring, nothing but blood. I do not want it, let me alone; go — and — let me — die. [*He faints.*]

Parson [*returning*]. How is he, Mistress Heinrich?

Magda. Oh, dreadfully ill. He is so sick at heart. Some incomprehensible sadness seems completely to exhaust him. I know not what I may fear or hope. [*She hastily puts on a kerchief.*] You spoke of a woman who works miracles.

Parson. Quite right, Mistress Heinrich. I came here for that. She lives . . . hardly a mile from here, and her name is . . . what is her name? Beyond the edge of the town, in the

fir wood, I believe . . . yes, she lives in the fir wood, and her name is . . .

Magda. The Wittichen?

Parson. What are you thinking of? She is a bad woman, the devil's mistress; and she must die. The people are now aroused, and are arming themselves against this satan. They are going out with stones, clubs, and torches to make way with her. They blame her for all the mischief that has happened. No, the name of the woman I mean is Mistress Findeklee; she is devout and honest, the widow of a shepherd, who bequeathed to her an ancient recipe, which, I am assured by many of the people here, possesses a wonderful healing power. Would you like to go to her?

Magda. Yes, your reverence.

Parson. Immediately?

[RAUTENDELEIN *enters, dressed as a servant; she carries berries.*]

Magda. What do you want, child? Who are you?

Parson. It is Michel's Anna. She is, alas! dumb, so do not question her. She brings you berries. She is a good little thing.

Magda. Come here, my child! What did I want? See, that man is sick. If he wakens, be right at hand. Do you understand what I say? Mistress Findeklee, — you are sure that was her name? But the distance is too great, I cannot go away. I shall be gone but two minutes. My neighbor will do me this favor. I shall return at once, and as I said . . . oh, God! how wretched I am! [*She goes out.*]

Parson. Stand here a little while, — or, better still, sit down. Be good, and make yourself useful as long as you are needed here in any way. You will be doing a good deed, and God will reward you for it. You have changed greatly since I last saw you, my dear little girl. Keep yourself devout and good, for the good God has gifted you with great beauty. Indeed, child, when I look at you longer, it is you and it is not you. Suddenly — you look like a princess in a fairy tale; I would not have imagined it. Keep his forehead cool! Do you understand me? He is very hot. [*To* HEINRICH.] God grant you recovery! [*The* Parson *goes out.*]

Rautendelein [*until now shy and humble, changes at once and hastily busies herself.*]

Glimmering sparks in the ashes,
Blaze up with the breath of life.
Break forth, thou glowing wind;
I am a heathen, like thyself.
Purr, purr, sing!

[*The fire on the hearth blazes up.*]

Kettle, flash the light back and forth.
Copper lid, you are heavy.
Steam, pottage; bubble, water;
Boil and grow good!
Purr, purr, sing!

[*During the above, she has lifted the lid of the copper kettle and tasted its contents.*]

Mayweed, fresh and tender,
I strew you in the broth;
May it become sweet, and hot, and strong!
He who drinks it, drinks marrow into his bones.
Purr, purr, sing!

Now I shall grate some turnips; then I shall bring some water. The cask is empty. First let us open the window. It is beautiful, but to-morrow will be windy: a long cloud, like a gigantic fish, rests on the mountains; to-morrow it will burst, and mad spirits will come rushing down through fir wood and cleft into the valley of men. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! The cuckoo calls here, too, and the little swallows dart and sweep through the air, through which the daylight now pierces. [HEINRICH *has opened his eyes and now stares at* RAUTENDELEIN.]

Now I shall grate some turnips; then I shall bring some water. I am a servant now, so I have much to do; dear flame, keep at work for me!

Heinrich [*in unutterable amazement*]. Who . . . tell me, who are you?

Rautendelein [*quickly, gayly, and without embarrassment*]. I? Rautendelein.

Heinrich. Rautendelein? I never heard the name before. Yet I have seen you before, somewhere. Where was it?

Rautendelein. Way up there in the mountains.

Heinrich. Oh, yes! As I lay there in a fever. I dreamed of you then, — and now . . . now I am dreaming. We often dream strangely, do we not? — This is my house; the flame is burning over there on my own hearth; I am lying in my own bed, sick unto death; I put my hand on the window, outside the swallows are flying; in the garden the nightingales are playing; the fragrance of lilacs and jasmine penetrates the room, — all this I feel and see in its smallest detail; I see every single thread in the weave of the cover, over me . . . even the little knot in it, — and yet I am dreaming.

Rautendelein. You are dreaming? — Why?

Heinrich [*in ecstasy*]. Because I am dreaming.

Rautendelein. Are you so sure of it?

Heinrich. Yes. No. Yes. No. — What am I talking about? I am not awake! You asked me whether I was sure of that. Well, whether this be a dream or life: it is. I feel, I see, that you are, you live! Whether it be within me, or outside of me . . . you, dear spirit! Birth of my own soul, for aught I care, — not the less do I love you! only stay, stay!

Rautendelein. As long as you wish.

Heinrich. Nevertheless, I am dreaming.

Rautendelein. Watch me: I lift my little foot. Do you see the red heel? Do you? Very well: here is a hazel-nut; I take it between my thumb and forefinger, so. Now I put it under my heel. Crack! it is broken in two. Is that a dream?

Heinrich. The good God knows.

Rautendelein. Now watch me again! I come over to you, sit down on your bed, — now, I am there, — and feast contentedly on my nut kernel. . . . Do I crowd you?

Heinrich. No. But tell me something; where did you come from, and who sent you here? What do you want with me, a little heap of pain, a broken man, who measure, by moments, the end of my career — ?

Rautendelein. I like you. I do not know, and so cannot tell you whence I came nor whither I go. The Bush-granny picked me up from the mosses and lichens, and a hind suckled me. I am at home in the wood, on the moor, and the mountain. I like to twirl and whirl through the air in the wind, when it roars and shrieks and howls, snarls and miaus like a wild cat. Then I laugh, and I shout, until the air re-echoes, and goblin and nixie, moss and water-sprite, burst with laughing. I am wicked, and scratch and bite wantonly, if I am provoked; whoever provokes me would better take care! Things are not much better when I am let alone, for I am bad and good, according to my humor, — now one, now the other, as my cap sits. But I like you. I shall not scratch you. If you wish it, I shall stay here, but it would be better if you came up into the mountains with me. You shall soon see that I shall serve you well. I shall show you diamonds and carbuncles in the pits, where they have lain concealed since the creation of the world, — topaz and emerald, amethyst, — and I shall do whatever you bid me. Even though I should be unruly, defiant, idle, disobedient, malicious, or whatever you choose to call it, I shall always watch even the quiver of your eyelashes, and before you wish for anything, I shall have nodded yes to you. The Bush-granny thinks —

Heinrich. Dear child, please tell me who the Bush-granny is?

Rautendelein. The Bush-granny?

Heinrich. Yes!

Rautendelein. Don't you know her?

Heinrich. I am a man and blind.

Rautendelein. You shall soon see. I have been given the power to open the eyes I kiss, to all the wide extent of heaven.

Heinrich. Then kiss mine.

Rautendelein. Would you hold still?

Heinrich. Try it.

Rautendelein [*kisses his eyes*]. Eyes open!

Heinrich. Sweet child, sent to me in this last hour of life: a blossoming branch, broken for me out of some distant springtide, by the father-hand of God, — thou freeborn child! Oh, were I

what I was, when I set forth, early on the first day, how exultantly would I press thee to my breast! I had grown blind; now I am filled with light, and am given a foresight of your world. Yes, as I drink you into me, you mysterious figure, I feel more and more that I see.

Rautendelein. Look at me as much as you wish, then.

Heinrich. How beautiful your golden hair is! What magnificence! With you, the loveliest image of my dreams, Charon's ship will be a king's barque, taking its festive course eastward, sailing through purple toward the morning sun. Do you feel the west wind, as it comes upon us unexpectedly? How it strips the white foam from the tossing blue waves of the southern sea, — sprinkles us with diamond brightness? — Do you feel it? And we . . . couched on silk and gold, measure, in blissful confidence, the distance which separates us from — you know what — for you recognize the green island, the great slopes of birches, which wander down to bathe in the blue, shining waves. You hear the rejoicing of all the spring songsters which await us . . .

Rautendelein. Yes, I hear it!

Heinrich [*wandering*]. Now I am ready. When I waken some one will say to me: go with me. Then put out the light. It grows cool in here; the seer must die, as well as the blind man. Yet I have seen you — and . . .

Rautendelein [*performing certain ceremonies*].

Master, sleep!
To be mine when you awake.
While you sleep may the strength
Of eager longing work your healing!

[*She works at the hearth, saying at the same time:*]

Enchanted treasures desire the light,
For down in the earth they do not shine.
Fiery dogs clamor in vain;
They whine and retreat before resolute skill.
But we serve gladly and readily,
For he who freed us rules over us!

[*Making gestures over* HEINRICH.]

One, two, three: now you are renewed,
And being renewed, you are free.

Heinrich. What has happened to me? From what sleep do I waken? What morning sun forces its way through the open window and gilds my hand? Oh, morning air! Kind Heaven, if it were thy will, — if this strength which wakes and stirs in me, this new glowing impulse in my breast, were a sign and token of thy will, — from now on, I would, if I should arise, once again turn my steps toward life, once again wish, strive, hope, dare, — and create, create. [MAGDA *comes in.*]

Heinrich. Magda, are you there?

Magda. Is he awake?

Heinrich. Yes, Magda; are you there?

Magda [*with joyous presentiment*]. How are you?

Heinrich [*overcome*]. Well. — Oh, so well. I shall live. I feel that I shall live. Yes, I feel it.

Magda [*beside herself*]. He will live, he will live —! Oh, dearest Heinrich, Heinrich!

[RAUTENDEL, *her eyes shining, stands to one side.*]

ACT III.

Abandoned foundry in the mountains not far from the snow-ravines. To the right, out of the natural rock which forms one of the walls, water runs through an earthen pipe into a natural stone trough. To the left, or in the back wall, a forge, with chimney and bellows. In the left background a barn-like entrance, through whose open door can be seen a high mountain landscape: peaks, moors, deep fir forests, and in the near distance a steep precipice. In the roof of the hut an outlet for smoke. To the right a break in the rocks, forming a pointed arch. The hobgoblin, who has been visible outside carrying a pine root, and putting it on a pile with others, enters hesitatingly and looks around.

NICKELMANN *rises to below the breast from the water-trough.*

Nickelmann. Come in, brekekekex!

Hobgoblin. Is that you?

Nickelmann. Yes. To the devil with this fir smoke and soot!

Hobgoblin. Have they flown?

Nickelmann. Who?

Hobgoblin. Why, they.

Nickelmann. I suppose so, or they would certainly be here.

Hobgoblin. I met the horned individual.

Nickelmann. Yes!

Hobgoblin. With saw and axe.

Nickelmann. What did he say?

Hobgoblin. That you were quoraxing around here.

Nickelmann. Let the booby stop up his ears.

Hobgoblin. He said you quacked rather mournfully.

Nickelmann. I shall wring his neck!

Hobgoblin. That is right!

Nickelmann. His and some others —

Hobgoblin [*laughs*]. Descendant of a cursed race! He presses forward into our mountains, bustles about, and builds, digs out metal, makes a red-hot fire, smelts and brews. He hitches Rübekol and Waterman to his cart with easy indifference. The most beautiful elfin is his sweetheart, forsooth, and such as we must look on from a distance. She steals flowers and dark-brown quartz, gold, precious stones, yellow amber, and resin from me. She serves him day and night to the best of her ability. She kisses him, and spits at us. Nothing opposes him. The oldest trees fall. The ground trembles. The clefts resound day and night to the sound of his hammer. His red smithy fire throws its light into my farthest caverns. The devil knows what he may be making!

Nickelmann. Brekekekex, if you had only struck him that time! he would be lying rotting in that water-hole this long while, — the bellmaker with his nasty bell! If the bell is to be my little dice-box, his bones should be the dice.

Hobgoblin. Zounds, cock and moss! I think you are right.

Nickelmann. Instead of that, he is well and strong, and works here, until every stroke of his hammer penetrates to my marrow.

[*Weeping.*] He makes garlands, rings, and bracelets for her, and caresses her shoulders, breasts, and cheeks.

Hobgoblin. By my goat's face! you are out of your mind. Because he itches a little after the child, should an old fellow like you cry? Once for all, she does not like water-sprites; and as she does not like you, just be sensible: the sea is deep; the world is long and broad. Capture a nixie, have your fling, live like a pasha, with revel and riot; by and by you can see them go to bed together, and be quite indifferent.

Nickelmann. I shall kill him . . .

Hobgoblin. She is infatuated with him.

Nickelmann. — bite through his throat . . .

Hobgoblin. You will not get her! What can you do? Granny stands by him, and you know she does not care for your screams of anger. The little couple are in special favor. If you may still hope for anything, it must be patiently.

Nickelmann. Damned word!

Hobgoblin. Time goes his own pace — and man stays man. This passion will not last long.

Rautendelein [*not yet visible, singing*].

> A beetle sat on a little tree,
> Zum, zum!
> A little black and white coat had he,
> Zum, zum! [*She appears.*]

Oho, what visitor have we! a fine good evening to you! Has Nickelmann washed some gold for me? Has my dear goat-foot carried roots for me? See, I am quite loaded down with strange and wonderful things; for I bustle around very industriously indeed! Here is a mountain crystal, here a diamond, and I have here a little bag of gold dust; here is honeycomb — It is a hot day.

Nickelmann. Hot nights follow hot days.

Rautendelein. Perhaps. Cold water is your element; plunge into it and cool yourself off. [Hobgoblin *laughs madly.* NICKELMANN *dives down noiselessly, and disappears.*]

Rautendelein. He carries this too far, and at last one grows angry.

Hobgoblin [*still laughing*]. Zounds, horse!

Rautendelein. The ribbon at my knee has slipped and cuts me!

Hobgoblin. Shall I loosen it for you?

Rautendelein. You would be the one to do it! — Go away, goblin! do you hear me! You bring a bad smell in here, and so many flies; they are around you in a cloud.

Hobgoblin. I prefer them to the butterflies, with their dusty wings, that reel around you, now tumbling against your lips, now in your hair, and at night fastening themselves around your breasts and hips.

Rautendelein [*laughs*]. Oh, look here! Well, let it go.

Hobgoblin. I say! give me this wagon-wheel! Where did it come from?

Rautendelein. You know much better than I, you rascal!

Hobgoblin. If I had not broken the bell-wagon, the noble falcon would not have been caught in your net. So be grateful to me, and give me the thing! I shall soak some ropes in resin, twist them closely around it, set it on fire, and drive it down the steepest slope I can find. That would make sport!

Rautendelein. And fire in the villages.

Hobgoblin. Yes, red sacrificial fire; red wind!

Rautendelein. You won't get it. So go away, and hurry up about it, goblin!

Hobgoblin. What is the hurry? Must I really go? Tell me what the little Master is doing.

Rautendelein. He is producing a work.

Hobgoblin. That will be something rare! Eager activity all day, kissing all night: we know that kind of bell-casting! The mountain must go to the valley, the valley to the mountain, and presently a miracle is brought forth: a mongrel thing, half animal, half god, the glory of earth, the scoff of heaven. Come into the hazel thicket, little elf! I, too, can do what that fellow can; no great honor will come to you from him; you will not bear the Saviour.

Rautendelein. You beast, you rascal! I shall blow you blindness if you ever again slander the elect of heaven, who is striving to release you from outlawry, when the stroke of his hammer resounds through the night. For, though you do not know it, you and we and everything here are under the curse. Yet stay! You are powerless here, whoever you may be; in this circle the Master's spirit rules!

Hobgoblin. What do I care for that? Greet your husband for me; I shall certainly go down his shaft some of these days. [*Goes off laughing.*]

Rautendelein [*after a short pause*]. I don't know what is the matter with me? The air seems so heavy and sultry. I will go to the snow-field near by; the grotto is cool. The melted snow-water, green and cold as ice, ought to refresh me. — I stepped on a snake. It was sunning itself on a sulphur-green stone, way up there in those layers of rock, and it hissed at me. Oh, how heavy I feel! — Footsteps! — Listen! — Who is coming? —

Parson [*in mountain costume, hot, almost breathless from exertion, appears before the door*]. Here we are, Master Lather! follow me! just up here! — It was no easy task, but now I stand here safe. Besides, it was God's will that I should undertake it; and I shall be rewarded a hundred fold for my trouble, if, like a good shepherd, I succeed in bringing the lamb that has strayed too far back to the fold. But I must keep up my courage and go on! [*He enters.*] Is there any one here? [*Perceiving* RAUTENDEL.] Oh, I see! you are here! I thought so!

Rautendelein [*pale, malignant*]. What do you want here?

Parson. You may be sure you shall learn what. God be my witness, that it will be just as soon as I have gotten back a little of my breath — and the sweat has dried off a little. But first tell me, child, are you alone?

Rautendelein. You have no right to question me!

Parson. Oho! Not bad, not at all bad! In this way, you show me your true face at once. Well, so much the better; it saves me much! You . . . !

Rautendelein. Take care, little mortal!

Parson [*going toward her with folded hands*]. You can do nothing to me! My heart is steadfast and pure, and I fear nothing. He who lent courage to my old limbs to venture up here into your hole will stand by me, I feel sure. Don't attempt, in your insolence, to do anything to me, you little devil; don't waste any of your coquettish arts on me! You enticed him into your mountains . . .

Rautendelein. Whom?

Parson. Whom? Master Heinrich! Whom else? You enticed him with magic arts and sweet, hellish drinks, until he became as submissive to you as a little dog. A man, such as he, father of a family, a model man, devout to his inmost soul: thou, great God! a gadding hussy, lays hold of him, wraps him right up in her apron, and drags him away with her, whither she will, to the bitter outrage of all Christendom.

Rautendelein. Well, if I am a robber, I have robbed you of nothing.

Parson. You think you took nothing from me? You saucy thing! That you robbed not me, but only his wife and children? —— you took this man from all mankind.

Rautendelein [*changes suddenly, and becomes triumphant*]. Look! see who is coming! Do you not hear the regular sound of his free stride as he walks? Does your miserable reviling still refuse to change into exultation? Do you not yet feel the flash of Balder's eyes? Does it not penetrate your limbs and set them dancing? The blade of grass, which his foot crushes, rejoices. A king approaches. Beggar, why do you not shout? Hurrah! Welcome, Master! [*She runs to meet him, and throws herself into his arms.*]

Heinrich [*appears in a picturesque working costume, his hammer under his arm. He approaches hand in hand with* RAUTENDEL, *and recognizes the* Parson]. Welcome! Most welcome!

Parson. God be with you, my beloved Master! Is it possible! he stands before me in exuberant strength, slender and strong as a young beech, and not long ago he lay stretched on a sick bed, weak, pale, feeble, and almost without hope. Indeed, it seems to me as if the Most High, in his love, had, in an instant, taken pity

on you, and breathed his omnipotent breath into you, so that you might spring from your couch with sound limbs, and, like David, dance, strike the cymbals, sing praises, and shout unto your Lord and Saviour.

Heinrich. What you say is true.

Parson. You are a miracle.

Heinrich. This, too, is true. I feel the miracle working through all my senses. My dear, the pastor ought to taste our wine!

Parson. Thank you; no, not now, — not to-day.

Heinrich. Go, bring it! I will answer for its being good. But as you wish. Won't you sit down? It was predestined that the first glad meeting after I wrenched myself away from the disgrace of sickness should be at this evening hour. But I had not hoped that you would be the first whom I should greet in the questionable domain of my work. I am doubly glad of this, for it proves that you are called to your work, and have strength and love. I see you breaking through the murderous cords of appointment and office with a firm fist, and escaping from the service of men to seek God.

Parson. God be thanked! I feel you are the same. The people down in the valley, who cry that you are changed, lie.

Heinrich. I am both the same and changed. — Open the window, and let the light and God come in!

Parson. A good saying.

Heinrich. The best I know.

Parson. I know others that are better, but this is good, too.

Heinrich. If you are willing to put out your hand to meet mine, I swear, by cock, and swan, and horse's head! that I will take you as my friend with all my heart, and will open wide to you the gates to the spring-time in my soul.

Parson. Open confidently. You used to do so often, and you know me well enough.

Heinrich. I know you, yes. But if I did not know you; if baseness sat here in the mask of a friend, eager to use my heart's generous mood, — still, gold remains gold, and is not lost even in the refuse of a sycophant's soul.

Parson. Master, tell me: what is the meaning of your strange oath?

Heinrich. By cock and swan?

Parson. And horse's head, I think?

Heinrich. I do not know what brought it into my head. Perhaps the weather-cock on your church, it stands so high and sparkles in the sunlight; perhaps the horse's head on neighbor Close-fist's gable; or the swan, which flew so high that it was lost in the blue sky: one thing or another suggested it to me; after all, it does not matter what — Here comes the wine. In the word's deepest significance, I drink health: to myself and you and you!

Parson. I thank you, and can reply only that I wish health to him who has been healed.

Heinrich [*walking around*]. I am healed, renewed! I feel it in every part of me: in my breast, which heaves so joyously; and in my heart, which, with each vigorous, delightful respiration, seems to me as if penetrated by the strength of May; I feel it in my arm, which is iron; in my hand, which spreads out like a sparrow-hawk's talon, and closes again on empty air, full of impatience and desire for creative activity. Do you see the sacred object in my garden?

Parson. What do you mean?

Heinrich. That other miracle there. See!

Parson. I see nothing.

Heinrich. I mean that tree, which looks like an evening cloud, blossoming because the god Frey sank down in it. Deep, delightful, roaring sounds come down to you if you stand near its trunk; and numberless honey-gatherers, humming, revelling, work amidst the fragrant splendor of its blossoms. I feel that I am like that tree. The god Frey descended into my soul as he did into the branches of that tree, and it instantly flashed into blossom. Wherever thirsty bees may be, let them come —

Parson. Go on, go on! — I like to hear you. You may, indeed, boast of yourself and your blossoming tree. The ripening of your fruit rests with God.

Heinrich. True, good friend! what rests not with him? He threw me down twenty fathoms; he lifted me up, so that I now stand blossoming; from him come blossom and fruit and everything, everything. Pray to him to bless the summer! What is growing in me is worthy to thrive, worthy to ripen; I am sure of it! — I never before imagined a work like it; a chime of bells of the noblest metal, which, moving automatically, rings as it moves. If I place my hand this way, like a shell, over my ear, and listen, I hear it ring; if I close my eyes, shape after shape of pure form wells up within me, so clear are they that I can easily grasp them. What I now receive as a gift, I sought in indescribable torment, when you called me happy and a master. I was not a master, nor was I happy! Now I am both: happy and a master!

Parson. I am glad to hear any one call you "Master," but I am amazed to hear you do it yourself. For what church are you doing your work?

Heinrich. For none.

Parson. Well, who gave you the commission, then?

Heinrich. He who commanded that fir-tree, up there, to rear its head so splendidly, close to the precipice! I am in earnest: the little church you founded there is partly decayed, partly burned; so I intend to lay a new foundation, high up, — a new foundation for a new temple.

Parson. Oh, Master, Master! — but I will not judge you; for I believe we do not understand each other. What I mean, coldly stated, is, since your work is to be so very costly . . .

Heinrich. Yes, it will be costly.

Parson. A chime of bells such as . . .

Heinrich. Give it what name you please!

Parson. You gave it that name, it seems to me.

Heinrich. I gave that a name which must give itself a name, which will, and shall, and alone can give itself a name.

Parson. I beg you, tell me who pays for this work?

Heinrich. Who pays me for my work? Oh, pastor, pastor! Do you want happiness made happy? the reward rewarded? — Continue to call my work by the name I gave it: a chime of bells!

But no minster's belfry ever yet held one like it; with the strength of tone of a primal force like spring thunder as it rolls over the valleys, roaring furiously; so shall my chime, with a sound of thundering trumpets, silence the bells of all the churchés, and, swinging over in its exultation, announce the new birth of light into the world!

Primal Mother Sun! Thy children and mine, who sucked their milk from thy breasts, and this little brown sprout, enticed out of the earth by the ceaseless stream of warm, nourishing showers, shall all, henceforth, fling out their shouts of exultation to thy pure course through heaven. And at last thou hast kindled in me, too, the desire to make offering to thee; even as the once gray earth now unfurls before thee her green and tender foliage. I offer unto thee all that I am! — O day of light, when, from the marble halls of my temple of flowers, the wakening thunder calls for the first time, — when from out the cloud, hanging oppressively over us all winter long, there rustles down a shower of jewels, grasped by a million numb hands! Filled at once with the glowing strength of the magic stones, the people carry their riches home to their huts; there they take up the silken banners which have awaited them, — oh, how long! — and, pilgrims of the sun, they start on their pilgrimage to the feast.

Oh, pastor, this feast! — You know the parable of the prodigal son; — this feast is that which Mother Sun gives to her children who have gone astray. With silken flags, whispering and swelling out over them in the breeze, the troops march to my temple. And now my miraculous chime of bells rings in such sweet, passionately sweet, seductive tones that every heart sobs with the pang of the joy: it sings a song, lost and forgotten, a song of home, a children's love-song, drawn from the depths of the fairy well, known to everyone, yet never heard before. And as it lifts its calm, fear-consuming voice, now with the grief of nightingales, now with the laughter of doves, — the ice breaks in every human breast, and hatred, and rancor, and rage, and grief, and pain, melt away in hot, hot, hot tears.

Then, still in tears, we shall go exulting to the cross, where the

dead Saviour, released at last by the strength of the sun, moves his limbs, and radiant, laughing, full of eternal youth, a youth, he descends into the May.

[*During the preceding* HEINRICH'S *enthusiasm has been steadily increasing, and the last lines have been spoken ecstatically. He now walks excitedly up and down.* RAUTENDELEIN, *trembling with exhilaration and love, slips over to him and kisses his hands.* The Parson *has followed him with constantly growing signs of horror, but at the conclusion restrains himself. After a pause, he begins with enforced calmness, which, however, he soon loses.*]

Parson. Now I have heard you, dear Master; and everything of which the honorable men of our community informed me, with hearts full of apprehension, has been confirmed to a dot, even the report of this chime of bells. It grieves me, grieves me more than I can tell you. High-sounding words quite beside the mark. I have come hither, not because I thirsted after your marvels; no, I came in order to help you in your need.

Heinrich. In my need? So I am in need, am I?

Parson. Wake up, man! Wake up! you are dreaming . . . a most frightful dream, from which men waken only to everlasting torment. If you are not awakened by the word of God, you are lost — forever, Master Heinrich!

Heinrich. I do not think so.

Parson. What saith the Scripture? "Whom he will destroy, God strikes with blindness."

Heinrich. You cannot hinder God, if this be his plan. If I should call myself blind now, when, filled with pure hymnic spirit, couched on a morning cloud, I drink in heaven's wide area with renewed eyes, I should deserve that God in his anger should strike me with everlasting darkness.

Parson. Well, Master Heinrich, the flight you have just taken is too high for me. I am a plain man, and earth-born, and know nothing of transcendent things. I know one thing, however, which you no longer know: what is right and wrong, good and evil.

Heinrich. Adam knew this not in Paradise.

Parson. That is just talk, and has no significance. You can-

not cover godlessness with it. It grieves me, — I would gladly have saved you this. You have a wife and children . . .

Heinrich. What more have you to say?

Parson. You shun the church, you withdraw into the mountains, and for months do not return to your home, where your wife longs for you, and your children drink only their mother's tears.

Heinrich [*after a long silence, agitatedly*]. If I could dry these tears, pastor, how gladly I would do it! But I cannot. When I have indulged in hours of grief, I have felt all her sorrow, but it is not given to me to soften it. I, who am all love, made new in love, may not fill her empty cup from the overflow of my riches, for my wine — would be vinegar, bitter gall, and poison, to her. Shall he who has the talons of a falcon, instead of fingers, caress a sick child's damp cheeks? May God help us!

Parson. I can call this nothing but madness, wicked madness. Yes, I have said it. I stand here, Master, completely shaken by your terrible hardness of heart. The arch-fiend, in the distorted image of God, has succeeded in his artifice more perfectly — I must say — than he generally succeeds. This work of which you talked so foolishly, great God! . . . do you not feel it to be the worst abomination that was ever conceived by a heathen head? I would pray that all the evil plagues with which God visited the Egyptians should be brought down on Christendom, rather than that that temple of your Beelzebub, or Baal, or Moloch should ever be completed. Turn back, regain your senses, remain a Christian! It is not too late yet. Turn out the hussy, the prostitute, the sorceress, turn her out! the sprite, the witch, the damned spirit! At one blow the whole apparition vanishes into nothing, and you are saved.

Heinrich. As I lay ill, feverish, crushed under the hand of death, she came, lifted me up, and restored me to health.

Parson. Far better dead than restored to health in that way!

Heinrich. As to that, you may think as you will. I, however, accepted the new life! I live, and shall be grateful to her for my life until death absolves me.

Parson. Well — that is all. You are wedged up to your neck in evil, and your hell, celestially decorated, holds you firmly. — I

shall say no more, but you know: the funeral pyre flourishes for witches just as it flourishes for heretics; to-day as of old. *Vox populi, vox dei!* Your secret and heathenish deeds are not hidden from us, and they arouse horror and engender hatred toward you. It may be that the insurrection can no longer be bridled, that the people, threatened by you through what they hold holiest, may com bine for defence, storm your workshop, and riot without mercy.

Heinrich [*after a silence, with composure*]. Hm! Now listen to me: you do not frighten me! If a fainting creature, whom I approach with a pitcher of cool wine, strike both pitcher and cup out of my hand, then, if he faint, it is because he wishes to, or perhaps it is fate, but I am not guilty; nor am I thirsty, for I have drunken! If, in addition to this, he who had deceived himself should, in his blind hatred, rage against me, the innocent cup-bearer, — perversely oppose the slime of his darkness to the light of my soul, and it should spatter me, — still I am I! and know what I desire and can do. And as I have shattered many a bell-mould, I shall once again lift high my hammer and with one master stroke crush into dust a bell, founded by the skill of the mob out of insolence, wickedness, anger, and all that is vile — probably just to roar out stupidity!

Parson. Go your way! farewell, I have finished. To purge the hemlock of your sins is possible to no man: may God have mercy on you! But let me say one thing more to you: there is a word called remorse, and one day — in the midst of your dream-travails — an arrow will pierce you, right close to your heart; you will not live and you will not die, and you will curse yourself and the world and God, your work, and everything! Then . . . then, think of me!

Heinrich. If I wanted to paint horrible phantoms, pastor, I could do it much better than you. What you talk of so foolishly will never happen. I am plentifully guarded against your arrows. They are as likely to scratch my skin as is the old bell to ring again; you know the one I mean, — that which, eager for the abyss, fell over the precipice, and now lies down there in the lake.

Parson. It will ring again for you, Master! Believe me!

ACT IV.

The interior of the foundry as in ACT III. *A gateway, leading into a cavern in the mountain, has been knocked in the rocky wall to the right. On the left side of the room is an open forge with bellows and chimney; a fire is burning there. Not far from the forge stands the anvil.* HEINRICH *is holding a piece of glowing iron firmly on the anvil with the tongs. With him are six little dwarfs, in the costume of miners. The* first dwarf *has hold of the tongs with* HEINRICH. *The* second dwarf *swings the great smithy hammer, and brings it down on the glowing iron. The* third dwarf *kindles the fire with the bellows. The* fourth dwarf *looks on at the work, immovably, and with the sharpest attention. The* fifth dwarf *stands aside, waiting; he has a club and seems ready to strike. The* sixth dwarf *sits on a small raised throne, a flashing crown on his head. Pieces of forgings and castings are lying around; they are all either architectural or figure pieces.*

Heinrich. Strike, strike, until your arm is lame! Your whining does not move me, you lazy-bones. If you do not persevere until the prescribed number are finished, I shall singe your beard at the forge fire. [Second dwarf *throws the hammer away.*]

Heinrich. I thought so! Just wait, my dear little fellow, wait! When I threaten, I do not threaten in jest. [*He holds the little fellow, kicking and screaming, over the forge. The dwarf at the bellows works more vigorously.*]

First Dwarf. I cannot hold this any longer, Master! My hand is numb.

Heinrich. I am coming. [*To the* second dwarf.] Has your energy returned, dwarf?

[Second dwarf *nods zealously and gayly, snatches up the hammer again, and hammers as hard as he can.*]

Heinrich. Zounds, cock and swan! You have to be kept under discipline. [*He again takes hold of the handle of the tongs.*] No farrier would ever get his iron rounded, if he showed courtesy to such little knaves as you. He might, indeed, think at the first

stroke that the second would never be made; not to mention having any feeling of confidence in the continued activity which a respectable cast demands. Strike! Hot iron will bend, cold will not. What are you doing there?

First dwarf [*trying, in his zeal, to mould the glowing iron with his hands*]. I am moulding it with my hands.

Heinrich. Foolhardy fellow that you are! Do you want to turn your hands into ashes? What should I do, if you served me no longer? you sprig of Wieland! Without your strength, how could I succeed in my work; in laying the foundations and arranging the supports of the building with high towers, which I wish may lift its pinnacles into the free and lonely air, into neighborhood with the sun?

First dwarf. The mould is a success, and the hand is unhurt; a little tired and lifeless, but that is all.

Heinrich. Go quickly to the water-trough! Nickelmann must cool your fingers with some green seaweed.

[*To the* second dwarf.] You may rest now, lazy-bones! may you relish a rest you have deserved. I shall take my comfort in the reward that comes to the master through the completed work. [*He takes the newly forged iron, sits down and examines it.*] Very good, indeed! Kindly powers have crowned this hour's work for us. I am content, and think I may be; since true form has been born of shapelessness, and out of chaos the jewel has been snatched that we need at this instant to add just at the top and bottom to the imperfect whole. What are you whispering? [*The* fourth dwarf *has climbed on a stool and is whispering in* HEINRICH's *ear.*] Leave me in peace, dwarf! or I shall bind your hands and feet together, stop your mouth with a gag . . . [*The* dwarf *flees.*]

What is there in this part that does not serve the whole? What displeases you? Speak when you are asked! I have never been so prospered as now; and hand and heart have never been in such accord. What do you find fault with? Am I not the Master? Do you, an apprentice, want to measure yourself with me, to find yourself greater. Come here, and tell me plainly what you think! [*The*

dwarf *comes back and whispers again.* HEINRICH *grows pale, sighs, rises, and puts the finished piece back on the anvil again in a rage.*] Satan may finish this work! I shall go and plant potatoes, cultivate turnips, eat, drink, sleep, and then die. [Fifth dwarf *strides toward the anvil.*]

Don't you dare; don't put your club near it! What do I care if you are blue in the face, if your hair stands on end, and your eyes leer destruction? For him, who subjects himself to you — who does not hold you down with a firm grip, you murderer! — there remains in the end but one thing to do: to bow his head and await the death-blow of your club. [*The* fifth dwarf *frantically beats to pieces the moulding on the anvil.* HEINRICH *gnashes his teeth.*]

Go ahead! What does it matter? This is a holiday evening. Throw off all burdens! Go, dwarfs, go! — — — If the morning brings me new powers — I hope that it will — then I shall call you. Go! Work that I do not ask for is of no use to me. You there at the bellows, will make no new iron red hot for me to-day — away with you! [*The* dwarfs, *excepting the one with the crown, disappear through the door in the rock.*] And you with the crown, who speak but once, why do you stand and wait? You, too, are to go. You will not speak your word to-day, nor to-morrow — Heaven knows whether you will ever speak it! "Completed!" . . . When will it be completed? I am tired, tired. . . .

Evening hour, I love thee not; thou dost force thyself in between day and night, and dost belong neither to one nor the other. Thou dost wrest the hammer from my hand, yet dost not give me slumber, which alone brings the sense of rest. The heart, though full of impatience, knows that it must wait, and wait in impotence, and so it waits in pain for the new day — —. The sun, veiling itself in purple, descends into the depths . . . leaving us here alone. Accustomed to the light, we shudder helplessly — and wholly impoverished, are obliged to yield ourselves up to the night: in the morning, kings; at night but beggars, rags our covering when we sleep.

[*He has stretched himself on a couch, and lies dreaming with open eyes. A white mist penetrates the room through the open door.*

After it has disappeared, NICKELMANN *is seen above the edge of the water-trough.*]

Nickelmann. Quorax! Brekekekex! Now the Master earthworm rests in the house of rushes — and hears and sees not! Humpbacked ghosts come creeping, gray and cloudy, up the mountain; now they threaten noiselessly with their fists, now they wring their hands pitifully. He perceives nothing! He does not hear the sighs of the dwarf-fir, nor the low, wicked, elfish whistlings which make the needles of the oldest pine tremble, while the pine in its fright beats itself with its branches, as a hen beats herself with her wings. Already he begins to shiver, already he feels the horror of winter in bone and marrow, yet he continues his day's work restlessly in his sleep. Cease! You wrestle in vain, for you wrestle with God! God bade you rise and wrestle with him, and now he has rejected you because you are weak! [HEINRICH *tosses and groans.*] In vain are your offerings; guilt remains guilt! You have not by persistence earned the blessing of God, which changes guilt into merit, punishment into reward. You are full of faults! Your garments are stiff with blood! The washwoman who could wash them will never come to you, call her as you may. Black dwarfs gather in clefts and valleys, ready for the wild chase. The barking of the pack of hounds will strike your ears soon enough, — they know their game! The fog giants build in the clear air dark castles of clouds, with threatening towers and enormous walls; slowly they move against your mountains, to stifle to death you, your work, and everything.

Heinrich. A dwarf is tormenting me! Help me, Rautendelein!

Nickelmann. She hears you, and comes — but will not help you! Were she like Freya, were you Balder himself, were your quiver full of the sun's arrows, of which none missed its aim when you shot them forth, you must still succumb! — Listen to me: in the bottom of the lake, under masses of débris and stone, there lies a bell. It longs to be on the heights, where the lights of heaven shine. The fish swim in and out . . . but my youngest little green-haired daughter cir-

cles around it fearfully, and in wide arcs; often she weeps in pain and grief, because the old bell stammers so strangely, as if its mouth were filled with blood. It tosses, it loosens and lifts itself from the ground . . . Oh! woe unto you if its voice resound again in your ears! Bim! Baum! God help you out of your dream! Bim! Baum! Heavily and fearfully, as if death were in the bell! Bim! Baum! God help you out of your dream! [NICKELMANN *dives into the spring.*]

Heinrich. Help! Help! A nightmare torments me! Help! [*He wakens.*] Where am I? . . . where am I? [*He rubs his eyes and stares around.*] Is any one here?

Rautendelein [*appearing in the doorway*]. I am! Did you call me?

Heinrich. Yes, come here! Come here to me! Put your hand on my forehead,— so. I must feel your hair, your heart . . . I must feel you. Come here! So . . . quite close to me! You bring with you the freshness of the woods and the fragrance of rosemary. Kiss me! Kiss me!

Rautendelein. What is the matter with you, dearheart?

Heinrich. Nothing . . . I know not what. I lay here freezing, — give me something to put over me,— fainting, without strength, my heart beating wearily, dark powers forced themselves in upon me; I became their victim, and they tormented me, they strangled me . . . But now it is all right again. Never mind, child,— now I stand firm once more! Let them come!

Rautendelein. Whom?

Heinrich. The fiends!

Rautendelein. What fiends?

Heinrich. All the nameless fiends! Again I stand as firm on my feet as ever, and do not fear the horror, though, like a cowardly hyena, it steal upon me in my sleep!

Rautendelein. You talk feverishly, Heinrich!

Heinrich. It is a little cool. But that does not matter. Put your arms around me; press me to you!

Rautendelein. Best beloved! Dearheart!

Heinrich. Tell me one thing, child: do you believe in me?

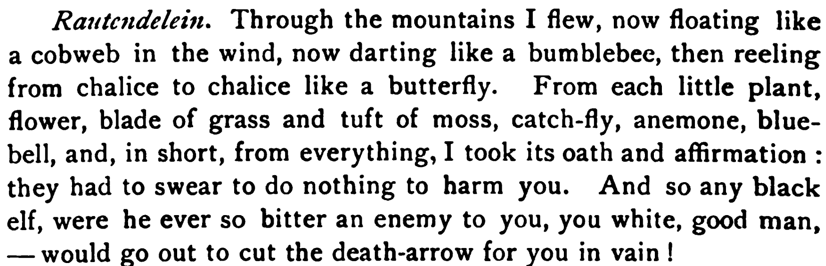
Rautendelein. Balder! Sun hero! Pale one! I kiss your white brow, which arches over the pure blue of your eyes . . .

Pause.

Heinrich. Yes.—Am I what you have called me? Am I like Balder? Make me believe it! Make me know it, child! Give to my soul the sublime intoxication that it needs for the work! For when the hand must labor arduously with tongs and hammer, must guide the chisel and split the marble; when one thing miscarries, and another does not succeed, and industry must bury itself in trifles,—exhilaration and confidence too often disappear; the breast contracts, the eye grows weary, and the soul's clear model vanishes. In the midst of all the hard work of the day-laborer, it is difficult not to lose this heavenly gift, sun-perfumed, which no cramp-iron holds. And if that goes, faith goes with it. Like one deceived, you stand still, and are tempted to shake off the pangs of achieving, which were hidden from you on the bright, blissful day of conception, with its joy of victory. Enough of this. —The smoke from my sacrifice still rises straight to heaven. If the hand from above wills to stifle it, it can do so. Then the priest's raiment may fall from my shoulders,—I do not throw it off,—and I, who have been placed above all men, must descend from Horeb submissively.

But now bring torches! Light! Show your arts, you enchantress! Give me of your wine! We will do as common men do, and seize a fleeting good luck with bold hearts. We will fill enforced leisure with life, rather than with helpless idleness,—the portion of the rabble; we shall fill it better and more reasonably than they, who squander day after day, could ever fill it. Let us have music!

Rautendelein. Through the mountains I flew, now floating like a cobweb in the wind, now darting like a bumblebee, then reeling from chalice to chalice like a butterfly. From each little plant, flower, blade of grass and tuft of moss, catch-fly, anemone, bluebell, and, in short, from everything, I took its oath and affirmation: they had to swear to do nothing to harm you. And so any black elf, were he ever so bitter an enemy to you, you white, good man, —would go out to cut the death-arrow for you in vain!



Heinrich. The death-arrow? What kind of a death-arrow? I know the ghost — I know it: it came to me, a ghost in priestly garments, that raised its hand threateningly, and fabled to me of an arrow which should hit me right close to my heart. — Who shot the arrow from the bow for him? Who?

Rautendelein. No one, dearest! No one! You bear a charmed life, — a charmed life, I tell you. Now, do but wink or nod, and soft sounds shall rise like smoke; they shall surround you like a resonant wall, which neither call of man nor sound of bell can pierce, nor malign arts of Loki. Give me the least signal with your hand, and a lofty, spacious, rocky hall shall arch above us; brownies in troops shall buzz around us, setting the table, decorating the walls and stone floors. . . . Because the rude actions of coarse spirits around us increase, let us escape into the interior of the earth, where no giant's frosty breath shall strike us. The hall shall glitter with a thousand candles. . . .

Heinrich. Forbear, child, forbear! What can a feast be to me, while, without festivity, dumb, and like a ruin, my work awaits the hour, when with loud rejoicing, itself shall announce the feast of feasts? I am going over to inspect the building, to which I am bound with strong, iron fetters! Get a torch, and go before me with it! Quickly! Because I feel they are so busy, those nameless fiends, and because something is gnawing at the foundation of the structure, the Master must work and not carouse. For, if achievement be the fruit of his labor, if the hidden wonder, made manifest in metal and stone, gold and ivory, be fully expressed, to the last tone, it will stand victorious to all eternity! The curse fastens itself to the imperfect, and if it fall powerless here, it becomes a mockery. It shall become a mockery! [*He is about to go, but remains standing at the door*]. What is the matter with you, child? Come, do not stand so still! I know, I grieved you.

Rautendelein. No! No!

Heinrich. What has happened to you?

Rautendelein. Nothing!

Heinrich. You poor thing! I know what grieves you! The child, in its ignorance, catches the bright butterflies, and laughs as

it kills what it loves tenderly. But I am something more than a bright butterfly.

Rautendelein. And I? am I nothing more than an ignorant child?

Heinrich. Yes, indeed, you are! And should I ever forget this, I should forget the meaning and brightness of my existence. Come! the shimmer of your eyes, dew in the light, betrays to me the pain I have caused you. It was my lips, not I, that hurt you. My inmost heart knows nothing but love! Come, do not sob so: you have furnished me with all that is necessary for a new game; through you my empty hands have been filled with gold, and I should dare now to play dice with the gods for the prize. At this moment I feel myself so fully and inexpressibly endowed with, and included in, your mysterious beauty, that as I wonderingly desire to comprehend the incomprehensible, I feel something as nearly allied to pain as it is to happiness. — Go ahead! and light the way.

Hobgoblin [*outside, screaming*]. Hoi-ye-ho! Up here! Up here! What the devil are you waiting for? The temple of Baal must become ashes! Come on, Parson! Come on, Master Lather! Here are the straw, the pitch, the fagot! Master Heinrich is kissing the elf child, lying on the bed of indolence, and thinking of nothing!

Heinrich. I think the fool has swallowed some of the berries of the deadly nightshade! What are you screaming about, out in the night and mist, rascal? Take care!

Goblin. Of you?

Heinrich. I should think so! I shall seize you by the beard, you goat-legged clown! I know how to deal with people of your sort! When I have shown you who is master, when I have tamed and shorn you, I shall make you into what you are not: a ram and fat, lazy lout shall be made into a workman for me. — You laugh your coarse laugh? Here is an anvil, and that hammer there is hard enough to knock you as limp as a rag!

Hobgoblin [*turning his back to him*]. Zounds, goat of the zodiac! Bring it along, and strike! Many a zealot's sharp sword

of faith has tickled me before it went to splinters. Your iron is clay on this anvil, and it will spatter in every direction for you like a cow's dung!

Heinrich. We shall see, you changeling, you damned goblin! Were you as old as the Western Forest, and your strength as great as your tongue, you should drag water for me, in chains, sweep the hut, and roll great stones, and if you were lazy, you should be flogged!

Rautendelein. Heinrich, he warns you!

Hobgoblin. Courage! Up and at him! It will be mad sport — I shall be there — when they tug you to the wood-pile, like a calf; I shall drag barrels of sulphur, oil, and pitch, that they may make ready for you a fire, whose smoke will darken the brightest day! [*Goes away. Many voices are heard below, yelling and screaming.*]

Rautendelein. Do you hear that, Heinrich? It is men — men's voices! horrible sounds — and they are turned against you! [*A stone flies in and hits* RAUTENDELEIN.] Granny, help!

Heinrich. Oh, is that what you are up to? I dreamed a pack of hounds was chasing me: I hear the hounds — but they will not chase me away! Indeed, this barking is most opportune for me! Even were an angel to hover over me, beckoning to me with lilies, and admonishing me to perseverance, with sweet entreaties, he could not convince me of the importance and pure worth of my work more than do the hostile howlings of these voices. Come on! I shall guard what is yours for you. I shall protect you against yourselves! This is the watchword.

Rautendelein [*alone, eagerly*]. Help, Bush-granny! Help him, Nickelmann! [NICKELMANN *rises.*] Oh, dear Nickelmann, I beg you to help him! Make water sweep down out of the rocks in cataract after cataract! Chase the pack of hounds home! Do it! Do it!

Nickelmann. Brekekekex! What shall *I* do?

Rautendelein. Lash them into the abyss with torrents of water!

Nickelmann. I cannot do that!

Rautendelein. Do it, Nickelmann! You can do it!

Nickelmann. Well, if I did, what great good would it do me? This man is an uncomfortable little master to me: he wants to be ruler over God and man! If the stupid rabble loses its head and kills him, I shall be content.

Rautendelein. Go, help! or it will be too late!

Nickelmann. What will you give me?

Rautendelein. What shall I give you?

Nickelmann. Yes!

Rautendelein. What do you want?

Nickelmann. You! Brekekekex! Strip from your little brown limbs the red shoes, the petticoat, the little bodice, be what you are, and climb in here to me. I shall carry you a thousand miles away from here.

Rautendelein. Indeed? Just see how cleverly he manages it! But you may as well drive false hopes out of your head, and know the truth, once for all. If you grew to be as old, yes, three times as old, as the Bush-granny, if you should shut me up in an oyster-shell all the time, — even then you would not tame me!

Nickelmann. Very well, then he will perish.

Rautendelein. You lie! I feel it: you lie! Hear his call! It is the old voice, which you know! Did you think I should not see how you shuddered? [NICKELMANN *goes.* HEINRICH *comes in again. He is excited after the struggle, and laughs wildly and triumphantly.*]

Heinrich. Like dogs they attacked me; — like dogs, I drove them away with firebrands! I bade granite blocks tumble down: those who were not killed, ran away. Give me a drink! Conflict refreshes the breast; victory steels it. The hot blood moves swiftly. All the pulses throb gayly. Combat does not tire: it gives the strength of ten men, renews the power to love and hate!

Rautendelein. Here is the drink, Heinrich!

Heinrich. Yes, child, give it to me! for I am thirsty again for wine, for light, for love, and for you! [*He drinks.*] I drink to you, fairy spirit, light as the wind, and in this drink I pledge myself anew to you. A creator, separated from you, must sink into the dust; he cannot conquer the heaviness of earth. — Do

not rend me: you are the pinion of my soul, child; do not rend me!

Rautendelein. If you do not rend me . . .

Heinrich. God forbid! — Music!

Rautendelein. Hither! Hither! my little people! Come hither, out of your ravines, clefts, retreats! and hold the feast of victory with us! Strike your little instruments! Flutes, violins, strike up! [*Music.*] I want to turn and bend in a dance. Without pausing in my dancing — I lay little green glow-worms lightly in my curly locks, and, crowned with this sparkling diadem, I ask no other ornament, not even Freya's necklace . . .

Heinrich. Hush! I think . . .

Rautendelein. What?

Heinrich. Did you hear that?

Rautendelein. What ought I to hear?

Heinrich. Nothing.

Rautendelein. What is the matter with you, dearheart?

Heinrich. I do not know. Mingled with the rush of your strains, is a tone . . . a sound. . . .

Rautendelein. What kind of a sound?

Heinrich. A moaning sound . . . a long buried tone. . . . Never mind. Never mind. It is nothing. Come here and offer the purple chalice of your lips to me, that I can drink, and drink, and never empty! Offer the intoxicating cup to me, for which I perish! [*They kiss. A long pause of oblivion. Afterward, with arms closely twined about each other, they step into the doorway, — they are gradually fascinated by the mighty mountain landscape.*] See: how deep and vast is the space before us, and it is so cool in the valleys, where men dwell. I am a man. Can you comprehend this, child? A stranger and at home down there, — as I am a stranger and at home up here. . . . Can you comprehend this?

Rautendelein [*in a low voice*]. Yes.

Heinrich. You looked so strange as you spoke, child.

Rautendelein. I shudder.

Heinrich. At what?

Rautendelein. At what? I know not.

Heinrich. It is nothing. Come, let us rest. [*While he is leading her to the rocky gateway, suddenly he stands still and turns around.*] If only the moon, hanging over there with face white as chalk, would not pour the still light of her staring eyes over everything, — would not spread her brightness over the low country from which I climbed! For I dare not look at what the veil of gray mist covers. . . . Listen! Nothing. Do you hear nothing, child?

Rautendelein. No! Nothing! And I do not understand what you are saying!

Heinrich. Do you still hear nothing?

Rautendelein. What ought I to hear? I hear the autumn wind blowing through the heather. I hear the buzzards calling "kajak." I hear you speaking strange words in a strange, far-away voice!

Heinrich. Down there, there, in the cruel moonlight . . . do you see? where it is reflected in the water —

Rautendelein. I see nothing, nothing!

Heinrich. With your falcon's eyes, — you see nothing? — are so blind? What is dragging itself along, down there, so slowly, so wearily?

Rautendelein. An illusion, nothing but an illusion!

Heinrich. It is not an illusion! Be still, as still as you can! That is not an illusion — as surely as I hope that God will pardon me! Now it is climbing over the stone, the broad stone, which lies across the path —

Rautendelein. Do not look down there! I shall close the door, and rescue you by force!

Heinrich. Let me alone, I tell you! I must see it! I will see it!

Rautendelein. See how the veil of white clouds revolves in an eddy in the rocky ravine; weak as you are, do not enter its circle!

Heinrich. I am not weak. It is nothing. Now it is gone.

Rautendelein. Good! Now be once more our lord and master These wretched apparitions dissipate your strength! Seize your hammer; wield it like a thunderbolt. . . .

Heinrich. Do you not see how it still keeps climbing higher?

Rautendelein. Where?

Heinrich. There, up the narrow, rocky path — in nothing but little shirts. . . .

Rautendelein. Who?

Heinrich. Little barefooted boys. They are dragging a little pitcher, and it is heavy; they have to lift it forward, now on one, now on the other, knee, little naked knees. . . .

Rautendelein. Oh, dear mother, help this poor soul!

Heinrich. A halo beams around their little heads. . . .

Rautendelein. A will-o'-the-wisp mocks you!

Heinrich. No! Fold your hands: now do you see . . . do you see . . . are they there? . . .

[*He kneels; two phantom children, carrying a pitcher, enter with difficulty. They are clad just in shirts.*]

First child [*with faint voice*]. Papa!

Heinrich. Yes, child.

First child. The dear mother bade us greet you.

Heinrich. Thank you, my dear boy. Is she well?

First child [*slowly and sadly, accenting each word*]. She is well. [*Scarcely audible bell tones are heard below*].

Heinrich. What are you carrying?

Second child. A little pitcher.

Heinrich. Is it for me?

Second child. Yes, dear father.

Heinrich. What have you in the little pitcher, dear child?

Second child. Something salty.

First child. Something bitter.

Second child. Mother's tears.

Heinrich. Lord God in heaven!

Rautendelein. What are you staring at?

Heinrich. At them — at them —

Rautendelein. At whom?

Heinrich. Have you no eyes? At them! Where is our mother? Speak.

First child. The mother?

Heinrich. Yes — where?

Second child. With the water-lilies.

[*Stronger bell tones are heard below.*]

Heinrich. The bell . . . the bell . . .

Rautendelein. What bell?

Heinrich. The old one, the buried one, is ringing . . . it is ringing! Who has done this? I will not . . . will not hear it. Help! Help me, I pray you!

Rautendelein. Come to yourself, Heinrich! Heinrich!

Heinrich. It is ringing . . . God help me! Who has done this? Listen: how it groans, how the sepulchral tone, the thundering tone, swells upward — ebbing a little, flowing again, doubly powerful — [*To* RAUTENDEL.] I hate you! I spit on you! Back! I shall strike you, you elfish slut! Away, accursed spirit! Curses on you and me, my work, and everything! — Here! here I am — here! I am coming . . . coming! God have mercy on me! [*He gathers up his strength, breaks down, pulls himself up again, and drags himself away.*]

Rautendelein. Come to yourself, Heinrich! Stay! — Gone . . . gone.

ACT V.

The mountain meadow with the Wittichen's *little house as in* ACT I. *It is after midnight. Three elves have seated themselves around the well.*

First elf. The fires blaze.

Second elf. Red, sacrificial wind blows from all the mountains into the valley.

Third elf. The black mist touches the tops of the fir-trees on the mountains, and fills the valleys with cloud.

First elf. And a white smoke lies in the valleys. The cattle stand in the soft sea of fog up to their necks, and bellow, calling piteously for their stables.

Second elf. Late as it is, a nightingale was singing in the beech-wood forest; and it sang and sobbed so, I was shaken with the pain of it, and threw myself down on the damp leaves and wept.

Third elf. Strange! I lay sleeping on a spider's web, stretched between meadow grasses, and spun of wonderfully delicate purple threads: it was like the couch of a queen when I climbed into it. I rested very well there. The meadow dew, sparkling in the glow of evening, darted bright flames up to me; I screened my eyes with their heavy lids, and fell blissfully asleep. When I wakened, the light had died away in the distance, and my couch was gray. In the east alone there rose a gloomy conflagration, which mounted until the moon lay down on the mountain's stony back, a lump of glowing metal. Strangely, the meadow seemed to move in the slanting rays of its bloody light; and I heard whisperings, sighs, and the faintest little voices mingling together, as they moaned and wept and lamented, — it was really dreadful! I called to a beetle carrying a lantern with a green light, but he flew past me. I lay there, knowing nothing, and was very much afraid, until the loveliest of all the elves, one with dragon-fly wings — ah! I heard the whirring of my little boy's wings in the distance — came flying to me. As we shared the couch and caressed each other, his tears flowed into our kisses; finally, sobbing, pressing me to him passionately, and weeping until my breast ran with tears, he said: "Balder . . . Balder is dead."

First elf [*rising*]. The fires blaze!

Second elf [*also rising*]. Balder's funeral pyre!

Third elf [*walking slowly toward the edge of the wood*]. Balder is dead — I feel cold. [*She disappears.*]

First elf. The curse falls upon the land, like the smoke from Balder's funeral fire! [*Mist comes down closely over the meadow. When it disperses, the elves have all vanished.* RAUTENDELEIN *appears, climbing feebly and languidly up the mountain. She sits down wearily, rises again, and goes toward the well. Her voice is weak and faint.*]

Rautendelein.

Whither? . . . whither? — I sat at my repast,
Where dwarfish spirits filled the hall with noise;
They brought to me a little cup,
Within, glowed blood instead of wine;
Yet I must drink the cup.

When I had drunk the wedding drink,
My breast contracted, grew so full of fear,
An iron hand had seized me;
A glowing fire consumes my heart.
I must cool my heart.

A crown was laid on the wedding table, —
A little silver fish among red corals;
I drew it near, I placed it on my head:
And now I am the waterman's fair bride.
I had to cool my heart. . . .

Three apples — white and gold and rosy red —
Fell into my lap, as my wedding gift.
I ate the white one, and grew pale;
I ate the golden, and grew rich;
And last the rosy red.

White, pale, and rosy red
Sat a little maid — and she was dead.
Waterman! now open the door:
To thee I bring the pale, dead bride.
Among silver fishes, lizards, and stones,
Down into the darkness, coolness . . .
Oh, thou burnt up heart! [*She climbs into the well. The* Hobgoblin *comes out of the wood, goes to the well, and calls down.*]

Hobgoblin. O-hoi-ye-ho! Frog king, come up here! O-hoi-ye-ho! you cursed water-splasher, don't you hear me? You green belly, are you asleep? I say! come! even if the most beautiful of the nymphs be lying with you in your bed of fucus, weeding your beard, — come! and let her lie there. You will not regret it, for what I know and can tell you is — zounds, horses! — worth ten of your watery love-nights.

Nickelmann [*invisible in the well*]. Brekekekex!

Hobgoblin. Come up here! What is keeping you?

Nickelmann [*still invisible*]. I have not time. Hold your tongue, and leave me in peace!

Hobgoblin. Nonsense: he has not time! You tadpole, you still know enough to take care of your toad's belly. I want to tell you something, don't you hear? What I prophesied has happened, old man: he has abandoned her! If you are quick, now, you will catch the rare butterfly — a little offended, indeed, a little low-spirited, but what obstacle is that to Nickelmann and the goblin? I tell you, old man, you will find sport enough in her yet, — more than you like.

Nickelmann [*emerges and blinks slyly*]. You don't say! So he has abandoned her? And you think that now I shall run after the little thing? No such thought enters my mind.

Hobgoblin. You no longer care for her? Then I just wish I knew where she is.

Nickelmann. Seek, little goblin, seek!

Hobgoblin. Have I not sought her? Have I not cursed myself as I sought through the night and mist? I have scrambled where no chamois would dare to climb, I have questioned every mountain rat; but no glede, falcon, nor rat, goldfinch, nor serpent, knew anything of her. I met wood-cutters resting around a fire, stole a piece of burning wood, and sought until, with my smoking firebrand, I stood before the deserted mountain smithy: now it, too, sent up sacrificial smoke into the night; the flames roared, beams bent and cracked — and the masterful lordship of the little man is past and over for all eternity!

Nickelmann. I know, I know; I am aware of all this. Did you disturb me and call me up from the bottom of the well for this? I know still more: I know how the bell rang, know who swung the bell's dead clapper. If you had but seen what I saw when there happened deep down in the lake what never happened, when the stiff hand of a dead woman sought and found the bell; and the bell, though scarcely touched, began a thundering sound, a bellowing which would reach to heaven, and roaring restlessly like a lion, shrieked through the mountains after its master. I saw the drowned woman, her long light hair floating around the

sufferer's face; and when her knuckles touched the metal the threatening sound roared doubly loud. I am old, and have seen many things; but my hair stood up on end, and we all fled. If you had seen what I saw, you would not ask after that little elf. Let her flutter around flowers and leaves, wherever she will, the vain little thing; I am tired of flirting with her!

Hobgoblin. I am not, zounds, goat of the zodiac! Take care.— Every man to his taste; if I can just get hold of the sweet living body, what do I care for the dead woman in the pond?

Nickelmann. Quorax, brekekekex! soso!—hoho! I will tell you something: before another flea bites you, crack him. Seek, seek, everywhere you can, and if you bother yourself ten years over the search, you will not get her. She is mad after me, and she cannot endure goat faces! Farewell, I must go back; you understand. When you go where you please, think of me as a tormented water-sprite, subject to the whims of my latest little wife.

Hobgoblin [*screaming after him*]. As sure as the stars shine in the heaven above us, as sure as I am strong of haunch and horned, as sure as fishes swim and birds fly, you will rock a human child some day! Good-night, and may you rest well, and hoi-ye-ho! hunt, hunt, through bush and brier! The flea is dead. [*The goblin capers merrily away. The* Wittichen *comes out of the hut and takes the shutters from the windows.*]

Wittichen. It was time to get up. A sign had warned me. There was a great deal of noise during the night. [*A cock crows.*]

Oh, indeed: cockadoodledoo . . . You need not trouble yourself for me, you sleep-chaser,—I knew what had happened before you crowed: your hen laid a golden egg; I saw it easily, it shone so brightly. The light is coming: sing your song, you little fellow, sing your song; a new day is coming, it is coming, for sure.

Have n't you a will-o'-the-wisp or something of that kind there? I should like to see some light shining around me; I have forgotten my carbuncle. [*She searches in her pocket and draws out a sparkling red stone.*] Here is one.

Heinrich's voice. Rautendelein!

Wittichen. So you are there! Keep on calling; she will come immediately.

Heinrich. Rautendelein, I am here! Do you not hear me?

Wittichen. I think scarcely. She will scarcely hear you!

Heinrich [*looking as if he were being chased, appears on the rocks above the little hut; he is pale and in rags. In his right hand he holds a stone ready to hurl back into the valley*]. Dare to do it, — try to do it! The man who takes the first step up, be he pastor, barber, schoolmaster, clerk, or shopkeeper, shall roll down into the abyss like a bag of sand. It was you who pushed my wife down! and not I. Rabble, fools, beggars, scoundrels! who whimper paternosters thirty nights for a lost groschen, while they are not ashamed — so thoroughly base are they — to cheat God's eternal love for ducats whenever they can. Liars! hypocrites! piled up like a dyke; to keep God's ocean, the flood of Paradise with its blessed waves, out of the dry hell of their low country. When will the shoveller come who will tear the dam to pieces? I am not he . . . no, verily, I am not he. [*He puts down the stone, and presses upward.*]

Wittichen. Things will be no better up there; stop a minute, go slower.

Heinrich. What is burning up there, old woman?

Wittichen. How do I know? There was a man who built up there a thing, half church, half king's castle. Now that he has abandoned it, it is burning down. [HEINRICH *makes a despairing effort to press on up.*]

Wittichen. I tell you, you will come to a steep wall: he who would scale it must have wings — and your wings are broken, man.

Heinrich. Broken or not, I must go up there! What stands there in flames is mine, my work! Do you comprehend that? I am he who built it, and I threw into it everything that I was, and that I grew to be . . . I can go no farther . . . no farther!

Pause.

Wittichen. Rest a little; the paths are dark now. There is a bench; sit down.

Heinrich. Rest? I? If you offered me a bed of down and silk, it would entice me just as much as a heap of potsherds. Even my mother's kiss — she is long since dust — pressed on my cold, feverish forehead would be impotent to bless, and would bring rest to me as a wasp's sting might.

Wittichen. You are in a bad way! Wait there a little. I still have a draught of wine in my cellar.

Heinrich. I cannot wait. I want some water! [*He hastens to the well, and seats himself on the edge.*]

Wittichen. Go ahead; draw and drink.

[HEINRICH *draws and drinks, still sitting on the edge of the well. A low, sweet voice from the well sings mournfully.*]

Heinrich, my lover dear,
You are sitting on my well.
Arise and go;
You hurt me so.
Farewell, farewell!

Pause.

Heinrich. What was that, old woman? Answer me, speak! What called me by name so mournfully? How it breathed "Heinrich!" It came from far down, and it said: "Farewell, farewell!" so very softly. Who are you, old woman? and where am I? I feel as if I had waked up. The rocks, the hut, you yourself; everything seems familiar, and yet so strange. Is what I have experienced nothing more than a sound's fleeting breath, which is, and is no more, has scarcely been? Old woman, who are you?

Wittichen. I? Who are you?

Heinrich. Do you ask me? Well, who am I, old woman? How often have I questioned Heaven: who am I? But the answer never comes. This only is certain: whatever I may be, hero or weakling, half god or animal, I am an exiled child of the sun, that longs for home; utterly helpless, a little heap of misery, I weep for my mother, who stretches out her golden arms longingly, yet does not reach me. What are you doing?

Wittichen. You will know, in time.

Heinrich [*rising*]. Very well! Now show me, by the red light of your little lantern, the way which leads to the heights. Once there, where I ruled, I shall hereafter live alone, a hermit, who neither rules nor serves.

Wittichen. I do not believe you. What you seek up there is something very different.

Heinrich. How do you know?

Wittichen. I know a thing or two. They were close on your heels, were they not? Hoho! When it is a matter of chasing and driving away the bright, shining life, then men are wolves. But when it is a matter of facing death, they are a flock of sheep, into whose midst the wolf has sprung. That is the exact truth. The shepherds — good Lord! — they are earthy fellows; they are all the time screaming: "Run away! run away!" and they never really hunt the wolf with their dog — no: they hunt their own sheep into the wolf's open jaws. And you are not much better than the others: you, too, have chased the bright life from you, and have not faced death courageously.

Heinrich. Alas! old woman, you see — I know not how it happened that I pushed the bright life away from me, and, master though I was, ran away from the work like an apprentice, nor why I lay so helpless under the voice of my own bell, the voice that I myself gave it. True, from its metal breast it sent forth into the mountains a tone so powerful that it awakened the echoes of the summits, and the threatening sound grew from all sides until it forced itself in upon me. Still I remained master! and before I myself was shattered by it, with the same hand which poured it into the cast, I dashed into fragments the bell which I had made.

Wittichen. The past remains past, and gone is gone; you will never again mount to the heights. I can tell you this: you were a straight sprig and strong, but not strong enough. You were called, but you were not chosen. Come here and sit down!

Heinrich. Farewell, old woman!

Wittichen. Come here and sit down! What you are going to look for is nothing more than a heap of ashes. He who lives,

seeks life! and I tell you, you will not find it up there, either now or ever.

Heinrich. Then let me die here, on this spot.

Wittichen. You will, indeed, do so. When any one has flown upward and into the light, as you have done, and afterward falls, he must be dashed to pieces.

Heinrich. I feel that I have come to the end of my career. So be it.

Wittichen. Your end has come!

Heinrich. Speak, then, you who talk so strangely and knowingly: is it granted me to look before I die on that which I have had to seek with bleeding feet? Will you not answer me? Must I go from the deep night into the deepest night without the afterglow of the lost light? Shall I never see her? . . .

Wittichen. Whom do you wish to see?

Heinrich. Her! Do you not know? Whom else but her?

Wittichen. You have one wish: then you — and it is your last.

Heinrich [*quickly*]. It is made!

Wittichen. You shall see her again.

Heinrich. Oh, mother! Is this possible to you? Are you so powerful? I do not know why I call you mother. Once before I was ripe for my end, as I am now, wishing, almost impatiently, that each breath would be the last. But she came; and healing penetrated my sick limbs like a spring wind. I was made well . . . and now, all at once, I feel so light, I believe I could again fly to the heights . . .

Wittichen. That is past. The burdens which drag you down are too heavy, and your dead are too powerful; you will not subdue them. Watch me! I place three glasses on a table: into this, I pour white, into the other, red, and into the last, yellow wine. When you drink off the first, the old strength will return to you once more. When you drink the second, you will perceive, for the last time, the light-spirit who has deserted you. But he who drinks these two glasses must afterward drink the last also. [*As she is about to go into the house, she stands still and says in tones of deep significance:*] I said, he must! You understand me. [*She goes into the house.*]

Heinrich [*had sprung up in ecstasy; when the old woman says "past," he turns pale and totters back; now he wakens from his torpor, sinks down on the bench, and leans back against it*]. "That is past. Past," she said. Oh, heart, knowing as thou hast never known before, why dost thou question? Herald of fate! with your word, which falls like a guillotine, severing the thread of life, it is done! What remains is respite — how useless to me! I feel the cold breath from the abyss. The day that announces itself over there, by a faint glimmer, shining through the low bands of clouds, is not mine. I have lived so many days, and this, at last, is not for me. [*Grasps the first cup.*]

Come, then, thou cup, — before dread comes. A dark drop glows at thy bottom, one drop . . . had you no more, old woman? So be it. [*He drinks.*]

And now to thee, thou second cup! come. [*He takes the second cup.*] For thy sake I took the first cup, and if thou wert not here, with thy intoxication and fragrance, thou precious cup, the drinking-bout to which God has invited us in this world would be, it seems to me, all too miserable, and hardly worthy of thee — thou holy guest. But now I thank thee. [*He drinks.*] The drink is good! [*A breath from an Æolian harp floats on the air as he drinks.* RAUTENDELEIN *climbs wearily and gravely out of the well, seats herself on the edge, and combs her long, unbound hair. Moonshine. She is pale and sings to herself.*]

Rautendelein [*in a low voice*].

In the depths of night, not a soul near,
I comb my golden hair,
Beautiful, beautiful Rautendelein!
The birds journey, the mists move slowly,
The forsaken forest fires glow . . .

Nickelmann [*invisible in the well*]. Rautendelein!

Rautendelein. I am coming!

Nickelmann. Come at once!

Rautendelein. I am so miserable! my dress clasps me too close. I am a poor, enchanted well-maiden!

Nickelmann. Rautendelein!

Rautendelein. I am coming.

Nickelmann. Come at once!

Rautendelein. I comb my hair in the bright moonlight, and think of him who was my lover. The bell-flowers ring. Do they ring happiness? Do they ring grief? They must mean both at once, it seems to me — Down! down — into the water and sea-weeds! The time is up, — I have stayed too long. Down, down! [*About to descend.*] Who calls so softly?

Heinrich. I.

Rautendelein. Who are you?

Heinrich. Just I. Come nearer, so that you may recognize me.

Rautendelein. I cannot, and I do not know you. Go! for I kill him that talks with me.

Heinrich. You torture me! Come touch my hand, and you will know me.

Rautendelein. I have never known you.

Heinrich. You do not know me . . .

Rautendelein. No.

Heinrich. Have never seen me?

Rautendelein. Not that I know of.

Heinrich. Then may God forget me! I never kissed your lips passionately?

Rautendelein. Never!

Heinrich. And you never offered me your mouth?

Nickelmann [*invisible, calls from the well*]. Rautendelein!

Rautendelein. I am coming.

Nickelmann. Come down here!

Heinrich. Who called you?

Rautendelein. My husband, in the well.

Heinrich. Behold me in torture, in a seizure more fearful than the combat of life ever is! Oh, do not torture a lost man! Save me!

Rautendelein. Very well, how shall I begin?

Heinrich. Come to me.

Rautendelein. I cannot.

Heinrich. Cannot?

Rautendelein. No.

Heinrich. Why?

Rautendelein. We are dancing a ringlet down there. A merry ance; and though my feet are heavy, if I dance, they will cease o burn. Farewell, farewell!

Heinrich. Where are you? Do not go away?

Rautendelein [*has drawn back behind the edge of the well*]. nfinitely far away.

Heinrich. There . . . the cup there. Magda, the cup, you . . Oh, how pale you are — give me the cup: I shall bless him rho will offer it to me!

Rautendelein [*coming close to him*]. I!

Heinrich. You will?

Rautendelein. I will. Let the dead rest.

Heinrich. I feel you, you heavenly vision!

Rautendelein [*retreating to a distance*]. Farewell, farewell! I am ot your sweetheart. Once, indeed, I was your treasure: in May, ı May — now, however, that is past . . .

Heinrich. Past!

Rautendelein. Past! Who sang you to sleep in the evenings? Vho wakened you with magic melodies?

Heinrich. Who but thou?

Rautendelein. Who am I?

Heinrich. Rautendelein!

Rautendelein. Who gave her vigorous limbs to you? Whom id you push down into the well?

Heinrich. Whom but thee?

Rautendelein. Who am I?

Heinrich. Rautendelein!

Rautendelein. Farewell, farewell!

Heinrich. Lead me gently down: now comes the night, which ll would flee.

Rautendelein [*flying to him, clasping his knees, exulting*]. The un is coming.

Heinrich. The sun!

Rautendelein [*half sobbing, half rejoicing*]. Heinrich!

Heinrich. Thank you.

Rautendelein [*embraces* HEINRICH, *and presses her lips to his — afterward laying the dying man gently down*]. Heinrich!

Heinrich. High above: the sound of sun bells! The sun . . . the sun comes! — The night is long.

[*The rosy light of dawn.*]

Translated by Mary Harned.

FAILURE.

SOMETHING great is in my ken,
Old as Eros, new as dew:
Ghostly fingers move my pen;
Night says, "Write it true."

Then I bend and strive to catch
All the music, eons long;
Then my longings lift the latch,
And I write — a song.

What is this I 've written here?
God! but this is not the thing.
Just a trick to dry a tear
With a jilt and ring.

Something great was in my brain,
Measureless, star-born, sublime;
Then I wrote with fear and pain,
And I found — a rhyme.

Theodore Roberts.

TWO AESTHETIC MOODS.

I.

THE MOOD OF THE EPHEMERAL.

> "The Bird of time flies fast, and hark!
> I hear the flutter of her wings."
>
> RUBÁIYÁT.

HAT eternal things are brief, is a paradox of the beautiful. That fulness of life is the measure of its true duration, that finitude of thought is the seal of its reality, are essential conditions of the ideal.

The note of the red-wing heralds the warm days of later May. We should scarcely heed it did we not know that we must now be alive to a particular aspect of beauty, or else miss it wholly. Spring is here, means as well that spring was not here just now, that it will anon be here no longer. June will be with us then, — full, drooping, sunburnt June; but only for a few weeks, in perfection perhaps only for a single day, and then its roses, and deep greens too, will pale and rustle and blow away.

Or the music of a waltz floats out to us into the night; perhaps but a trivial tune; but, soft! there are words it is humming, a ballad of youth and youthful beauty, of the triumphs and raptures of an hour. It is but symbolic of a season, a season of blithe promise arrested bewitchingly short of fulfilment, a season of vows and kisses and laughter, of glances like passion-flowers, of young love, immortal because of its brief realization.

> "Yet ah! that Spring should vanish with the rose,
> That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close."

Thus sings Omar, mistaking a secret of our joy for the blight of sorrow. For is it true that the brevity of all our hearts would make most enduring is cause for lament and gnawing melancholy? Would we have it otherwise, after all? Were not a perpetual

spring or an eternal youth a contradiction in terms? Omar seems to have caught but a fragment of his own thought. Granted that the moment is brief. Granted that knowing not the whence or the whither,

> "We came like water, and like wind we go,"

yet the moment holds the type of reality for us, our lives are the measures of life, and the depth of the beauty alike in the moment and in the life is largely owing to that very bitter-sweetness involved in the sense that it is brief, that it is past explaining. On the eve of an endless summer we should find ourselves oppressed. The summers we have known have not been endless, but transitory; they have touched us with a caress ineffably tender and serene, and then passed. Yet, fleeting though they were, we would rather die remembering them than learn to forget them in a mode of existence in which temporal experience should be impossible.

> "One thing is certain — this life flies,
> . . . .
> The flower that once has blown forever dies."

From this, however, it does not follow that

> "Alike for those who for to-day prepare,
> And those that after some to-morrow stare,
> A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,
> 'Fools, your Reward is neither Here nor There.'"

But it does follow, rather, that this life which flies must be caught in the passage. Heaven itself, to be realized, could endure only for a moment. Or, as Omar sings, apparently blind to the implications of his own verse, —

> "Ah Love, could you and I with Him conspire
> To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
> Would we not shatter it to bits — and then
> Remould it nearer to the heart's desire?"

Mr. George Meredith's Diana writes: "To have a sense of the eternal in life is a short flight for the soul. To have had it, is the

soul's vitality." The immortal stuff of things is not in their nature but in ours. It is we who see visions and dream dreams, not as intuitions of another and absolute realm of beauty, but as pictures flashed back through our memory, through our very senses, from the experience of past and fragmentary history. We know that this is true as soon as we reflect upon it. But when did we have such sense of the eternal in life? Perhaps at the scent of heliotropes drawn by the steep sun of July, and carried to us from some garden near. Perhaps at the sound of a voice

> "Singing alone in the morning of life,
> The happy morning of life and of May;"

perhaps at the glancing of an eye, the reading of a page; perhaps at the noise of sleigh-bells jingling nearer from a distance, jingling past to die away. The petal of a flower that has swayed in the enchantment of the dance; an acorn that once fell from the oak as we lay restless under its branches, — a messenger from the strong spirit of the tree; the bubbling of a cool spring that we found with so jubilant a surprise in the heat of our midsummer ramble; hands we know playing a Polonaise we know, — such things in memory stay with us and link themselves into the ideals of our lives, beauties we believe in because we have experienced them. Transient though they were, they have become eternal for our hearts. Dr. Santayana writes: "In reality, perfection is a synonym of finitude. Neither in nature nor in fancy can anything be perfect except by realizing a definite type, which excludes variations and contrasts sharply with every other possibility of being . . . beauty . . . exists by finitude and is great in proportion to its determination."[1] And the ephemeral is merely the finite in time.

We know from the practice of our senses that we are fitted to enjoy great beauty for a short time only without fatigue and reaction, the very imagination refuses to lift and carry us if we try to drive it to too long a flight. Positive distaste and satiety await the overstimulation of our power of appreciating even the more bland and exalted phases of beauty. Naught but the morbid dread of

[1] Dr. George Santayana: 'The Sense of Beauty,' pp. 147, 148.

losing what we have could induce us so to endanger the priceless things we are sure of in striving after that which is too termless and remote for us truly to evaluate. Feuerbach says, "When I say of thee, thou art a living, feeling, loving, willing, knowing being, I say something infinitely better, something infinitely more real than when I say, thou art an immortal being. In every action, feeling, bit of knowledge, there is more being, more reality, more truth than in immortality. Fools say, life is a sound; that it vanishes like a breath, dies out like the wind. No: life is music, every moment a melody or full, soulful and spiritual tone. . . . True, the tone is short or long but is it naught but short or long? True, even a sonata, in which the tones are now short, now long, comes to an end; it is not played on forever. But I ask thee, what wouldst thou call any one who while the sonata is being played should hear nothing, but just count, should separate the duration of the tones from their content, making by this separation their finitude in itself his object, and when the sonata is finished, should make the quarter of an hour for which it lasted the predicate of his judgment of the sonata, — who, while others were carried away with admiration of its content and sought to express its significance in exact words, should characterize the sonata as a fifteen-minute sonata? Without doubt wouldst thou thyself find the predicate fool too good to describe such a fellow." [1] This is the gist of it all. Our emphasis of the fleeting quality in things beautiful may be false or true. It is false when it falls on this formal quality as such, so that the content is subordinated, distorted, or suppressed; it is true when it falls on the quality as in part conditioning a particular aspect of beauty, so that the concrete value of this beauty is brought home to us, its relation to the before and after of our lives recognized, and its significance for us thus taken to our hearts.

[1] Feuerbach: 'Gedanken über Tod und Unsterblichkeit,' Werke, B. II. S. 87 f.

II.

THE MOOD OF THE ETERNAL.

"There is a difference between one and another hour of our lives in their authority and subsequent effect."

EMERSON.

AT certain moments while contemplating beauty, our consciousness seems all at once to recognize in the beautiful object a permanence not shared by the consciousness itself, a certain immunity from the vicissitudes of time and place. We have the idea, or more properly the mood or emotion, of confronting the eternal. Here, we are wont to say, is insight into everlasting law, universal perfection, immortal life. This moment, this content that it holds, are taken as symbols of an ultimate reality, as intimations of an absolute truth.

Such experience of beauty, if it is frequent or enduring, comes to impress us with the sense that beyond this our world of common change and seeming, there lies a world changeless and true. We feel the

> "Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized."

Like Plato's artist, our souls would seem to have remembrance of some vision seen elsewhere, intuition into a supersensuous, an extra-temporal world. It may be that we shall never know whether such sense of envisaging the eternal be illusionary or not. Yet we cannot doubt that for the imaginative temperament it represents a necessary æsthetic mood. Some partial explanation may be ventured.

In the realm of dynamics, despite general laws, there is constant misdirection, waste, failure; in the realm of morals there is constant shortcoming; in neither realm, perhaps, is perfection ever attained. Our ideals are not met. Things and persons fall short. In the realm of beauty, on the other hand, there is this difference, that though there is imperfection and failure, there is also, for our appreciation at least, here and there full success, literal flawless-

ness. Whether it is that we have less articulate standards of beauty than of force or of goodness, or that law and order have a wider prevalence in the æsthetic world, we cannot surely tell. But sometimes when hearing music, or looking at a painting, or walking by the sea, we feel that our very ideals have been outdone; that we have not, as it were, set our perfection high enough. We are forced to lift our ideals up to the actual. The elusiveness of this æsthetic perfection, its complexity so exquisitely harmonious as to give the effect of direct simplicity, makes us despair of ever finding out its secret law, and induces us to ascribe it to a world of more subtile, more placid, more elevated, more enduring relations than our own. Taking as we do our types of beauty not so much from rule or logic of the general as from actual contact with the specific, we seem here and there to surprise the ideal world at work about us. Be this illusion or be it not, the mood springs from the feelings rather than from the intellect. It represents a longing of the heart, a yearning for the lofty and the steadfast to which this so often prosaic and always contingent world gives rise in us. For the most part, it is true, we are but too keenly aware of change and decay in all, in even the most precious of our beloved objects. We are dealing with particular and transitory things. Repeated loss stings us at last, perhaps, to disbelief in the reality of a world so unstable and reposeless, — to insistence on a sure and peaceful country somewhere, in which now and again brief glances are granted us of the things we name divine.

"Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the little children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

And yet if it be true, as has been suggested, that our ideals are built up for us in the course of a fragmentary experience, if the "vitality of our souls" may be traced to "the sense we have had of the eternal in our lives," can we fairly spurn the temporal world

which, if it has prompted our needs, has satisfied them, too? Is it not more fitting and natural to search for the shortcoming in ourselves? The world of beauty has been given us bit by bit. These fragments, we say, must somehow be parts of a whole. Granted; but why seek this whole beyond ourselves? The memory of this and that aspect of beauty cannot be held apart in consciousness. There is a law of biology that it is sometimes enough that two or more parts of one organism lie side by side in order for them to be co-ordinated in a function. May we not venture an analogy here? May it not be enough that through memory several aspects of beauty find place side by side in consciousness for an æsthetic ideal to be formed? The resulting ideal would not, of course, be a mere collection of various separate elements, but a vital union of those elements, differing in some measure from any or all of them. This supposition does not explain away ideals by showing them to be really just copies of material things. It only simplifies our notion of the relation of the transitory to the permanent parts in our ideals of beauty. For the ideals thus gained have never been matched with any single objects in the external world which correspond to them. They are as peculiarly the mind's own as if they could be shown actually to be memories of a former, or foreshadowings of an after, life. Only that thus understood they render irrational our wonted hasty censure of finite things, since our infinite things owe their very existence and their obvious truth to those experiences in which the finite, and perhaps the finite only, has touched us.

From this point of view each new experience of specific beauty comes to us not as a mere unrelated or isolated matter of here and now, but as a new treasure to enrich our ideal life and to pass into the calm and lasting beauties which are the supreme objects of our souls. And thus our ideals gain a very sure validity, a very high and permanent security,

> "Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavor,
> Nor man nor boy,
> Nor all that is at enmity with joy
> Can utterly abolish or destroy."

Treadwell Cleveland, Jr.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE CHARACTER OF WOMAN IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Upon the first cursory sweep of the mental eye over this subject, one is likely to say to oneself, "There is evolution in English literature, there is evolution in the character of woman, but of evolution of the character of woman in English literature, there is none." And though a broader and deeper contemplation of the matter may lead one to modify this judgment somewhat, one will nevertheless be driven to acknowledge the sad and patent fact that in but few of the finest specimens of literary flowering on the tree of evolution, do we find anything but a tenacious clinging to the effete ideals of the past for woman-character,—do we find any recognition of the fact that woman really belongs to the evolutionary process, — do we find anything but the reflection of the spirit of the general social ideal, which has always manifested not only a tendency, but a determination, to keep woman as far as possible from evolution at all.

Character is moral and mental fibre woven as warp and woof into the texture which we call individuality. Heredity is the thread, life the shuttle, environment the loom, and individual experience the weaver. Where these elements work together after the individual ideal, we have human character worthy the name, whether in man or woman. But there is in the social order a blinking old owl called social prejudice who is confident that all wisdom lives with him, and will die with him. He cannot trust to individual experience to do his perfect work, but must needs meddlesomely interfere with character-weaving, especially in the case of woman, to the point of thrusting individual experience aside, and of usurping his place. And this, with the purpose of making all feminine character-texture follow the same stupid pattern, — that set by the social ideal, — an element in the social order only less tyrannous, when it would interfere with individuality, than social prejudice itself.

So stupid and ignorant has social prejudice with regard to woman almost always been, that it is a wonder that she has any

character-texture at all. But fortunately for the development of the race, the social order has worked slowly but surely to the undermining of one social prejudice after another, — to the de-throning of one social ideal after another, — until woman is finally beginning to see for herself what apples of Sodom social ideals are, what stumbling-stones in the way of progress are social pre-judices; beginning to see for herself that character is made only through individual experience with life; that in so far as woman has been sheltered, shielded, kept in ignorance of the evils of the world (I believe these are the pretty phrases for being pre-vented from opportunity for actual encounter with the facts of existence), — in other words, just in so far as woman has been held to an artificial environment with a view to making of her the half-angel, half idiot, that has been the world's ideal for her through so many centuries, — just in so far has she failed to develop char-acter; just in so far has she been a mere reflector of the desires and ideals of the social order concerning her.

That there have been women all along these ages, who have had most ample opportunity to develop character through the failure of the social order to keep them thus ideally sheltered, shielded, ignorant of life, we all know full well. But few of these women ever got into literature, either actively or representatively, however unwillingly history may have recorded the names of some of them; and why? Because the social order did succeed in dis-couraging literary activity in woman to the point of giving to men the monopoly of the expression of the race-ideals, — ideals that naturally enough embodied with regard to women what men wanted them to be, and not what women themselves might have wanted to be, if they had had any least opportunity to form individual ideals. Hence when we speak of the character of woman in literature we can mean only the reflection in literature of the prevailing social ideal as to feminine character, and not woman character, *per se.*

In the earlier history of the race — before literature was — the social ideal as to woman's character was based upon her import-ance or consequence to the tribe; and as wealth was transmitted

and pedigree reckoned through the female lines, it followed that the sphere of woman was not limited to the relation of daughter, sister, wife, mother, any more than that of man was limited to the relation of son, brother, husband, father. Woman as well as man was prophet, priest, warrior, judge; that is to say, woman was not shielded, sheltered, kept in ignorance of the facts of life, — she was not relegated to the elementary, family, private interests of the tribe, — she was as much an element of public importance as man was. In this sphere of tribal consequence, therefore, woman had evidently a broader base for character-development, for character-reckoning, than the social order has ever since afforded her; unless, indeed, we reckon that she already stands upon that broader base of national importance to which the latter part of this nineteenth century is surely bringing her.

If, then, evolution is — as it has been fitly characterized — a succession of advancing and retreating zigzags in a broken but in general continuous line of progress, the diagram of the evolution of woman from tribal importance to national importance would consist of one long retreating line through all the ages, followed by a slightly longer advancing line, started upon quite recently and rapidly covered, reaching to a point but little beyond that attained by the line of tribal importance. This retreating line represents a gradual retrogression from tribal importance first to maternal importance (a social ideal still holding in such unprogressive nations as the Chinese), next, to importance as sister and daughter, as evidenced in men using their sisters and daughters to further their political purposes, to enhance their public puissance, by making through these women powerful allies by bonds of blood, and finally to importance as wives alone, as manifested in the relegation of woman to a sphere bounded by marriage and the life of the family.

Following through literature, as best we may, this evolution, or rather devolution, of woman through her importance in the tribe to her importance as mother, sister, and daughter, and then as wife, we find ourselves at the very flood-tide of this latter ideal in Chaucer's 'Clerke's Tale.' With this as my starting-point for

the consideration of the evolution of the character of woman in English literature, I shall pass with rapid strides over the literary highway, confining myself to that part of this highway laid by poetry, and stopping only to consider Spenser and Milton before getting my feet upon the nineteenth century, where I shall briefly take up Browning, Mrs. Browning, Tennyson, and Whitman. I skip Shakespeare, but only that I may come back to him later, in order to give to him more time and detailed consideration than this first rapid journey will allow.

Starting then with Chaucer's 'Clerke's Tale,' we find this ideal of wife importance set forth in its fullest flower. Griselda is the perfect wife, hence the perfect woman in accordance with the social standard of the day. All consequence in her as the partner of her husband's responsibility to his people, as the mother of her children, as an individual soul, — all human importance in her, in a word, — was swallowed up by this monstrous ideal. The poem represents her husband as picking out all the chords of possible pain in her half-angelic, half-idiotic nature, stretching them to their greatest tension, and playing upon them with tigerish ferocity; and for what? That she might better fill that sphere in life to which it had pleased God to call her? Not at all. Only that he might prove her beyond a doubt to be nothing but a miserable, slavish, anguish-torn echo of his will, with all of her faculties crushed, with all of her opportunities for real usefulness in life ground to dust under the wheel of this Juggernaut ideal. And does this Chaucer, this poet, this teacher of men, leave us to draw our own instruction from this hideous picture? By no means. He proceeds instead not only to cook up a strained moral upon this awful tale in which he tells us that, as we should all suffer the will of God, so should wives suffer the will of their husbands, but adds in his "envoy" a satirical scathing for all women who would dare decry this standard of womanly character.

This ideal has been more or less tenaciously held to from Chaucer's time even down to the very threshold of this "fin de siècle" age. Woman has been tolerated as daughter and sister, but only in prospect of her eventually becoming a wife, and

woe has all along betided the poor soul who failed of her destiny in this direction. Even motherhood has been counted as of secondary importance in comparison with this standard of wifely importance.

Fortunately for the race, however, this idea of woman's character — an angel as to temper, an idiot as to intellect (courtesy has always said a child in heart and in mind, but we all know what a monstrosity a grown-up child is) — never quite succeeded in dominating the social order. If it had, we should by this time find not only women, but the majority of the race, in that state to which in these scientific days we would apply the terms, degeneration, arrested development, atavism, and the like choice appellations. Let the women of to-day remember with charity that our forbears were not scientific, and hence knew not what they did.

Spenser was so essentially mystical in his dealing with woman-character that he can scarcely be considered as treating of woman as a human being. His women were simply allegorical representations of certain phases of the "Ewig Weibliche," Una being the embodiment of the spirit of religion, and Britomarte, the woman-knight, simply an incarnation of the spirit of Chastity. As far as I am able to judge with regard to Spenser, however, his mind seems to have been singularly free from any special bias in favor of this wife-ideal.

Milton, on the contrary, set himself diligently to work to outdo Chaucer, if possible, in the upholding of this standard of wife-importance. He had such a free field in this regard in his 'Paradise Lost,' Adam being the only human being in relation to whom Eve could be considered, that he had to cast about him for a means of giving a greater emphasis than had ever been given before to the expression of this ideal. In his famous dictum, "He for God only — she for God in him," he certainly succeeded in reaching the climax of such expression, virtually declaring that woman was of no importance even to the God who made her, except through her conformity to this man-made standard of importance as wife.

Most of Browning's women are treated of by indirection. We see some special woman through the eyes of some special man, —

a case in which it is the man's character rather than the woman's that is set forth. In Pompilia's story, the awful pathos of the wife-ideal, carried to its ultimate in life, is strongly portrayed, and in Constance, of 'In a Balcony,' the evil of the tendency in woman to trample upon her own individuality, in order to advance the cause of the man she loves, is finely suggested; but Browning, though he felt the falseness of these social ideals for women, never reached the point of seeing clearly for himself, in the signs of all times, his own included, the possibilities and powers of woman as a human element in the social order, and the extent to which those possibilities and powers had been repressed by social standards. Mrs. Browning was able to see much more clearly than her illustrious husband the hideousness of these standards and the repressing influence upon woman's development of the wifely ideal; and she set herself, in 'Aurora Leigh,' to the work of the iconoclast in this regard. But the poem is full of the strain of revolt, and the character of Aurora has the exaggeratedness of an object looked at through a powerful glass directed upon the object alone, — an exaggeratedness intensified by the sense in the mind of the disproportion of an object thus seen to others about it. But whatever we may think of the literary quality of 'Aurora Leigh' as compared with Chaucer's 'Clerke's Tale,' the superiority of Aurora's character to that of Griselda is demonstrated in the contrast of these two speeches from their lips. I quote Griselda's comment to her husband's announcement of his decree that her little daughter shall be taken from her, whether to death or to life she knowing not: —

> "Sche sayde, 'Lord, al lith in your plessaunce;
> My child and I, with hertly obeisaunce,
> Ben youres al, and yo may save or spille
> Your oughne thing, workith after your wille.'"

I quote Aurora's answer to Romney's foregone conclusion, that she in marrying him would make his lifework hers: —

> "'You forget too much
> That every creature, female as the male,
> Stands single in responsible act and thought,

As also in birth and death. Whoever says
To a loyal woman, "love and work with me,"
Will get fair answers, if the work and love,
Being good themselves, are good for her — the best
She was born for . . .
. . . But *me*, your work
Is not the best for . . .
I, too, have my vocation, — work to do,
The heavens and earth have set me.

. . . .

Most serious work, most necessary work,
As any of the economists.' "

None of Tennyson's women live, either as social ideals or as the really evolving human. They are pictures in tapestry, — figures in imaginative genre-painting, reproductions of dreams. In the 'Idyls of the King,' they are posed exquisitely for charming effects of poetic light and shade, but they are not women who live and breathe and walk the ways of human life. His women from history have the rant, the overdone emotion of the stage. Dora and her ilk are of the sentimentally bucolic type that exist only on paper. The Princess Ida is a sham, — an absolute unreality, a straw woman set up only to be knocked down again, if not by the ideal of wifely importance, at least by what remnant of it still dominated Tennyson's thought.

Whitman's mind was entirely freed from this ideal of wifely importance as from every other effete social standard. He wrote of women, as he wrote of men, realizing men and women as exactly the same sort of elements in the social order. Reaching him, we reach the point in the evolution of literature at which the evolution of the character of woman is merged with the evolution of human character, with the character-development of the race.

And now we go back to Shakespeare. Shakespeare! the prophet and herald of the "new woman" of every stage of social development, even to the *fin de siècle* type of our own day. Shakespeare, who, with a divine disregard of all social ideals,

has given us the human woman not only in her actuality, but in her possibility, and in such variety that he seems to have run the whole gamut of human variability, — with the exception of *one* type. He has given us not one single specimen of the domestic, home-sphere-bound woman. He seems to have found this sort, to say the least, *not* interesting, though, doubtless, man-like, he would have had Anne Hathaway moulded after this pattern. Here we find Cleopatra, holding empire over the Emperors of the earth, — as sensual as ambitious, as keenly strategic, as fiercely characterful as Antony himself. A human being, set forth untrammelled by any social ideal as to what her sex should make her, and seizing upon the world as arena for the exercise of her powers and functions. Here we see Lady Macbeth, — trampling upon her own individuality that her husband might be advanced? No! exercising a scheming brain and a dominating spirit in the direction of gratifying her own unscrupulous ambition. Here we see a Portia, a young woman of beauty, wealth, and fashion, so learned in the law and of so keenly clever an intellectuality (the sort of intellectuality regarded as exclusively masculine by the social ideals) that she is chosen by the greatest lawyer of her time in preference to any brother lawyer of whatever eminence to represent him in a case involving the most delicate and skilful handling of a matter of life and death. Here we may see Miranda, sweetest maid of unconvention, assuring Ferdinand that carrying logs becomes her quite as well as it does him, and saying to herself upon Ferdinand's answer to her blunt "Do you love me?" "Hence, bashful cunning!" (the world's ideal of womanly conduct), and "Prompt me, plain and holy innocence!" adding frankly, "I am your wife, if you will marry me." Here we may see Cordelia — Shakespeare's most womanly woman in the mouth of the conventional critics — calmly defying the social standards of womanly duty, first, by telling her father that she loves him according to her own ideal and not according to either his or the world's, and, secondly, by declaring that when she shall marry, *half* of her love and duty shall go to her husband, with no faintest echo of

Griselda's "I ben youres al." Here may we see Katherine of Arragon and Hermione, tortured victims of the wifely-importance ideal, socially executed at its hands, sent into virtual extinction of being because their husbands fail to realize in them the embodiment of that ideal, with never an indorsing moral as from Chaucer, with never a commendatory dictum as from Milton, but with the essential hideousness of the ideal laid bare at every point in the development of the dramatic action.

Then see how this daring Shakespeare holds up to ridicule the social ideal as to woman's sphere by carrying any number of his most charming feminine characters through adventures that would try the heads and hearts of veteran males, and yet proving them always equal to the occasion. Behold how he slyly laughs at the social standards as to woman's dress by clothing these adventurous feminines of his in knickerbockers upon the slightest provocation, giving to the world an object-lesson of the truth that this is the only fitting garb for any sort of activity of life, the gown being well enough for the lady in the drawing-room, the judge on the bench, the priest in the chancel. Then hear him answer the world's disapproval of this garb of woman in the reproach of Julia to her lover.

> "It is the lesser blot, modesty finds
> Women to change their shapes than men their minds."

And so, running the whole range of character-portrayal compassed by this great delineator of life, we find at every point this truth writ large: individuality is the only true character-texture, — this texture can be woven only by experience with life, — all attempt to form character upon a stereotyped model results in a mere semblance, a sham, a stuff not woven at all, but simply stamped in imitation of texture by the false die of a narrow and stupid social ideal.

Alice Groff.

SOME SHAKESPEARIAN QUESTIONS.

I. WAS OTHELLO A NEGRO?

IN Furness's New Variorum edition of 'Othello' — which we may be sure gives an abstract of everything of importance on this as on all questions connected with the play — some seven pages are devoted to "Othello's Colour;" but the subject appears to have attracted little attention until the present century.

The tradition of the stage made the Moor black. Quin (who retired from the stage in 1750), according to a writer in the *Dramatic Censor* (1770), played the part "in a large powdered major wig, which, with the black face, made such a magpie appearance of his head as tended greatly to laughter;" and he came on "in white gloves, by pulling off which the black hands became more realized."

Edmund Kean seems to have been the first to dispute this old tradition. Hawkins, in his Life of the actor (quoted by Furness), says: "Kean regarded it as a gross error to make Othello either a negro or a black, and accordingly altered the conventional black to the light brown which distinguishes the Moors by virtue of their descent from the Caucasian race. . . . Betterton, Quin, Mossop, Barry, Garrick, and John Kemble, all played the part with black faces, and it was reserved for Kean to innovate, and Coleridge to justify, the attempt to substitute a light brown for the traditional black."

Coleridge, as Hawkins intimates, was the first of the critics to take ground against the old stage practice. In commenting upon the epithet "thick-lips" applied by Roderigo to Othello, he says: "Roderigo turns off to Othello; and here comes one, if not the only, seeming justification of our blackamoor or negro Othello. Even if we suppose this an uninterrupted tradition of the theatre, and that Shakespeare himself, from want of scenes, and the experience that nothing could be too marked for the senses of his audience, had practically sanctioned it, — would this prove aught concerning his own intention as a poet for all ages? Can we im-

agine him so utterly ignorant as to make a barbarous negro claim royal birth, — at a time, too, when negroes were not known except as slaves? . . . Though I think the rivalry of Roderigo sufficient to account for his wilful confusion of Moor and Negro, I should think it only adapted for the acting of the day, and should complain of an enormity built on a single word, in direct contradiction to Iago's 'Barbary horse.' . . . No doubt Desdemona saw Othello's visage in his mind; yet, as we are constituted, and most surely as an English audience was disposed in the beginning of the seventeenth century, it would be something monstrous to conceive this beautiful Venetian girl falling in love with a veritable negro. It would argue a disproportionateness, a want of balance, in Desdemona which Shakespeare does not appear to have in the least contemplated."

In iv. 2. 229, Iago tells Roderigo that Othello, if displaced by Cassio, "goes into Mauritania," — that is, returns to his native country, as Shakespeare evidently regarded it. It is true that, as Knight remarks, "the popular notion of a Moor was somewhat confused in Shakespeare's time, and that the descendants of the proud Arabs who had borne sovereign sway in Europe ('men of royal siege'), . . . were confounded with the uncivilized African, the despised slave;" but I see no clear evidence that Shakespeare thus confounded them. In the only instance in which he uses the word *negro* ('Merchant of Venice,' iii. 5. 42), *Moor* is, indeed, employed as a synonym for it; but this is apparently for the sake of the play upon *Moor*, which follows: "It is much that the Moor should be more than reason; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for." The same quibble on *Moor* and *more* occurs in 'Titus Andronicus' (iv. 2. 52, 53), and Aaron the Moor is unquestionably black; but that play is almost certainly the work of an earlier dramatist, with which Shakespeare had little, if anything, to do.

Blackamoor, which did mean negro, occurs only in 'Troilus and Cressida,' i. 1. 80: "I care not an she were a black-a-moor; 't is all one to me." This word originated in the confusion of *Moor* and *negro*, or "white Moors" and "black Moors," as they

were sometimes distinguished; and the form "black Moor" was in use, as we learn from the Oxford Dictionary, down to the eighteenth century.

Shakespeare's word for the negro is *Ethiope*, which occurs eight times, and invariably as a term of contempt. "I 'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope," says Claudio in 'Much Ado' (v. 4. 38), when it is proposed that he shall marry another woman in place of Hero, whom he believes to be dead. In one instance the word is an adjective ('As You Like It,' iv. 3. 35):—

> "Such Ethiope words, blacker in their effect
> Than in their countenance."

Ethiopian is used twice: in a slang way by the Host in the 'Merry Wives' (ii. 3. 28): "Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? Ha, bully!"—and for the negro in a simile in 'The Winter's Tale' (iv. 4. 375):—

> "I take thy hand, this hand,
> As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
> Or Ethiopian's tooth," etc.

African occurs only in 'The Tempest' (ii. 1. 125), where it refers to the King of Tunis, who has married Alonso's daughter, Claribel.

It is hardly necessary to say that no argument can be based on the word *black*, which is applied to the "dark lady" of the Sonnets and to other brunettes, like Rosaline in 'Love's Labour 's Lost,' and Julia in 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' who calls herself "black" when "the lily-tincture of her face" is somewhat browned with travel. People who ought to know better have, nevertheless, sometimes misunderstood this use of *black*. In a certain anthology of quotations from Shakespeare, published twenty or more years ago, the passage, "Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes" ('Two Gentlemen,' v. 2. 12), is put under the heading "Negroes"!

Christopher North (*Blackwood*, April, 1850) expressed his belief that Othello "is black, and all black." He could not conceive

"the ethnography of that age drawing, on the stage especially, the finer distinction between a Moor and a Blackamoor or Negro." But the very existence of the word *blackamoor* proves that the distinction was then drawn, though the terms were sometimes confused. Shakespeare's notions on the subject may not have been absolutely clear, but he neither calls Othello an Ethiope, nor makes Roderigo, Iago, or Brabantio call him so, — which is rather remarkable, and significant withal, when he uses *Ethiope* so often elsewhere as an opprobrious epithet.

Grant White, Halliwell-Phillipps (who says that the reference to Mauritania "surely settles the question"), Hudson, and Verity ("Henry Irving" edition), all agree with Coleridge and Knight, as do Hunter ('New Illustrations of Shakespeare') and Henry Reed ('Lectures on Tragic Poetry'). On the other side are Lewes ('On Actors and Acting'), and Furness, who says: "Disregarding the 'thick lips' of Iago, or the 'sootie bosome' of Brabantio, or any phrase uttered by Othello's enemies in moments of passion, to me, beyond a peradventure, Othello himself supplies the evidence, 'which will not down,' where he says (iii. 3. 387): —

> 'My name that was as fresh
> As Dian's visage is now *begrim'd and blacke*
> As mine owne face.'

The epithet 'begrim'd' amplifies and confirms the sooty hue."

I suspect that Furness must have some peculiar association with that word *begrime*, which really suggests filth rather than blackness. This is the only instance of the word in Shakespeare; but the verb *grime* occurs in 'Lear' (ii. 3. 9), where Edgar, planning disguise, says: "My face I 'll grime with filth." We find the noun in the Syracusan Dromio's description of the kitchen-wench: "Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; for why, she sweats: a man may go overshoes in the grime of it." Warburton unnecessarily changed "crime" to "grime" in the same play (ii. 2. 143): "My blood is mingled with the crime of lust." The Century Dictionary defines *begrime* thus: "To make grimy; cover or impress as with dirt or grime;" quoting Macau-

lay ('History of England,' x.): "The justice-room begrimed with ashes." *Grime* it defines as "foul matter; dirt; soil; foulness, especially of a surface; smuttiness." The Oxford Dictionary defines *begrime:* "To blacken or soil with grime, or dirt which sinks into the surface and discolors it." It quotes, among other illustrations of the word, Holland's Plutarch (1603): "Enjoyning men to begrime and bewray themselves with dirt;" and the *Saturday Review* (July 8, 1865): "The blackened and begrimed people who had worked so hard." The instance in 'Othello' is also cited.

In his use of "begrim'd" Othello refers to the foul stain upon his name;[1] and in the reference to the blackness of his face, there is a morbid exaggeration, not unlike that of the poet in the 147th Sonnet, when he addresses the "dark lady" thus: —

> "For I have sworn thee fair and thought thee bright,
> Who art *as black as hell,* as dark as night."

By the way, this is the only instance in which Shakespeare uses *dark* with reference to complexion, except 'Love's Labour's Lost' (v. 2. 20): "A light condition in a beauty dark;" where it is introduced for the sake of the quibble.

Several of the critics have referred to the description of the Prince of Morocco in the folio stage-direction of the 'Merchant of Venice' (ii. 1.) as "a tawnie Moore." It shows, as they say, that Shakespeare, long before he wrote 'Othello,' knew that the Moors were not negroes. But no critic, so far as I am aware, has seen fully the bearing of the delineation of Morocco upon this question of Othello's color.

[1] That is, if we read "My name," as in the folios, instead of "Her name," as in the 2d and 3d quartos. Knight follows and defends the former, but all the other recent editors adopt the latter. Dyce says that "my *own* face" proves that "Her" is right; but that expression seems to be antithetical to "Dian's visage." However we may interpret that, the entire context has to do with Desdemona, and the change to "*My* name" would be awkward. It is not likely, moreover, that Othello would compare his own reputation to "Dian's visage." But, whichever reading we accept, the reference in "begrim'd and black" is the same.

Observe that when the prince first meets Portia he assumes that his color is likely to prejudice her against him. He is sensitive concerning the impression he may make upon her, because (as I endeavored to prove in *Poet-lore*, vol. ii. p. 651 fol.), although he has come to Belmont as a mere adventurer, he falls in love with Portia at sight, and promptly avows it. If he chooses the right casket he wins the heiress whether she likes him or not, but, being in love, he would fain be loved in return. "Mislike me not for my complexion," he begs, for it is only "the shadowed livery of the burnished sun;" and he would not change it, he adds, "except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen." Portia treats him with gentle courtesy, quite unlike her bearing toward the self-conceited Arragon; but after he has failed in the trial and gone, she says: "Let all of his complexion choose me so!" When she first heard of his arrival, she had said to Nerissa, "If he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me." It is evident that Morocco was right: the lady had a strong prejudice against even the "tawny" complexion of the Moors," even those of "royal siege." "The complexion of a devil!" The exaggeration is like that of Iago when he warns Brabantio that "the devil will make a grandsire of him" if he is not prompt to avert the disgrace.

Knight remarks that "in the ages of her splendor Venice was thronged with foreigners from every climate of the earth, and nowhere else, perhaps, has the prejudice of color been so feeble." This might be true so far as business relations with foreigners were concerned, or the employment of Moors as officers in the army; but there the proud magnificoes of Venice appear to have "drawn the line." They would say to the "tawny" strangers, as Shylock said to Bassanio, "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, or pray with you." Brabantio did not go quite so far as that, for he invited Othello to his house, and introduced him to his daughter; but that the Moor should aspire to the hand of the daughter was too much. Othello understood the limits of the Senator's condescension; hence the elopement.

Possibly we have the hint of a similar prejudice against color — even no darker than a "tawny" hue — in 'The Tempest.' Sebastian, after the shipwreck, says to Alonso: —

> "Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
> That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
> But rather lose her to an African.
> . . . .
> You were kneel'd to and importuned otherwise
> By all of us, and the fair soul herself
> Weigh'd between loathness and obedience,
> Which end o' the beam should bow."

The reference to "loathness" seems to imply something more than mere dislike to go so far from home.

Incidentally I may also call attention to the fact that Shakespeare twice uses *tawny* contemptuously with reference to complexion. In the 'Midsummer-Night's Dream' (iii. 2. 263), Lysander calls Hermia "tawny Tartar" a moment after he has addressed her as "you Ethiope." We may infer that she was a brunette, and that Lysander when angry could indulge in hyperbolical epithets, like Iago and the rest. In the opening speech of 'Antony and Cleopatra,' Philo makes sneering allusion to the "tawny front" of the Egyptian queen; and the "gipsy" that follows is another contemptuous allusion to her complexion.

In conclusion, it may be said that Shakespeare's calling Othello a *Moor* really settles the question. The treatment of the Moorish prince in 'The Merchant of Venice' proves that the poet knew the complexion of the Moors to be "tawny," not black, and was acquainted with their character and warlike deeds; also that he knew (or supposed) that *in Venice* there was a prejudice against marriage with the Moors on account of their race and color. This prejudice explains Brabantio's opposition to his daughter's union with Othello, and the exaggerated references to the color of the Moor put into the mouths of the Senator, Iago, and Roderigo. It also explains Othello's own morbid sensitiveness concerning his color after he begins to doubt Desdemona's fidelity. It is signifi-

cant that he does not appear to be sensitive on this point until that time.

Shakespeare also regarded the Ethiopians (or negroes) as an inferior and despised race, and could not have represented one of them as a general in a Venetian army.

W. J. Rolfe.

FREDERICK TENNYSON AND HIS POETRY.

A TRUE poet and one of a rare quality — one whose long life has been a fountain of purest song — still lives in England, at an extreme old age, and yet to the hearts of most of us remains a stranger. That the poetry of Frederick Tennyson is but little known in this country, and scarcely more so in Great Britain, is doubtless owing mainly to the paramount fame of the late Laureate: it is probably due in good part, however, to the practical expatriation for many years of the elder brother. Journeying as a young man in Italy, and lingering on under the spell of its varied charm, he married there an Italian lady, Signora Maria Giuliotta, and so came to make her country, for a long period, his home; while Alfred Tennyson, in England, was commanding the public homage and becoming acknowledged as the first poet of the century. Even Charles, the second of the three brothers, an agreeable versifier but of inferior force, was at the same time attaining, by his sonnets and other light pieces, a reputation more general than any then awarded to his senior.

During the protracted absence of Frederick from England, we hear of him, at considerable intervals, through the correspondence of friends and other literary sources. In the recently published Memoir of Lord Tennyson, his son, referring to the date of 1837, says: "My uncle Frederick was at Corfu, and remained there as long as his cousin, George d'Eyncourt, who was Secretary to Lord Nugent, (High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands,) kept his appointment. Afterwards he went to Italy, and lived near Florence, on the Fiesole road, in a villa planned by Michael Angelo.

There, so report ran, 'in a large hall, Frederick Tennyson (who was a great lover of music,) used to sit in the midst of his forty fiddlers.'" The author of the Memoir further narrates that, in 1851, Alfred Tennyson, with his wife, journeyed from Lucca "to Florence, to stay with my uncle Frederick at the Villa Torregiani, which had been for many years his home."

This residence continued for some twenty years: a briefer sojourn was also made at Pisa. Among the pleasant letters of Edward FitzGerald, dated between 1841 and 1849, are not a few addressed to Frederick Tennyson in Italy. On July 26, 1841, FitzGerald writes: "I suppose you never will come back to stay long in England again: I have given you up to a warmer latitude." In October of the same year FitzGerald refers to Tennyson as being at Castellamare and to a sketch of that place which the latter had sent him, adding: "You are lost to England, I calculate. . . . Well, if I never see you again, I am very glad I *have* seen you, and got the idea of a noble fellow all ways into my head." On Feb. 6, 1842, FitzGerald again writes: "You talk of your Naples, and that one cannot understand Theocritus without having been on those shores." And in the following August he declares to his friend: "While you and Morton write to me about Italy, I shall never go to see it. And yet your account of Cicero's villa, I confess, gave me a twinge. . . . While you see these fine things, and will represent them to me, I see them through your imagination, and that is better than any light of my own. . . . Why should you not live where you like to live best? . . . You Tennysons are born for warm climates." In a letter addressed later in the same month to John Allen, FitzGerald remarks: "I receive letters from Morton and F. Tennyson full of fine accounts of Italy, finer than any I ever read. They came all of a sudden on Cicero's villa — one of them, at least, the Formian — with a mosaic pavement leading thro' lemon gardens down to the sea, and a little fountain as old as the Augustan age, bubbling up as fresh, Tennyson says, 'as when its silver sounds mingled with the deep voice of the orator as he sate there in the stillness of the noonday, devoting the siesta-hours to study.'"

Certain personal characteristics of the future poet appear more distinctly from other letters. Thus in a letter to W. H. Thompson, of March, 1841, FitzGerald alludes to Tennyson as successfully contending in a cricket match against some of the crew of the frigate "Bellerophon," and says of him: "I like that such men as Frederick Tennyson should be abroad; so strong, haughty, and passionate. They keep up the English character abroad." In a later communication, of June, 1849, in commenting upon an investment of Frederick's, as to the soundness of which he was sceptical, he avows: "Though you have a microscopic eye for human character, you are to be diddled by any knave or set of knaves, as you well know."

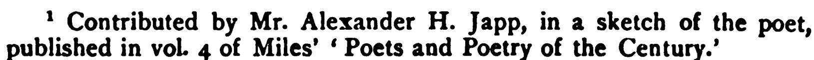
Among Frederick Tennyson's friends and neighbors at Florence were the Brownings. In her Letters, lately published, Mrs. Browning makes not unfrequent mention of the poet and his work. In a letter addressed to Miss I. Blagden, in the winter of 1852–53, she writes: "Mr. Tennyson married an Italian and has four children. He has much of the atmosphere poetic about him, a dreamy, speculative, shy man, reminding us of his brother in certain respects, good and pure-minded. I like him." In writing to Miss Mitford, July 15, 1853, she mentions that "Mr. Tennyson is going to England for a few months, so that our Florence party is breaking up, you see." And she adds, of his earlier poems: "They are full of imagery, encompassed with poetical atmosphere and very melodious. On the other hand there is vagueness and too much personification. It 's the smell of a rose rather than a rose — very sweet notwithstanding. His poems are far superior to Charles Tennyson's, bear in mind. As for the poet," she declares, "we quite love him, Robert and I do. What Swedenborg calls 'selfhood,' the *proprium*, is not in him." In a later letter to Miss Blagden, she writes: "I am glad you like Frederick Tennyson's poems. They are full of atmospherical poetry and very melodious. The poet is still better than the poems — so truthful, so direct, such a reliable Christian man. Robert and I quite love him."

While indeed warmly returning this personal esteem, Frederick Tennyson could not bring himself to admire Robert Browning's

fashion of composition. In a letter published in Lord Tennyson's Memoir, dated Florence, Dec. 30, 1854, Frederick writes to his brother as follows: "Though I have the highest esteem for Browning, and believe him to be a man of infinite learning, jest and bonhomie, and moreover a sterling heart that reverbs no hollowness, I verily believe his school of poetry to be the most grotesque conceivable. With the exception of the 'Blot in the 'Scutcheon,' through which you may possibly grope your way without the aid of an Ariadne, the rest appear to me to be Chinese puzzles, trackless labyrinths, unapproachable nebulosities." Similarly, in one of his letters to Mrs. Brotherton,[1] in commenting upon Browning, he says: "What has come upon the world that it should take any metrical arrangement of facts for holy Poesy? It has been my weakness to believe that the Fine Arts and Imaginative Literature should do something more than astound us by *tours de force*, black and white contrasted, . . . or anything criminally sensational, or merely intellectually potent. As you say — a good heart is better than a clever head; so I say better a page of feeling than a volume of spasms."

In 1859 Frederick Tennyson finally left Italy and removed to the Isle of Jersey, where — at St. Helier's — he lived for thirty-five years. Considerations of climate appear to have influenced this choice. For, though he writes to Mrs. Brotherton that "the climate of Jersey is a caricature of England in the capriciousness and rapidity of its changes," and that Jersey is "the very motley of geography," yet he must, on the whole, have esteemed it most favorably, since he declares to his brother, in 1892, "It is the next best climate to Italy."

We are advised, in the Memoir, of two visits paid by Alfred Tennyson, accompanied by his son, to his brother at Jersey, in 1887 and 1892. Of the first it is recorded, "We visited him in his house, overlooking the town and harbor of St. Helier's, Elizabeth Castle and St. Aubyn's Bay. The two brothers talked



[1] Contributed by Mr. Alexander H. Japp, in a sketch of the poet, published in vol. 4 of Miles' 'Poets and Poetry of the Century.'

much of bygone days. . . . My father said of Frederick's poems that they were 'organ-tones echoing among the mountains,' and quoted a fine sonnet of his." (This sonnet, entitled 'Poetic Happiness,' is inserted in the Memoir, vol. ii. p. 342.[1]). "Frederick told Alfred, as they parted, that 'not for twenty years had he spent such a happy day.'" Of the later visit, Hallam Tennyson writes: "At St. Ewolds, Jersey, we found my Uncle Frederick and his son Giulio at home. The two brothers again talked over the old times and my uncle's poems. . . . My father especially praised the 'Death of Alcæus' (in the 'Isles of Greece'). . . . When the brothers bade goodbye, they thought that they would not in this life see each other again. 'Good night, true brother, here; good morrow, there!'"

Though at this time not contemplating ever leaving Jersey, Mr. Tennyson, a few years later, removed to England, coming first to Weymouth. For some eighteen months past he has resided in London, at Kensington. He is now in his ninety-first year, having been born June 5, 1807. (Since this article has been put in type, the news of his death has come. He died Feb. 26, 1898.)

As to the poet's publications of verse, those in book form appear to have been preceded by detached poems published in English magazines. A poem of his, in triplets, 'Harvest Home' (included later in 'Days and Hours'), was first printed in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1853. In the 'Poems of Two Brothers' (Alfred and Charles), originally issued in 1827 (and republished in 1893), there were three, all pleasing, but immature, signed "F. T.," and contributed by Frederick to his brothers' venture. But it was not till 1854 that his first separate volume, entitled 'Days and Hours,' made its appearance. This volume, published in London, and containing between sixty and seventy poems, is now quite out of print, the house which published it no longer exists, and it is not easy to

[1] It is defective as given here, wanting one line, etc. The complete form may be found in 'Poems of the Day and Year,' p. 64.

pick up a complete copy. The one that the present writer is fortunate enough to have secured, he regards as a precious possession. The poems are characterized by purity of sentiment and sympathetic feeling, by a graceful tender fancy, a rare facility of description of natural scenes, and sometimes, though *tours de force* are wholly absent, by a striking impressiveness of imagery, when are sounded those "organ-tones" which Alfred Tennyson heard in his brother's lines. Certain of them have that special charm that persuades a reader to take verses to his heart, to include them in his choicest anthology. Their quality may be judged from the extracts which will presently be given. Composed in varied metres, they mark the maturity of the poet as a versifier. In his later period, his muse became epic, and blank verse was its vehicle.

After a long interval there were published by Frederick Tennyson, in London, two volumes of Greek legend, — legend reshaped and readapted by the poet in the exercise of a prolific idealism. These are entitled 'The Isles of Greece' and 'Daphne and Other Poems.' Portions of their contents appear to have been previously known to the literary world, but it is only recently — in 1890 and 1891 — that they have been issued in their entirety. They comprise together between nine hundred and a thousand pages of lines in blank verse, broken into titles of the names of mythological persons, of the several Isles, etc., — lines profuse with manifold pictures. For here we feel the dawn in its radiance, evening in its repose, rural nature in its insular freshness, the changing sea, the echoing shore: here we behold Homer, reverend in his blindness; Niobe, "orphan mother," majestic in her grief; Ariadne, resigned in her abandonment; Daphne, beloved of Apollo; Psyche, "beautiful as any flower;" Sappho, inspired singer, dreamful, like another Muse. Flowing on at such length, these lines would seem to have been the fruit of the contemplation and revery of a series of the poet's later years, the natural utterance of a life content to sing itself out in sympathetic verse. Imbued with the very essence, and exhaling the perfume of Greek classicism, these are creations of pure poesy, — poesy which could only emanate from a soul vital

with the genius of the time and the scenes depicted; poesy which proves the poet. But of this the reader shall be allowed to judge.

A further publication remains to be specified, and this not so much for its contents as for the opportunity which it affords a student of the poet to consider his personality, and compare *himself* with his work. This is a volume lately (1895) published in London and Chicago, entitled 'Poems of the Day and Year,' containing thirty rhymed poems and three sonnets. Of the thirty, twenty-one, and a portion, 'Part I.,' of another, 'The Holytide,' have been taken without change from 'Days and Hours,' the publication of 1854. The sonnets and eight of the poems are new; that is to say, are not embraced in the original series. On the other hand, a considerable number of the most striking poems of that series are not included in this recent collection. From five of these we give extracts below. Those which are added are, in our estimate, certainly of inferior quality to those which are omitted. That such pieces (contained in the original) as 'May-day,' the 'Song of an Angel,' the 'Song of an Old Man,' 'Zephyrus,' 'Adelaida,' and pre-eminently Part V. of 'The Holytide' ('The Death of the Year'), should not have been embraced in the late issue is scarcely understood. Thus the edition of 1895, though republishing and recalling to notice some very beautiful verses, and so of no little importance, can but be deemed as of appreciably less literary value than its predecessor.

The new volume is dedicated, "To my Son and Daughter, Julius and Sophia Tennyson, the companions of my Old Age," — a pathetic token which those privileged to know the author and his family will best appreciate. But the most interesting feature, to the general reader, of this publication is the portrait, inserted opposite the titlepage, apparently taken from a recent photograph of the poet. It represents him as an old man, with white hair, thin, but falling to his shoulder. He is seated in an armchair at a table, on which stands a book, upon which he rests his hand. The general effect is that of advanced age; but the frame is large and seemingly strong, and the grasp of the right hand upon the book

is firm and decided. The head, with its capacious forehead, is a fine and impressive one; the face, which is in profile, is gentle, serene, and beautiful. It lacks the force of Alfred Tennyson's, but it has nothing of the somewhat repellent aspect which characterizes sundry of the portraits of the late Laureate. Its expression is suave and winning, indicating not the "haughty" or "passionate" quality attributed to Frederick in his young manhood by FitzGerald, but rather that simple-heartedness which his friend ascribes to him at a later date. But it is the physiognomy of a poet, of a spiritual intelligence; it wears, moreover, the tranquil, composed look of one whose declining years have been soothed by sweet memories, and by the constant devotion of those nearest him. Thus the effect of the picture of Frederick Tennyson is one of simple dignity, of purity of soul, of a poetic temperament and life, — is that of a nature such as is described by Mrs. Browning. It is an effect such as we should look for after a reading of the poems.

The poetry reflects the man; the man illustrates the poetry. It would hardly be interesting to recur to the Latin or Greek compositions by which his youthful days at Eton (where he had Gladstone for a schoolfellow) were distinguished, or to the Greek Ode on the Pyramids, for which, while a student of Trinity College, Cambridge, he received the University bronze medal. Such early productions no more foreshadow his later gift than do the formal decasyllables of 'Timbuctoo' the matured muse of Alfred Tennyson. Nor would it be edifying or just to quote from any such unripe efforts as the three contributions entitled 'To Fancy,' ''T is the Voice of the Dead,' and 'The Oak of the North,' contained in the 'Poems of Two Brothers,' already referred to.

We come, then, to 1854, and commence with 'Days and Hours,' making our extracts exclusively from this original. There are, indeed, beautiful lines and stanzas in some of the added poems of 1895, as 'The Redbreast,' 'The Cloud,' 'Follow Now,' 'The Eleventh of September,' and the sonnet, 'To Poesy;' but it is in 'Days and Hours' that we discover the ***bel moment*** of the poet's inspiration as a lyrist.

Opening this precious volume, and reserving the first of the poems — 'The Birth of the Year' — for later notice, we take from the next — 'The Song of an Old Man' — the following chaste simile: —

> " My heart is like a temple dim,
> Down whose long aisles the moonlight floats,
> And sad celestial organ notes
> Hover like wings of Cherubim,
>
> Touch'd by some unseen hand, around
> The marble figures of the Dead;
> But at this hour no living tread
> Is heard, no disenchanting sound."

In the succeeding poem, 'The First of March,' the poet makes us shiver in the "shrilling cold" March wind; then kindles us with this spirited figure of the coming of Spring: —

> " And who is He that down the mountain side,
> Swift as a shadow flying from the sun,
> Between the wings of stormy Winds doth run,
> With fierce blue eyes and eyebrows knit with pride;
> Though now and then I see sweet laughters play
> Upon his lips, like moments of bright heaven
> Thrown 'twixt the cruel blasts of morn and even,
> And golden locks beneath his hood of gray?
>
> Sometimes he turns him back to wave farewell
> To his pale Sire with icy beard and hair;
> Sometimes he sends before him through the air
> A cry of welcome down a sunny dell;
> And while the echoes are around him ringing,
> Sudden the angry wind blows low and sweet,
> Young violets show their blue eyes at his feet,
> And the wild lark is heard above him singing!"

Reluctantly passing over the tender harmony entitled 'May-day,' — a Mayday of changing aspects as seen and felt by two lovers, — we go on to the 'Thirty-First of May,' where the poet,

with an eager anticipation, draws aside the curtain before the coming of Summer: —

> "Awake! — the crimson dawn is glowing,
> And blissful breath of Morn
> From golden seas is earthward flowing
> Thro' mountain-peaks forlorn;
> 'Twixt the tall roses, and the jasmins near,
> That darkly hover in the twilight air,
> I see the glory streaming, and I hear
> The sweet wind whispering like a messenger.
>
> . . . .
>
> The heart of the awaken'd Earth
> Breathes odorous ecstasy;
> Let ours beat time unto her mirth,
> And hymn her jubilee!
> The glory of the Universal Soul
> Ascends from mountain-tops and lowly flowers,
> The mighty pulses throbbing through the Whole
> Call unto us for answering life in ours!"

'The Skylark' is probably better known and more quoted than any of his poems, and is given in Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury,' Second Series, with three other poems also contained in 'Days and Hours.' Quite as original as Shelley's 'To a Skylark,' it has scarcely less charm. It thus opens: —

> "How the blithe Lark runs up the golden stair
> That leans thro' cloudy gates from Heaven to Earth,
> And all alone in the empyreal air
> Fills it with jubilant sweet songs of mirth!
> How far he seems, how far,
> With the light upon his wings!
> Is it a bird, or star,
> That shines and sings?"

'The Blackbird' is graphic with its bright and homely scenes of English country life, — scenes that recall the paintings of Con-

stable. It should be given entire, but we have room for but a few of its pictures: —

> "How sweet the harmonies of Afternoon!
>   The Blackbird sings along the sunny breeze
> His ancient song of leaves and Summer boon;
>   Rich breath of hayfields streams thro' whispering trees;
> And birds of morning trim their bustling wings,
> And listen fondly — while the Blackbird sings.
>
> How soft the lovelight of the West reposes
>   On this green valley's cheery solitude,
> On the trim cottage with its screen of roses,
>   On the gray belfry with its ivy hood,
> And murmuring mill-race, and the wheel that flings
> Its bubbling freshness — while the Blackbird sings.
>
> . . . .
>
> The woods, the lawn, the peaked Manor house,
>   With its peach-covered walls, and rookery loud,
> The trim, quaint garden-alleys, screened with boughs,
>   The lion-headed gates, so grim and proud,
> The mossy fountain with its murmurings,
> Lie in warm sunshine — while the Blackbird sings."

The Nightingale also frequently sings in these rhymes. Thus, in the 'Thirty-First of May' —

> "the nightingale is come,
> And mid the laurels chants he all night long,
> And bids the leaves be still — the winds be dumb —
>   And like the starlight flashes forth his song."

And again, in the invocation, 'To April': —

> "Or the nightingale apart,
> Flashes from his human heart,
> Like earth-born lightning, ceaselessly,
> Anguish, Hope, and Victory!"

So the poems in blank verse, presently to be reviewed, contain repeated passages in which, as it is expressed in one of them,

the nightingale "unloosens the long chain of his melodious thoughts."

In 'Adelaida,' the poet, with a glowing fancy and delicate touch, paints the portrait and the heart of a loved one: —

> "O Adelaida, gentle, fair and true,
> Did Nature, when she cast thy perfect heart
> In the pure sanctuary of her Art,
> Take Diamond, and dissolve it to a dew?
>
> Did she take fixed Lightning in her hand,
> And with it bathe thy pure Intelligence,
> Thy nimble Fancy, and thy subtle Sense,
> A linked armour nothing may withstand?
>
> Did she rob Zephyrus of his long soft hair
> To plait thy locks for thee, and in thine eyes
> Pour the clear essence of the glad blue skies,
> And cut thy gleaming forehead from a star?"

Omitting, for want of space, other striking poems, such as 'The Forest,' 'Ariel,' and 'Harvest Home,' we bring the reader in conclusion to the two pieces — 'The Birth of the Year' and the 'Death of the Year,' in 'Holytide' — with which the publication of 1854, 'Days and Hours,' is begun and ended, and which are the most forcible of all its contents.

The verses of the former thrill one with expectancy, and inspire a weird yet tender interest. We give it in part: —

> "Let us speak low, the Infant is asleep,
> The frosty hills grow sharp, the Day is near,
> And Phosphor with his taper comes to peep
> Into the cradle of the newborn year;
> Hush! the infant is asleep,
> Monarch of the Day and Night,
> Whisper, yet it is not light,
> The infant is asleep.

. . . .

Quickly he shall awake, the East is bright,
And the hot glow of the unrisen Sun
Hath kiss'd his brow with promise of its light,
His cheek is red with victory to be won:
Quickly shall our King awake,
Strong as giants, and arise;
Sager than the old and wise
The Infant shall awake.

His childhood shall be froward, wild and thwart,
His gladness fitful, and his angers blind,
But tender spirits shall o'ertake his heart,
Sweet tears and golden moments, bland and kind:
He shall give delight and take,
Charm, enchant, dismay, and soothe,
Raise the dead, and touch with youth;
Oh! sing that he may wake!

. . . .

His manhood shall be blissful and sublime
With stormy sorrows and serenest pleasures,
And his crown'd age upon the top of Time
Shall throne him, great in glories, rich in treasures;
The Sun is up, the Day is breaking,
Sing ye sweetly, draw anear;
Immortal be the new-born year,
And blessed be its waking!"

Still more impressive is 'The Death of the Year' ('Holytide, Part V.'). With its touching pathos and deep and solemn note of mourning, it must stand as the grandest of all Frederick Tennyson's poetic conceptions: —

I.

"At midnight rose a mighty Wind, and spread
Like Lamentation over Land and Sea;
It seem'd a mournful Voice that said to me —
'Time sorroweth, and will not be comforted,

Because his youngest-born is dead, is dead!
His diadem of golden-linked Hours
Is fallen to the dust, and all its flowers
Are scatter'd — mourn ye for that lovely Head!

'I saw the Giant stand with folded wings
At noon of Night upon the River-shore,
Hard by the tumult where the Torrent flings
Its waters seaward, that are seen no more;
I mark'd the Spectre sailing swiftly down
Into the Ocean without robes or crown —

II.

'He was a Conqueror terrible and strong
In Life — and he is beautiful in Death;
He was a Poet with harmonious breath,
He was a Lover with a charming tongue;
His festal nights, his triumphs, and his songs,
Mourn ye — his beauty to the Deep descended;
His very tears are sweeter, being ended,
Than aught that to Futurity belongs.

'Futurity is dark, the Past is dim:
He was the fairest out of all his race;
In strength and glory none were like to him,
Mourn — for to-day ye saw him face to face;
And let us sing a dirge about his grave,
And speak good words of one we cannot save.'"

We come now to Frederick Tennyson's epic period as a poet. In making our extracts from his two volumes of blank verse, the publication of the first of which preceded that of the other by but a year, we will treat the two as comprising one series, citing from them without regard to the order of subjects. We begin with a picture of Spring from 'Ariadne,' in 'Daphne and Other Poems,' p. 64. The scene is the island of Naxos: —

"The winds have fallen, and the blue-eyed Spring
Lifts up the misty curtains of the land;

And all the valley to the wine-dark sea
Lies quivering in the morning light, and seems
A billowy ocean of green woods, and vines,
Olives, and fig trees pierced with cypress dark,
And cornfields, changing into harvest gold
With every hour. Soft shadows breathe adown
The purple slopes, and laughing lights return,
Fetching from out the hollows of the hills,
And gloomed glens, like sudden lightning flash,
The glance of some swift stream, or torrent-fall,
Or the fair frontal of some snow-white fane."

In 'Hesperia' ('Daphne,' etc., pp. 142, 145), Summer, so congenial to the half-Italian soul of the poet, is depicted, with its mellowing of fruits and songs of mated birds. The amber, green, and purple growth of the "lissom vine" seemed, he sings, —

"Like wealth of all rare gems suspended there
From unseen hands, and took the eager glance
Of the hot sunbeam, as it leapt through all
The flowered umbrage till it set on fire
The sweet blood in them, and then fled away
Leaving its warm shaft in their quivering hearts.

. . . .

Here sweet birds had swung
Their dewy cradles, and flew in and out
From sun to shadow, and brought to their homes
Sparks from the life of the great summer day,
And turn'd them into melodies, that made
The quiet place a temple of delight,
And told each other all things new and strange."

The mythical personages of the epic drama appear here as stately classic figures. Thus Niobe ('Daphne,' etc., p. 353): —

"Then Niobe arose, and to the height
Of her full stature slowly drew her limbs
Majestical, and from beneath her veil
Show'd her pale aspect, like a marble tomb

Lit with the ever-burning lamp of grief;
And, with the gaze of an immortal, turn'd
Her tearless eyes upon him."

And Sappho ('Isles of Greece,' p. 322), who is here introduced in her old age, yet with her prophetic vision undimmed —

"And neither years, nor sorrows of the world,
Shadows of coming death, nor many tears,
Had quench'd those lamps that burn'd beneath her brows,
As though they saw thro' far millennial shades
Of cycles down unto the end of all."

In the 'Isles,' p. 42, the music of the surf on the coast of Lesbos thus recalls the birth of Venus. The lines almost repeat Botticelli's conception: —

"On such a day was Aphrodite born,
And on the ridges of the playful sea
Rose like a Queen. Her tall immortal limbs
Cast off the gleaming freshness of the deep
Like scales of silver armour; with one foot
She prest the prow of her enchanted pearl;
One hand thrown back amidst her golden hair,
She dash'd the salt drops from her."

One of the most pathetic of these legends, over which we fain would linger, is that entitled 'Atlantis' ('Daphne,' etc., p. 163), where the tragedy of the convulsion which overwhelmed the fabled island-kingdom of Atlas, what time —

"The fury of the storm-wind and the sea,
Like Death itself, in one night swallowed it" —

is contrasted with its earlier days of security and peace, when —

"all the land,
From east to west, was one great garland, wrought
Of all the spring-flowers of prosperity;
And hurricane and earthquake roll'd not then
Over our pleasant gardens; and the dawn

Was as the gate of Heaven, the evening sweet
And clear and calm, as the last hour of man
Who swoons into oblivion without pain."

The verse of the poet is often irradiated with the marvel of the coming day. Thus, in 'Æson' ('Daphne,' etc., p. 446): —

"The Dawn, the Dawn, the everlasting Dawn,
With orient Life, with dewy breath, and songs,
And Victory, throned 'twixt wings of rosy cloud,
And Joy, and torrent light, and rolling flame!"

We conclude our selections with a very striking passage from the 'Isles of Greece' (p. 341), in which is thus pictured the effect of the music of Alcæus: —

"We heard the tread of men
To battle, and the neighing of the steeds,
The burning axles, and the chariot wheels
Flashing amid the dust, with the blown hair
Of warriors leaning forward on the foe;
In sweeter notes we heard the songs at eve,
The Pæan and the sacrificial hymn;
And laurell'd captains in their iron sat,
Or beat the earth with armed heel, or drain'd
The red cup, listening to the thrilling strings."

These extracts, few and disconnected though they are, will, it is believed, be sufficient to exhibit Frederick Tennyson as a true poet — as one of the elect order of the inspired. Not, indeed, a poet of a modern type; he is neither spasmodic, obscure, nor psychological; but a poet of an older fashion, and one refreshing to recur to in these days of self-conscious stylists. Frederick Tennyson is practically without a style; he is, indeed, too simple, too genuine, to affect or to exaggerate. The antipodes of Browning, whose art he, naturally, as we have seen, could not accept, he recalls, in his directness and sincerity, our own Longfellow. But he is no imitator. Thus he does not — as it might be expected

that he would do — take color from his greater brother. Throughout his poems there is scarcely a reminder of the conceptions, or of the diction, of the late Laureate. In one respect the difference between them is especially marked, — the poetry of Frederick is not characterized by the sage generalizations which are found in Alfred Tennyson's lines, the wise sayings that lend themselves to quotation. At the same time, to continue the comparison, Frederick Tennyson's verse is more equable and unflawed in its literary excellence than is that of Alfred. For while he has not given us an 'In Memoriam,' a 'Locksley Hall,' a 'Maud,' an 'Œnone,' a 'Morte d'Arthur,' a 'Sir Galahad,' a 'Lord of Burleigh,' or a 'Crossing the Bar,' he has refrained from bestowing upon us childish Juvenilia or undramatic Dramas. His true distinction, and in this he is hardly less than his brother, is picture-painting, — delineation of what is grand and lovely in nature, reflection of what is noble and beautiful in humanity. And with this, — as we have pointed out in the beginning, and as the extracts indicate, — purity, purity of feeling, of expression, the purity which pertains to a highly intellectual, spiritual type, yet is not over-refined, but throughout healthful. Strength, indeed, is not wanting; forceful lines, stanzas that startle with their vigor, are not unfrequent. But his verse is not "poetry of the passions," his words do not "burn." His is a softly glowing fire, — a lambent flame that illumines without consuming.

The peculiar virtue and significance of the poetry of Frederick Tennyson may be said to be that it is the product of a cultured, virile English intellect and imagination, vivified and ripened by the sunshine and the genius of Italy and Greece. It is this rare fusion that has made the poet. His poetic quality and value we have endeavored to illustrate by his works. It is a privilege to have been able to render him our tribute before the century through which he has lived and which he has adorned, shall have rounded to its end.

W. Winthrop.

SCHOOL OF LITERATURE.

SHAKESPEARE STUDY PROGRAMME: 'CYMBELINE.'

I. The Story of Act I.

Topic for Paper, Discussion, or Class work. — The Schemes of the Queen and Iachimo.

Hints: — Show how the story of Act i. consists of the attempts made first by the Queen and then by Iachimo to part Imogen and Posthumus, the loyal wife and husband. Note the use of the talk of the first and second gentleman in telling all it is important to know of events prior to the opening of the play. What are these prior events? Does this scene throw light on any character or only on events? What need is there of this? From whom are our suspicions of the Queen gathered? Scenes 1 and 2 convey impressions of the contemptible nature of Cloten and the graceful devotion of Imogen to her husband, which make the union of the Queen's son and the Princess impossible, and which yet it is the province of the plot to attempt to accomplish so that by these scenes curiosity is whetted to know the issue of the most important scenes of this act, — *i. e.* scenes 4 and 6. Why is scene 5 an important one? What seem to be Iachimo's motives as shown in scene 4 for working Posthumus up to laying the wager? How is his action explicable of giving up the ring he had vowed should remain "while sense can keep it on"? Notice the valuable bit of self-description Posthumus lets slip when he says he "shunned rather to go even with what he heard than to be guided by it." Shakespeare shows the wager to be the consequence of a revived boast first made in younger days, instead of a contention newly broached by a bridegroom just exiled from his wife. Does this make it seem less dishonoring to Posthumus? It is a comparatively modern feeling to resent a husband's testing his wife's virtue or fidelity. (See Child's 'Old Ballads' or compare the old-time popularity of 'Patient Griselda' (see Chaucer's version of the story in 'The Clerk's Tale') with modern dislike of such ordeals.) Notice, too, that when Iachimo tells Imogen tales of her husband's unfaithfulness

and makes love to her himself, it is on the supposition that he is only trying her loyalty out of friendship to Posthumus, and that she pardons him and is ready to be snared in his next trap, because this does not seem to her unnatural.

Topic for Debate. — Is there any excuse for Posthumus's bet with Iachimo?

II. The Story of Act II.

Paper. — Iachimo's Success and Cloten's Repulse.

Hints: — In act ii. the evil influences of the drama have full play and seem to be closing around Imogen. Note that the only one thoroughly to sympathize with her position is the second lord, and he is only aware of half of the mischief brewing. Faithfulness to her husband, candor to Cloten, the kindly spirit shown in her willingness to take charge of Iachimo's chest are not yet to triumph, but only to whet her persecutors' appetites for mischief, and meanwhile actually to help them. Although Cloten is effectually repulsed by her frankness in her preference of her husband's "meanest garment" to Cloten, she thus wounds this lack-principled coxcomb's self-love so deeply as to change his politic and obedient wooing into a wicked passion, which in the next act he lays a plan to gratify. And so, also, through her graciousness in doing a favor for her husband's friend, she is herself the instrument of her own undoing. Is there much choice between Cloten and Iachimo? Which should you judge from this act had naturally the more depraved nature? Note that Cloten engages music to penetrate to Imogen because he has been advised she likes it, while he does not seem to have any appreciation of it. On the other hand, Iachimo shows considerable sensibility to beauty, if not to goodness. The reader can only wonder that the man who could talk as he did when in Imogen's chamber could be villain enough to steal her bracelet from her arm. Is this in character? Does Shakespeare make all his people talk too well? How long did it take Iachimo to note the room, steal the bracelet, and get back into the chest? What are the defects and excellences of the play as to time? See Daniel's Time Analysis in Rolfe's edition of the play (p. 225) and trace it out.

Topics for Debate: — Is it natural that Imogen should not connect the loss of her bracelet with Iachimo's visit?

Was Posthumus too easily convinced of Imogen's guilt? Was it Iachimo's clever acting or his evidence that worked on Posthumus?

III. The Story of Act III.

Paper. — Posthumus joins the Evil Forces against Imogen. The Advent of New Powers for Good.

Hints: — The effect of Iachimo's success in making Posthumus a worse enemy to himself than any one else could be is to be shown. This act introduces also another factor of the plot, — the Roman embassy, which leads to the war and is to serve to introduce the King's lost sons who are to befriend Imogen. This serves, besides, to bring Iachimo to England; to reconcile the King and Posthumus, etc. The details and cross effects of these new strands in the plot may be traced out fully in the last act, but it is to be noted here that the embassy is not irrelevant but foreshadows something of importance. What may be gathered from scene 1 of the sway of the Queen and her son? Notice in scene 2 the pathetic effect of Imogen's joy and child-like talk over the letter which is really a trap. Is it natural that Pisanio should judge more accurately of Posthumus than his wife does? Compare his first exclamations in scene 2 on receiving this letter with Imogen's outburst in scene 4 when she reads the same letter. What reason is there for putting in scene 3 between scenes 2 and 4? In putting scene 5 between 4 and 6? All through act iii. the scenes alternate, giving a broken effect as to time and place which seems to aid the illusion needed that the journey of Pisanio and Imogen has been taken, and that uncertain and troubled events are in progress and new influences at hand. This is in marked contrast with act iv., where there is much bustle but all in the same place and the events occurring in direct sequence. Is there any evidence that Pisanio doubted Imogen before he saw how she took the accusation? Why is Imogen so ready to obey? Is it that she considers it her duty; or that she is helpless and there is nothing else to do until she finds that Pisanio

is her friend; or that she is crushed with unhappiness and feels nothing endurable but death? How can her readiness to have Pisanio accomplish her husband's will be reconciled with her eagerness to adopt Pisanio's plan of disguise? Compare her sayings, — though those who are betrayed "feel the treason sharply yet the traitor stands in worse case of woe," — and "I grieve myself to think . . . how thy memory will be pang'd by me," with Hermione's expressions under similar misjudgment in 'The Winter's Tale.' Imogen supposes her husband has misread her willingness to disobey her father and hold to him, as an act of passion rather than of devotion. The height of her ideal of love is marked in what she says of her marriage, "It is no act of common passage but a strain of rareness." Is it not inconsistent with Pisanio's loyalty and his care of Imogen that he should betray her by giving Cloten the letter and Posthumus's clothes? Is this whole episode a weak part in the play? Is it necessary to bring Cloten to his death, or is it a concession to the taste of the day that craved some clownish and brutal fooling? Belarius's stealing the King's children, "Thinking to bar him of succession" because the King had seized his lands is spoken of as a matter of course. How would it be looked on now? Did Shakespeare borrow this from Holinshed? It enabled him to make a contrast between town and country life and to show the aspiration for knowledge and experience stirring in the minds of the young princes. Is the worship of the sun Shakespeare makes Arviragus and Guiderius observe true to the customs of early Britons?

Topic for Debate. — Is it consistent with a noble character, such as we are led to think Posthumus had, to send a letter of affection to his wife the object of which is to decoy her to her death?

IV. The Story of Act IV.

Paper. — Cloten and the Queen Foiled.

Hints: — In act iv. good influences gain the ascendency. Cloten gets his just deserts at the hands of Imogen's natural protectors, — her brothers, — but not in any such clumsy fashion as in directly protecting her from assault. It is brought about

naturally through the innate badness of Cloten, whose character is so mean that it could not fail to range the nobility of the brothers in opposition to it whenever they should come in contact. Do these two brothers have anywhere a direct influence on the development of the plot? In this act are they unconscious agents of good? Note the immediate affection felt by the brothers for Imogen indicating their relationship. Is it more natural to suppose this immediate affection the result of blood-ties, as Shakespeare seems to think (2.28), or is it simply the recognition by one fine nature of another? Trace all mention of the Queen's box of poison through the acts. Does the Queen mean to poison Imogen? See what Cornelius says in act v. about this. Act iv. is remarkable for its variety of action. The warlike and gentle aspects of the brothers are shown in contrast. After the savage scene of the killing of Cloten, comes the sad poetic scene of Fidele's burial. Is its beauty marred by the bringing in of Cloten again, or does it serve only to enhance the brothers' noble qualities? Imogen awakens then, a little beside herself from the effects of the sleeping potion. Does this explain her mistaking Cloten for Posthumus? The next scene then introduces the Roman soldiery, and Imogen enters the service of Lucius, which she had really set out to do, but in the mean time her cause for doing so, as far as she knows, has been removed, for she thinks Posthumus dead. This being so, why should she not have returned to her cave-dwellers? Is Imogen entirely at the mercy of circumstances? Does she ever initiate any of the steps in her career? Scene 3 shows us the effect on the Queen of Cloten's disappearance. Cymbeline is at a loss how to act with the Queen and her son both away. He has fallen so low as to be completely under their control, and incapable of doing anything on his own responsibility. The contrast between his puerility and the determination of his sons to risk all and join the army, in the next scene, is marked. Belarius thinks it their princely blood asserting itself; but did they inherit their promptness to action from their father? — Perhaps from their mother?—Or is the idea conventional rather than true?

Topics for Debate: — Does Imogen's mistaking Cloten for Posthumus place her in a light unworthy of her purity and dignity? Does not every one revolt at the idea of her embracing the dead body of the man she loathed? Does the action of the play gain anything by it? Or is it a blot on the beauty of the play?

V. THE STORY OF ACT V.

Paper. — The Triumph of Good Influences.

Hints: — In the story of act v. is given the *dénouement* of the play. It shows, first, Posthumus's contrition and desperate desire for death; then the battle, which is the occasion for the bravery with which the King's lost sons and their foster-father, and Posthumus, above all others, distinguish themselves; then the strange dream is explained, and the oracular message and all the various threads of incident are knit into one. Show how all this takes place, and how Imogen is the central means of reconciliation. What of the philosophy of the scene of Posthumus with the gaoler? What do you think of Posthumus's forgiving Imogen and of his repentance for blaming and punishing her? Notice the nature of his prayer to the gods in scene 4. The vision that follows this prayer has been called not Shakespeare's by almost all editors and critics, but what plea can you make for it? Is it in any respect necessary to the play? Are there similar scenes in other late plays of Shakespeare? (See 'The Tempest,' — the mask of Hymen; 'Winter's Tale,' — the mask-like "interlude" of Time and the dance of Satyrs; 'Henry VIII.,' — the mask of Shepherds.) Is there a likelihood that these were concessions on Shakespeare's part to the tastes of the court where he had become popular?

Do you think the King's weakness honorable to him in so far as it is founded on his genuine love for the Queen? Notice his trust in her as shown in scene 5. Possibly Imogen's loyalty is an inherited trait. Why should it be considered a defect in the King and a merit in her?

Topic for Debate. —What part, if any, does the dream of Posthumus play in the action? Is there any way of explaining

the fact that Cymbeline and Posthumus, the father and husband of Imogen, did not recognize her until Pisanio — the servant — told them who she was?

VI. Literary and Æsthetic Illustrations.

Paper. — The Sources of the Plot.

Hints: — In 'Cymbeline,' two sources have been drawn upon, Holinshed, from whom Shakespeare took the names of Cymbeline and his two sons, and a few historical hints in regard to the relations existing between Rome and Britain (see Rolfe's edition for the extract); and the 'Decameron' of Boccaccio, in which a story, like that of the wager and Imogen, forms the ninth novel of the second day. The chief incidents of the story are also to be found in a French miracle-play of the middle ages, and also in the old French romances, — 'Le Roman de la Violette,' and 'Le Roman du Comte de Poitiers.' Dr. Rolfe thinks we have no reason to suppose that Shakespeare made any use of these, but the editor of 'Shakespeare's Library' points out several striking resemblances between 'Cymbeline' and the French miracle-play. The Iachimo of the miracle-play, Berengier, says to Ostes, the Posthumus of that play, when proposing to wager: — "I tell you truly that I boast that I know no woman living, but if I might *speak to her twice*, at the third time I might have all my desire." Compare with Iachimo's saying, act i., scene 5. Again, in the French play, Berengier, trying to work on the jealousy of Denise, tells her, "I come from Rome, where I left your lord, who does not value you the stalk of a cherry; he is connected with a girl for whom he has so strong a regard that he knows not how to part from her." Compare with Iachimo's report of Posthumus. No corresponding inducement is to be met with in the Italian novel. A version of the same story was printed in 1620 in England, in a tract called 'Westward for Smelts,' but this was too late, of course, for Shakespeare to use it. Authorities differ as to the date of 'Cymbeline,' some placing it as early as 1605 and some as late as 1610. Abstracts of Boccaccio may be found in Rolfe's edition; and abstracts of the French romances and the play, 'Westward for Smelts,' Holinshed and Boccaccio in 'Shakespeare's Library.'

Paper. — The Changes and Original Additions made by Shakespeare.

Hints : — From the meagre account in Holinshed, Shakespeare has developed a stirring historical background for the play. Note that Holinshed says that although our histories affirm that both Cymbeline and his father Theomantius lived at peace with the Romans and continued to pay tribute to them as they agreed with Cæsar to do, the Roman writers declare that after Cæsar's death the Britons refused to do so. Shakespeare seizes the latter alternative as being the more dramatic and better suited to the development of his plot. Note that from being a historical peg merely, Shakespeare converts Cymbeline into a genuine man with complex relations with the world, and having not only his Roman affairs to look after but complicated domestic relations with three children, a second wife, and a stepson. Having placed him amid this family group, it is necessary to individualize each. His daughter he fashions after an Italian model, and so introduces a new set of relations for her. The Queen he naturally makes ambitious for her son, as heir, etc., and the King's sons he arranges to have stolen away and grow up in the country, introducing thus the pleasant contrast of court and outdoor life. Note that in Boccaccio the villain is admitted to the lady's chamber by a faithless woman-servant (this is the case with all the other versions, too), but Shakespeare does not involve any servant in the scheme of Iachimo. He seems to wish to give the impression that no one about Imogen could be guilty of harming her. This is also shown more fully by the fact that Pisanio never has the least intention of carrying out the command of his master to kill her, while in Boccaccio the servant only desists on the lady's entreaties. Note, also, that while Imogen begs Pisanio to kill her, the lady in the Italian novel begs for life. Which would be the most praiseworthy action from an ideal point of view, and which seems the finest from the point of view of the times?

Topic for Debate. — Do all the changes introduced by Shakespeare in the plot borrowed from Boccaccio tend to the softening and humanizing of the characters?

The Editors.

OUTLINE FOR STUDY OF EMERSON'S 'CIRCLES.'

WHAT is the appropriateness of the title and motto of this essay of Emerson?

Everything in nature tends to form itself in globes, which means, of course, that there is in matter an impulsion away from its centre towards an ever regularly widening curve or circumference. This physical property of matter is taken as significant of a like tendency in other than material phenomena, and 'Circles' is chosen, therefore, as the name for the essay which is to treat of this analogy of matter and mind. So the motto states the fact that "Nature centres into balls"; points to the significant relation of men with the globe — the earth — on which they live, — "proud ephemerals" who are "fast to surface and outside" of this planet; assumes its value to them as a starting-point for unknown results. Knew they what that signified when they "scan the profile of the sphere," then "A new Genesis were here."

How does Emerson show what he means by *Circles*, in introducing his subject?

He begins by speaking of the circle as a natural form, of which the eye and the horizon are examples, and of the use of this figure repeated everywhere, as an emblem of the nature of God. This first of forms supplies meanings for a lifetime.

What morals does he deduce therefrom?

I. Compensation, Balance, each point in a circle being equidistant from its centre and the whole cohering evenly.

II. Interminable incompletion, the tendency to form circumferences being a ceaseless outward impulse.

On which of these lessons does the essay enlarge?

The second moral is the one Emerson chooses to exemplify, "the unattainable, the flying perfect."

Show how his exposition proceeds?

He illustrates the physical fact in moral facts, (1) in physical nature, (2) in human nature, and under the latter division he exemplifies it in the fine arts, in letters, the mechanic arts, and sciences,

permanence in all these being only a matter of degrees, of flow and change, all, in perishing themselves, passing on their life to the new (paragraph 3).

Does he consider, then, that a man's work, which may outlast him, is more important than the man?

No. He would have you notice that, although but a "little waving hand" built the granite tower, still that which built is better than all it builded. And, moreover, the unseen thought behind the hand is more than the hand (4).

What conclusion does he draw from this?

That man's thought is the main thing, the clue to all he is, and to all he can be.

How does he mean that his thought is a clue, also, to all he can be?

He shows that his old thought, whether in modes of government, art, fashion, or religious worship, forms itself in a fixed and definite shape about him and, thus expressed, is hard to be broken through, yet soon must be, the tendency being ever outward, beyond all boundaries, following the life of thought and feeling (5). Each man exceeds to-morrow his own yesterday, or suggests to-day what shall be in a new age (6). Progress depends on this. The new advance may seem to contradict the old standpoint. It is in reality not contradicted by that new advance, but only shown to be narrow. The new is disliked, yet the eye grows used to it, for the eye to see and the step to take are both things that belong to man, and then it is seen that it is not evil but advantageous, until it must in its turn make way for the next advance (7).

What conclusions are thence to be drawn?

Therefore, the new generalization must never be feared, but trusted (8); therefore men never feel themselves known, but greater always than they have shown themselves to be. They are right in this because each man is himself a part of progress and the means of it (9).

Where does he trace his law of incessant development at work?

In shifting moods (10); in relations with other men (11); in changes in systems of thought (12); in the requalifying power of

genius (13); in conversation and in silence (17); in literature (18 and 19); in religion (20); in the natural world (21); in morality (22–25). (It should be noticed that Emerson's divisions of his subject expand from smaller to larger centres of thought, circle-wise.)

Sum up the argument under each of the above divisions.

As to MOODS: he says that even these have no surety. What seems to me to-day rich and full of meaning will to-morrow seem to me as if I had never known or felt it. (Notice the poetic beauty and pertinence of the sudden metaphors to the moody feeling. "I am a god in nature." "I am a weed by the wall." These contrasting states of consciousness, first a feeling of power and control, then of useless and subordinate passivity, are struck out with one blow.)

As to SOCIAL RELATIONS: In a man's relations with others there is the same unrest. Love, the sweet of nature, is torment if my imperfections bind my lover, or his make me blind. When we know a man's limitations, the infinite attraction he had for us is gone.

As to GENIUS and its supreme power of requalifying old things: Nothing is safe from its clairvoyance, — science, literature, religion, manners, morals, are all capable of being utterly reformed by genius. It is the power of God the Creator which speaks thus. Valor consists in the acceptance of the new truth, in the conviction that at any time the views before held will be superseded or enlarged.

What relation to the subject is there in the paragraph following (16) on Idealism.

The power it, also, has of requalifying. Emerson's understanding of idealism is that of Berkeley and of Jesus, — that all there is in nature proceeds from the enacting of that which is within the mind. Ideas produce events "as a tree bears apples." This conviction of the ethical and practical value of idealism is learned gradually. From a toy of reason it becomes poetical insight, and later an absolute faith, an energy begetting widening circles.

As to CONVERSATION: Men's talk illustrates onward flow. Limitations of silence are broken, new boundaries of speech are found, silence beyond, outside, is ever larger than speech.

As to LITERATURE: It can ever supply the centre of a new circle. It is itself the means by which we can measure progress and the future possibility. It is, therefore, of the most direct practical value, and the poet is the magician under whose spell the Ideal flowers.

As to RELIGION: It is larger than Christianity and suggests its limitations as well as its qualities.

As to the NATURAL WORLD: Its sciences and results, metallurgy, chemistry, its flora and fauna may be considered as a series of concentric circles, for none of them either in themselves or in our knowledge of them, are definitive or incapable of modification and movement, all are steps in the process of evolution.

As to MORALS: Virtues succeed to virtues. Prudence, for example, is not always prudent, its good quality is determinable by the end sought by means of it. If pleasure is the end that tempts one to disregard prudence, it would be better to be prudent; but if a large design be attempted the confidence necessary to compass it forbids small solicitudes to be regarded. The poetic figure Emerson here uses is to the effect that when it is a question of riding in a winged chariot, a mule and panniers are out of place, however useful they may be for marketing. (A homely illustration might make the principle clearer: If it were a question of a danger to be run, as to gallop ahead of a breaking dam for the excitement of a fast ride, prudence would be more desirable, but if by the gallop people could be warned and life saved, prudence would be unheroic to say the least). Paying debts, the common notion of justice, may be unjust if I am so bent on satisfying money claims that I ignore debts which cannot be paid in coin. It appears, then, that virtues are relative, different to different men, and not forever good, but introductory to new virtues in whose light those they supersede become vices.

What objection does Emerson here suppose and how does he meet it?

The objection that the philosophy of circles is a sophistry teaching that good and bad actions are indifferent, and that if the architect follow carefully a real plan he may build God's temple out of

crimes. He meets it by showing that even in this objection he is true to his doctrine of circles, he must rest in no boundaries whatever, and is confident that in this is the highest morality, nor would he bind you either to stop or to follow (27).

One qualifying idea he does entertain, what is it?

That incessant progression, although it is the law of thought and life, could never be felt without the contrast of stable principle within the soul; this central being labors in vain to create anything as large and permanent as itself, but it does father that which in its turn fathers a better (28).

What are his final conclusions as to (1) life? And (2) character? (29–32).

That life means no rest, old age, apparent halting, is the only disease. To keep in tune with progress is its cure. Nothing holds fast but transition. The energizing spirit is immortal.

Character is power, the courage to make ever new roads, to forget the old trial in the new achievement, to have ever renewed force boldly to draw a new circle whose circumference cannot be guessed.

He adds a curious observation that the attraction of dreams and drunkenness is that they ape this bold ardor for unlimited futures. It is this enthusiasm of the spirit which is, indeed, the inner religious truth of the antique cult of Bacchus.

The Editors.

BROWNING STUDY PROGRAMME: A GROUP OF MUSIC POEMS, — 'A TOCCATA OF GALUPPI'S,' 'MASTER HUGUES OF SAXE-GOTHA,' 'ABT VOGLER.'

I. *Topic for Discussion, or Classwork.* — The Subject-matter of the Poems.

Hints: — Is Galuppi a real personage? Any Musical Encyclopædia will give information concerning him. What result is brought about by this old Toccata as the speaker in the poem listens to it? Describe the picture of Venice which the music calls up. Is this picture of Venice drawn true to life? Is there any

indication that the speaker finds the music of Galuppi beautiful? What do we learn of the character of the speaker in stanza xiii.? What seems to be the mood induced in the listener by Galuppi's music? Do you suppose that Galuppi was in the dumps when he wrote it, or is its effect on the modern listener due solely to its old-fashioned quality?

These musical poems can hardly be understood without a previous explanation of the musical allusions. For 'A Toccata' and 'Abt Vogler,' see *Poet-lore*, October, 1890. Also Notes to T. Y. Crowell & Co.'s edition of Browning, edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. A fugue such as that in 'Master Hugues' is a composition in parts. The construction is very difficult, for it is necessary to make a theme in the first part which can be repeated in all the other parts, and at the same time harmonize with itself. The theme is first presented in the original key or tonic, and is repeated in the second part a fifth higher, then again at the octave, then at the fifth, and so on. As the fugue goes on the themes are developed, and the intertwisting of parts grows more complex. The laws which govern the harmonizing of the parts together are called laws of counterpoint, and form one of the most difficult branches of the art of composition.

Hugues is an imaginary person. What do we learn of the scene of the poem in the first few stanzas? What is the organist bent on discovering in the fugue of this composer? What sort of a composition is this fugue as described by Browning? Compare the description in the poem with the account of a fugue given in these hints. What conclusion does the organist at first come to in regard to the fugue? Notice the comparison with the gilt roof of the church over which is stretched a spider's web. What moral of life suggests itself to him as a result of this comparison as to the moral possibly meant by the composer? This conclusion not being exactly complimentary to the fugue, how does he counteract it in stanzas xxv. and xxvi.? Returning to the fugue, what does he declare finally in regard to the moral? What puts an end to his playing? Why does he turn from the fugue to Palestrina? Palestrina was the first to release music from the dry formalism into

which it had fallen in the hands of the contrapuntal writers; it would, therefore, be a marked contrast to the fugue he had been playing and a relief to his feelings. It has been also proposed that Palestrina represents the noble music of the Church, which did not obscure the truth by its over-elaboration. Is this a good suggestion? Was over-elaboration a mark of secular music as opposed to that of the Church?

Sketch the life of the Abbé. (See Musical Encyclopædia.) In 'Abt Vogler' we get an inside view of the creator of music, — not as in the other poems merely of an interpreter. What does Abt Vogler compare his music to in the first verse? What is the story of Solomon and his palace? (Dr. Berdoe says: "Jewish legend gave Solomon sovereignty over the demons, and a lordship over the powers of nature. In the Moslem East these fables have found a resting-place in much of its literature from the Koran onwards. Solomon was thought to have owed his power over the spiritual world to the possession of a seal on which the 'most great name of God was engraved.'" See Lane, 'Arabian Knights,' Introd., Note 21, and Chapter I., Note 15.)

What is Vogler's first desire in regard to the music? How does he enlarge in stanzas ii. and iii. on the idea that the keys are the slave of his will? What special appropriateness is there in speaking of notes in music as "eager to do, to die"? What myths are there as to the razing of walls by music? For a comparison of music with architecture, see 'The Boundaries of Music and Poetry,' by Ambros. What visions does he seem to see as he rears his palace of sound? What contrast does he make between painting, poetry, and music, in stanza vi.? In stanza vii. he declares that music is a direct inspiration untrammelled by laws. Is the Abbé right about this, or is he carried away by his enthusiasm for his own art?

When one considers that it took man four thousand odd years to find out that it was agreeable to sound three notes together in a chord, to call it "the flash of the will that can" seems rather absurd, and only the enthusiasm of an Abt Vogler would be capable of it; the better-balanced, and therefore profounder, mind of the nine-

teenth century would say it was the long struggle of the will that can, and on this account not less but more wonderful. And, after all, a chord in music is only a piece of polished stone which aids in the building of the art edifice, and the flash of the individual will does indeed come in as the good Abbé rears his palace of sound (viii.). Upon realizing that his palace of music is gone, Vogler falls into a train of reflection. He first asks what comfort is it to him that other palaces as fine may be reared again, for he clings to the idea of permanency, — what was, shall be. What does he give as his belief in regard to good and evil in stanzas ix. and x.? In xi., what attitude does he take in regard to the failures of life as with discords in music?

A discord in music is an interval which must be resolved; that is, followed by a concord. A piece of music, though it may begin with a discord, or, in technical language, a dissonance, must always end with a concord. Contrary to the impression given in the line, discords are not the enemies of harmony, but its stanch allies. They do not exist merely to make concords more prized; they exist because they are beautiful in themselves and beautiful in relation to concords.

Upon what is the faith of the Abbé founded, reason or intuition? ("God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear." "'T is we musicians know?") What is the mood expressed in the last stanza?

II. *Paper.* — The Philosophy of Music Indicated in these Three Poems.

Hints: — The question has often been discussed as to whether music is capable of giving any definite impression as to its meaning. In 'A Toccata' the music seems to give to the listener a very definite idea of the life of Venice. Is it because there is anything in the music corresponding exactly to the mood of the life at that time, or is it rather the historical sense of the listener who calls up the picture? He knows the life of the time when Galuppi lived, and when he hears the music, association of ideas causes him to see the picture. Is not the mood produced by the music, one of coldness and deadness, exactly the opposite of the brightness of

Venetian life. It cannot be said, then, that the 'Toccata' gives a definite picture of Venetian life, for it would have been powerless to produce it without the historic knowledge of Galuppi possessed by the listener.

Has the organist in 'Master Hugues' the same historical sense as the listener in 'A Toccata?' Or does he try to draw a meaning directly from the fugue? Does he in the end catch any intent of the composer, or does he merely attach a meaning to it from the outside, — a meaning, too, which is suggested entirely by the external form of the fugue, and not at all by its soul? (For music as a suggester of moods, see 'Boundaries of Music and Poetry.')

In 'Abt Vogler' we do not have the effect of music on the listener, but its effect on its creator. Notice that Vogler does not attempt to express a definite meaning in the music, nor to find one afterwards. The comparisons he uses are all with the external form of music. What he builds is a beautiful palace of sound; the moving power is the wish of his soul to reach toward heaven. By means of the wondrous beauty of his creation, earth and heaven seem to touch, and he sees visions. Not that the music in itself gives definite pictures of visions, but that the soul is so exalted by the beauty of his music that it induces a mood for visions. The beauty and the evanescence of the music suggest two trains of philosophical thought: First, that any attainment which reaches out toward beauty and truth is a part of absolute beauty and truth, and is, therefore, eternal; second, that the failure to attain the perfect ideal of beauty and truth is in itself a proof that the perfect ideal will one day be realized. Further, that all pain and evil is transitional; that its existence for a time is in order to add greater value to the joy which is to follow.

Contrast Vogler's theory of pain and evil with Rabbi Ben Ezra's. (For further hints on the musical poems, see articles in *Poet-lore*, 'Musical Symbolism in Browning,' May, 1891; in *Music* (Chicago), 'Music in the Poets from Milton to Browning,' January, 1893.)

Topic for Debate. — Is Abt Vogler's theory of pain more satisfying than Ezra's? Which of these poems shows the best conception of the province of music in what it says to man?

III. The Art of the Poems.

Hints: — What is the rhyme scheme of the three poems? Are they equally skilful in their choice of rhymes, and do the words chosen fall into place naturally as the best word to express the meaning, or are any of them forced for the sake of the rhyme?

Aside from the musical allusions, what are the other allusions in the poems? Explain them, and state whether they are rich or not in allusion. Note also how the allusions come in naturally as a part of the subject (illustrate by quotations). Are there any of any other kind? Which poem has the greater number of metaphors and similes? How are these affected by the character of the speaker in the poem?

Topic for Debate. — Upon what does the undoubted charm of these poems depend chiefly, — upon richness of imagery, upon interest of subject, or upon the dramatic skill, which gives us a glimpse into the personality of the speakers? *The Editors.*

NEW RENDERINGS OF OMAR KHAYYÂM.

PROFESSOR Charles Eliot Norton says: "The conditions of verse in different languages vary so widely as to make any versified translation of a poem but an imperfect reproduction of the archetype. It is like an imperfect mirror that renders but a partial likeness, in which essential features are blurred or distorted." He quotes Dante as declaring that "Nothing harmonized by a musical bond can be transmuted from its own speech without losing all its sweetness and harmony."

If that be true of Italian, in which feminine rhymes prevail, how much truer is it of Persian poetry, where a far more complicated system of verse-building obtains! Mr. Edward Heron-Allen commends these stanzas as perfectly giving in English an idea of the triple, quintuple, and even sextuple rhyme of the Persian; but Omar employs at least a score of varying metres for his tetrastichs: —

"The stars still shine as once they brightly shone,
When, as they watched thy terrace, nightly shone
The answering flashes of thy love and hate,
And red gleams of the wine-cup lightly shone!

The blood-red petals from the roses fall, as then they did,
Death for us moderns likewise closes all, as then it did;
We know not more than thou didst know of life-to-be:
The ruthless Wheel of Heaven disposes all, as then it did.

But thy example makes us brave to face our Fate:
There may be Love beyond the grave to grace our Fate,
And we, meanwhile, will keep alive the glow of life, to be
Worth saving, if great ALLAH deign to save, to grace our Fate."

The translator who shall attempt to reproduce in English the richness and beauty of Omar's original may well be deemed a bold adventurer, and, except in isolated instances, in single stanzas, failure will stare him in the face. The metre employed by FitzGerald, by Garner and Whinfield, and, finally, by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, will undoubtedly serve other poets who will try their hand at Englishing Omar.

I for one cannot understand the petty jealousy that would decry any rivalry with FitzGerald; that would, without fairly weighing, condemn Mr. Le Gallienne's frankly acknowledged paraphrase. FitzGerald was not an accurate Persian scholar, and his ear for musical rhythm was by no means faultless. The attempts that have been made to set his rubâi'yât to music prove the truth of this assertion. As a paraphrase, it has endeared itself to thousands of readers, and is rightly treasured; it is, as he frankly boasted, "most ingeniously tesselated into a sort of Epicurean Eclogue in a Persian garden;" but he would have been the last to claim for it finality. He took one side, or two sides, of Omar's manysidedness. To quote Mr. Le Gallienne's graceful tribute to Omar and his modern prophet:—

"He has transmitted across some seven hundred years a series of cabalistical ink-stains — like the markings on flowers — which Messrs. Nicolas, Whinfield, and McCarthy agree in interpreting as nearly alike as is no matter. Of these rose-leaves 'freakt with jet,' these rubâiyât, these quatrains, Omar's editors count, roughly, some five hundred, many of which are of doubtful authenticity. These in the original manuscript are subject to an arbitrary alphabetical arrangement, which is no arrangement. They are a veritable pot-pourri of wine-stained petals — red, yellow, and white —

"... maybe
The Saki gathered them that night he went
Across the grass and that sad moon arose."

Probably the original rose of Omar was, so to speak, never a rose at all, but only petals toward the making of a rose; and perhaps FitzGerald did not so much bring Omar's rose to bloom again, as make it bloom for the first time. The petals came from Persia, but it was an English magician who charmed them into a living rose.

"Well, out of that hoard of wine-stained rose-leaves, FitzGerald made his wonderful Rose of the Hundred and One petals — purple rose incomparable for glory and perfume. He had chosen many of the richest petals, but he had left many behind — and it is chiefly of these that I have made my little yellow rose."

What more need one say? Omar had his pessimistic humors and moods; these FitzGerald especially emphasized. The thought so common in Oriental literature, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;" "While life endures let life be spent in ease and merriment;" "Let a man borrow money from all his friends and feast on melted butter," — that thought is Omar's as well as Koheleth's, and no one will dispute the fact that FitzGerald made this prominent.

But Omar was also a wit, and FitzGerald, though not lacking humor himself, neglected this phase of Omar's many-sidedness. Mr. Le Gallienne justifies his paraphrase by taking this into account; there are many winged shafts shot at hypocrites and rivals, and they are not less interesting and modern than the pessimistic and agnostic verses.

One may undoubtedly find single lines and single quatrains to criticise in Mr. Le Gallienne's paraphrase, but a fair mind, remembering that they are not translations and make no pretence to being based on knowledge of the original, will take them on their merits, and will, I am sure, find in them much pleasure. They are for the most part admirable in smoothness of versification. I will quote the first two: —

"Wake! for the sun, the shepherd of the sky,
Has penned the stars within their fold on high,
And shaking daylight from his mighty limbs,
Scatters the daylight from his burning eye.

In heaven's blue bowl the wine of morning brims,
A little cloud, a rose-leaf, in it swims,
  The thirsty earth drinks morning from a bowl
Whose sides are space and crusted stars its rims."

Mr. Edward Heron-Allen has done an inestimable service to all students of Omar. He has not only given a photographic reproduction of the famous Bodleian Manuscript which Fitz-Gerald used for his Persian studies, but also its transcription into the modern Nashk characters, and a careful literal prose translation fortified with a vast apparatus of notes and illustrations. It is a noble work faithfully performed. A few illustrations may be interesting: —

Omar.

Since life passes; what is Baghdad and what is Balkh?
When the cup is full, what matter if it be sweet or bitter?
Drink wine, for often, after thee and me, this moon
Will pass on from the last day of the month to the first, and from the first to the last.

FitzGerald.

Whether at Naishapur or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
  The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop.
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

Omar.

I desire a little ruby wine and a book of verses,
Just enough to keep me alive and half a loaf is needful;
And then, that I and thou, should sit in a desolate place
Is better than the kingdom of a sultan.

If a loaf of wheaten-bread be forthcoming,
A gourd of wine, and a thigh-bone of mutton,
And then, if thou and I be sitting in the wilderness, —
That would be a joy to which no sultan can set bounds.

FitzGerald.

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and Thou
  Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow.

OMAR.

What the Pen has written never changes,
And grieving only results in deep affliction ;
Even though, all thy life, thou sufferest anguish,
Not one drop becomes increased beyond what it is.

Oh, heart ! since in this world truth itself is hyperbole,
Why art thou so disquieted with this trouble and abasement ?
Resign thy body to destiny, and adapt thyself to the times,
For, what the pen has written, it will not rewrite for thy sake.

FITZGERALD.

The Moving Finger writes ; and, having writ,
Moves on ; nor all your Piety nor Wit
  Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

It is printed in a beautiful octavo volume, and ought to be in the hands of every lover of justice and fair play; for it proves beyond a peradventure that, however high we may place Fitz-Gerald, old Omar himself was higher still, just as a mountain tarn is higher than the lake into which its waters drain. The first edition of Mr. Allen's book was almost immediately exhausted and a new one is in preparation. The recent failure of Nichols & Co. will probably result in a new publisher in London taking the work ; arrangements for the American edition have not yet been made, but L. C. Page & Co. are likely to take it as a companion volume to their Multivariorum edition.

I must not fail in this connection to call attention to the beautiful little edition of 'The Stanzas of Omar Khayyám,' translated by Mr. John Leslie Garner, of Chicago.

"My manuscript of youth has yellow grown,
The roses of my spring will soon be blown,
  The joyful bird of youth that hovered near,
I know not whence it came, nor whither flown !"

There are many stanzas as good as that, and no one can deny that that is good poetry and a good translation. Mr. Garner's little

volume is artistically printed, and is in every way a credit to American scholarship and enterprise.

Nathan Haskell Dole.

(Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. A Paraphrase from Several Literal Translations by Richard Le Gallienne. New York: John Lane, the Bodley Head. 1897. 105 pp. — The Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyām, being a Facsimile of the Manuscript in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, with a Transcript into Modern Persian Characters. Translated with an introduction and notes, and a bibliography, by Edward Heron-Allen. London and Boston: H. S. Nichols, Ltd. 1898. xlii + 287 pp. — The Stanzas of Omar Khayyám. Translated from the Persian by John Leslie Garner. Second edition, with introduction and notes. 1888. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co. Philadelphia. 79 pp.)

THE ROSSETTIS.

THE Biographical Study of Christina Rossetti which has been prepared by Mackenzie Bell is disappointing as such studies of the nineteenth-century poet are apt to be, because his doings are so much like those of ordinary humanity that it is difficult to arouse to any great degree an interest in them. In this instance particularly, the life seems to have been so quiet and retired as to furnish few or no incidents with which to enliven a biography. Such lacks may, of course, be made up by a sympathetic study of the personality and the forces which go to the formation of the special and peculiar qualities of a genius, but Mr. Bell had neither the personal acquaintance with Christina Rossetti nor the critical acumen necessary for such an undertaking. The few life-like glimpses we get of her are confined to the very last days of her life after Mr. Bell became acquainted with her, and these are infinitely melancholy because of the atmosphere of pain and suffering which encompass them about.

Neither are there any felicities of style at the command of Mr. Bell with which to gloze over the other too apparent lacks of the biography, so that on the whole it would be dull reading if it were not for the generous quotations from Christina's letters, giving us at least bright glimpses of her affectionateness and goodness,

though, it must be confessed, a somewhat scant view of her mental powers.

In the critical study of her work which forms the latter half of the volume, conviction of Christina's poetical powers is borne home to the reader more by the quotations made from her work than by the criticism, which though appreciative and kindly does not present a unified and forceful view of the work. Notwithstanding its incompleteness as a life and its inadequacy of criticism, one does not come away from the book without at least a few interesting impressions of both the life and the work of this gentle, devout woman, whose genius burned at times with lofty passion and fervor, and again scintillated with delicate, almost childlike fancies. The interest of the book is also enhanced by the several portraits of Christina at varying ages, showing her to have been a girl and woman of sweet and earnest countenance.

Quite a different impression is received from Hall Caine's Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, a new edition of which has recently been issued by Roberts Brothers. Though his acquaintance with Rossetti did not begin until near the end of Rossetti's life, it is led up to by a delightful correspondence in which literary questions are discussed with such friendly freedom and goodwill that a vivid picture of Rossetti's mental make-up is the result. We find him liking just those poets we should expect him to like, — Keats, above all, then Coleridge and Chatterton and Blake, — poets of luxuriant imagination. Wordsworth he would have none of. He was, as Hall Caine points out, a man of enthusiastic appreciation of the beauty that appealed to him, and in such cases his instinct was "swift and sure ;" but he had none of that larger critical faculty which consists in the recognition of the relation of a poet to his environment, and which of course includes a historical sense of relative beauty as well as a perception of beauty in its more abstract forms. Not the least interesting portion of the correspondence is that devoted to the discussion of the sonnet form, Rossetti being no purist in his insistence upon cast-iron laws of sonnet construction. He very properly takes the ground that the beauty of a sonnet sequence may be greatly enhanced by

varying the form of the sonnets as much as possible rather than by sticking to the approved Petrarchan model. He will even tolerate roughness of expression in a sonnet in preference to weakness in thought construction. These letters are welded together by the agreeable and clever comments and criticisms of Mr. Caine, and are followed by the meeting of the two correspondents and by Mr. Caine's taking up his residence with Rossetti at his house in Cheyne Walk. He remained there until his death, and gives a sympathetic though truthful portraiture of Rossetti's personality, with its great lovable qualities and its weaknesses, mostly induced by his greatest weakness of all, the chloral habit. Yet even here one can feel nothing but sympathy when it is remembered that this habit grew out of the need for sleep at the time when he was broken down with grief over the death of his wife, for whom he seems to have had rare devotion.

Introductory to the personal recollections is a sketch of Rossetti's life, which though hardly more rich in incident than that of Christina is made interesting in the telling by Hall Caine, who has a peculiarly sympathetic appreciation of his genius, and has everywhere illuminated the account with thoughtful and penetrating criticisms. *C.*

(Christina Rossetti : A Biographical and Critical Study, by Mackenzie Bell. Boston : Roberts Brothers. 1898. [$2.50.]—Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, by S. Hall Caine. Boston : Roberts Brothers. 1898. [$1.50.])

THE VARIORUM 'WINTER'S TALE.'

More honorable tribute in memory of Shakespeare's three hundred and thirty-fourth birthday American lovers of the poet could not offer than he who is chief among these, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, has just brought forward in the publication of the handsome volume containing the Variorum 'Winter's Tale.'

The main excellences characterizing the nine preceding plays of the series mark this volume; and one may delight in recog-

nizing that it not only represents the cumulative climax of a continuously scrupulous and discriminating scholarship, but that it registers a last refinement in critical tact and taste. The student long in debt of gratitude to Dr. Furness may trace onward to this latest issue a delicate gradation of mellowing editor-craft by such external signs, for example, as these: the confirmed adoption in the series of the First-Folio text; the increasing tendency to discourage textual changes, and to encourage attempts to show the drift of the text as it stands, or since Theobald; the growing attention paid to sources or analogues of the play, and to its illustration by actors, both considered as side-lights upon the art and influence of Shakespeare; and, finally, the frank but unobtrusive facing of an editor's duty, the expression of opinion as to which among the elucidations of other editors seems adequate, or if another interpretation better meet the sense.

The first of these signs of a growth in grace was evident early in the series. Dr. Furness was one of the first to see that the text of the first edition of the plays, the text of 1623, rather than any however good judicial text, must be the most satisfactory one on which to base a thorough-going study of Shakespeare.

There is a growing demand among modern readers and students (of literature, at least), for the primal facts and documents. The specialist may no longer wisely or kindly shut the door on his sources of knowledge and pronounce sentence from the threshold: "Thus it is; for so, out of the fullness of my knowledge, have I decided for ye." Tutelage, indeed, does the public owe the special scholar, but not subjection. Let him enlighten readers with his riper views, by all means, and welcome; but let him utilize also for them his expert knowledge, by digesting and arranging his facts so that his inner culture shall permit them to enter into his processes and appreciate the value of his conclusions. This is the enlightened manner in which the American Variorum editor has chosen to perform his task. It is a fashion that will have to be substantially followed ere long, we believe, with the Jewish and Christian scriptures and the classics,—literal versions and variorum readings, and the like unvarnished presentation of all the facts

there are to be had in such matters, alone satisfying the democratic ideas of modern culture. The reproduction of the original text in the Furness 'Winter's Tale,' with its old-time quaintness of dress, is clearly one of the joys of this edition. By means of it we seem to inhale the odor proper to this flower of Shakespeare's genius. With this text aiding subtly to put us in the atmosphere of the time in which the drama was rooted, and with the readings of all later texts and commentaries branching out from it in due chronological sequence, that incalculable human event — Shakespeare — is spread open before us, and the history of its influence is like an unrolled scroll whereon is traced in significant charactery, even when least adequate, its effect upon his editors, each one of whom represents, in some degree, the critical faculty and tendency of his day.

As to the Variorum editor's discouragement of modern textual guesses, and his encouragement of interpretations shedding light upon the original construction, the present volume offers overwhelming evidence. As everybody knows, there is, in this case, no quarto text to bother over, and Dr. Furness considers that the folio text was printed with great care. He proposes almost no changes, and he comments in his usual kindly yet imperturbable manner upon the various suggestions offered to correct with artificial exactness of syllables the free-flowing accentual verse, close-packed in meaning rather than suave in melody, which is peculiar to this play. What! we "be creative, chopping and changing it," he seems to say, almost warranting the hope that the book of textual comment may be closed at last. How happy it were if this great American edition might be the final Variorum, so far at least as the text is concerned; and if what more there is to say on this play, at least, might be devoted merely to the better understanding of the text as it stands, and to the appreciation of the dramatic and poetic art rising in it to so prophetic a pitch! Since we can no longer indulge in the sorry comfort of belittling its effectiveness on the score of the sea-coast in Bohemia, and the sculpture-painting of Julio Romano, may we not relinquish the assumption that we can better the text that is left to us, and

betake us instead to the more profitable labor of qualifying ourselves to enjoy its distinctive traits?

Here, again, when it comes to understanding the play better, it seems, in this volume, to be the test of the right interpretation, for the Variorum editor, when it strikes "one," like a bell, with the text, and carries instinctive conviction.

In his earlier volumes the Editor often seemed wilfully to hide behind the piles of other people's notes which he industriously heaped up. This was a refreshing change after the pride of pose to which the public was accustomed in many of his brother Shakespearians. But, after all, it is assuming less to express an opinion for what it is worth than to refrain over-scrupulously with the humility that apes pride; and the opinion of an editor who has not thrust himself forward, and whose life of discriminating study has quickened and sensitized his literary *antennæ*, is an opinion the Shakespearian record deserves.

This volume does not offer the charming interpretative bits in its introduction which the Editor has sometimes let fall before in his introductions, as in that of his 'Tempest.' It touches pregnantly, however, on various necessary questions of the play, and throws down a pretty stiff gauntlet before the externalists who would turn the Shakespearian drama into a vehicle of petty local gag and gossip for the ascertainment of the date. The Editor reveals himself best in this volume in his comment on the various readings and interpretations which fill the lower half of the pages along with the text of the play. As the wording and verse-craft of 'The Winter's Tale' are uncommonly interesting, there is here a choice field upon which to prove his mettle. And here, to his honor and our satisfaction, his ripe powers of scholarship and appreciation shine most steadily.

Upon one trifling point, at the close of the second scene of Act II., Emilia's "Please you come something nearer" (line 66), we venture a suggestion, since the Editor says that the only explanation he "can find for this sentence is that Paulina is not actually inside the Prison, but stands without at the Gate, . . . and Emilia asks her to enter. . . ." Is it not better to suppose that it

refers to Emilia's asking her, earlier (line 55), "Please your ladyship to visit the next room?" Emilia has been brought out to see Paulina, who cannot be permitted access to the Queen herself, and who must have conference with the Queen's waiting-woman, and in the gaoler's presence. Paulina has proposed to take the babe to show to the King, perchance to soften his heart. Emilia tells her that the Queen has been beset with the same idea, but lacked a messenger of authority so meet for such an office as Paulina. That her proffer will be hailed by the Queen she does not doubt, and so asks her to enter an adjoining room, presumably empty, where the gaoler need not think it his duty to be present, and where she might more comfortably wait while Emilia went in to tell the Queen about it, and get Mademoiselle Baby ready. Emilia going, Paulina, we imagine, is about to enter "the next room" when the gaoler stops her with his scruples about passing the babe out with her, if the Queen sends it. Paulina turns on the threshold to meet his objection, and, having satisfied him, the stage is then cleared by her entering this room, and the gaoler withdrawing till the babe shall be wrapped and ready to be passed out of the prison with Paulina.

The second half of the volume is taken up as usual with the valuable appendix, in which is compressed from so many books and theorists whatever bears upon the play. Greene's story of 'Dorastus and Fawnia' is given in full, also Garrick's adaptation, 'Florizel and Perdita.' Dr. Furness is as little interested as ever in the date of the play; but for that very reason his summary of the theories on the subject is perfectly comprehensive of all the contentions among which he is neutral.

The edifice of Shakespearian erudition is crowned by such a volume as this. Into it enter more than three centuries of Shakespearian material, here sifted and moulded into a coherent whole, a synthesis, to date, of its subject. *P.*

(A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare, edited by Horace Howard Furness, Vol. XI. The Winter's Tale. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1898. [$4.00].)

IN PORTIA'S GARDENS.

In Belmont was a lady richly left, so Shakespeare has told us. In another Belmont, this one nigh unto Boston, is another Portia no less richly left and fair, "of wondrous virtues." She is none other than Lady Nature, whose lovely intimacies are not open to every haughty Prince of Morocco or of Arragon, journeying within her gates, but only to some Bassanio who has grudged her no uttermost devotion and risked time lavishly upon her.

Such a Bassanio is the writer of 'In Portia's Gardens,' and in this book he gives the outer world alluring glimpses of the abounding graces this whimsical lady, Nature, reveals to a favored lover.

Nature-books are become a fashion, however, and the elfin bird-creatures who are most studied in Mr. Kennedy's volume are, to-day, the observed of all observers ; and here we have another nature-book, you may say, and birds again ! Yes, and so much the better; for the wholesome pleasure to be won in poring over these outdoor records of birdology having been bruited abroad, here is a book to whet your taste anew, because it has a flavor quite its own. It is homespun, freakish, and poetic all at once, nonchalantly beckoning you along a foot-path way quite aside from the usual dry-as-dust road-trudging. And for leisurely discursiveness, mixed with sudden seizures of rapt observation of bird songs and other such details, and variegated with whimsical dashes way across country to rifle an antique writer of his quaintest word, or gather some sprangling nosegay of nature-comment from various poets, this book stands quite alone, producing a wayward attractiveness of scene-shifting akin to Nature's own. The directions for the stage-setting of its scenes are given in the preface; and this preface is, you find, an unexpected little prose-poem dedicated to one of the prettiest suburbs of Boston. Boston itself lies within the scope of its outlook, and gets this graceful limning: —

"Picture to yourself in the foreground a rolling plain, diverging fan-shaped to the sea, the segment of a mighty circle . . . whose arc

sweeps a curve of 20 miles, from Longfellow's Nahant to the Blue Hills of Milton. The spread of landscape within these bounds is threaded by winding rivers and alluvial plains, is dotted by blue lakes and crossed by city-sprinkled ridges. Burnished with the silver sun of morning, the lakes seem holes in the green earth-crust through which the white fire breaks from underground: or is the world-floor but a many colored flying carpet, with the sunlight shining through its rents? By night, instead of Portia's candle, you shall see the imprisoned lightning flaming in a thousand lamps, whose combined radiance at the distance of five or six miles is just about equal in power to that of the moon at the end of her first quarter. It splashes the tree-trunks with silver and hangs above the sleeping cities a delicate veil of penumbral light, hailed with joy by the belated pedestrian in the country long before the city itself sparkles on his sight."

The first chapter looks like an innocent first chapter with a pretty title, 'Sweetbriar and Wild Cherry,' but you gradually feel that it is more than that, — a subtle sort of prologue adroitly initiating you into the atmosphere of the book. Its theme is the sense of smell, and it leads you by the nose most happily through a series of chapters poetically christened and so loosely strung that you are surprised to notice that, after all, they are as orderly as Nature. For they dutifully follow the procession of the seasons, from the first peep of the buds to the year's high noon and its lengthened shadows, until they find their natural dissolution and dispersion in a charming dissertation on the watery element of the universe, a sort of epilogue-chapter, entitled 'By Fountain and Stream.'

If another word is needed to show that this is the rare nature-book of a man who has a genius for poetic-naturalism as well as a bent for scientific observation, which is not so uncommon, let this quotation on frost crystals bear witness: —

"Toward the end of February, — the 18th,— the inflowing, high up, of quantities of warm vapor from the sea on the wings of one current of air, and in the very face of another sliding on from the north-west, proved favorable, with the glass at zero, for the formation of stars and wheels of snow . . . falling in countless showers. They were nearly all six rayed (some crosses) and frequently with side processes, — no two of all the myriads alike.

So all day long the silent work went on. And ever, as the gliding continents of cloud met and mingled, the serried hosts of the sky, fairy Hephaestoi, spirits of heat and cold, seized upon the particles of vapor, and fashioned in friendly rivalry a million starry gems, ethereal-white and light as filmiest down, and fast and faster tossed them aside to fall in showers on the dark earth, where musing mortals, walking amid showers of such miracles, held their breath in secret wonder, letting their thoughts beat against the adamantine limits of mind, if so they might catch but a glimpse of the mystic All at work behind the veil, — the Maker of the makers of these wheels, the vast Ananke — or Fate, that globes the circling planets, gives them their centre-seeking ponderous weight, and in their veils of mist entangles the soul of beauty shrined in crystalline law. . . . Why does the moisture on the window-pane crystallize in curves? Why not in cubes as dried mud does? . . . Why do the atoms of the birch catkins' scales take the exact form (as you see them on the snow) of birds with outstretched wings? Answer: by this form bird and birch-seed alike best attain their object, — flight. . . . This is the prophecy of the green woodland and the flower garden. But the *why* and *how* are like the *why* and *how* of self-consciousness: crystallization and mind are imbedded in matter. The only secret that the innocent little atoms "give away" in their frost pranks is that the foliage of the window-pane and the pavement is a premonition of that of the tree and the human body, —life latent dreaming on life organic yet to come. The crystals seem to be yearning for the living organism. Do we touch in them the very nerve of Eternal Will?" *P.*

(In Portia's Gardens, by William Sloane Kennedy. With Illustrations. Boston: Bradlee Whidden. 1897. [$1.50.])

WHITMAN'S WOUND-DRESSER.

Going over these really interesting letters, one is reminded of a passage in De Quincey's essays, "By truth, I understand, not merely that truth which takes the shape of a formal proposition, reducible to 'mood' and 'figure,' but truth which suddenly strengthens into solemnity an impression very feebly acknowledged previously." Now these letters do "strengthen into solemnity an impression very feebly acknowledged previously," — the

impression that Whitman was not a mere writer of books, but a big-hearted, wonderfully sympathetic man, scattering a " new gladness," not rhetorically only, but actually, amongst mankind. Probably without this war experience 'Leaves of Grass' would never have had that vital and abiding element pervading every line.

During these two years of quaint missionary work among the wounded in the hospitals in and around Washington, Whitman says he made about six hundred visits, and attended in his gentle, unobtrusive way nearly one hundred thousand helpless soldiers. Not quite usual proceedings for a man of letters; especially a man who at the very time was conceiving and executing the most original and wonderful project in the entire range of American Literature!

Carlyle would have liked such a man as Whitman if for no other reason than that he was a worker, not a drone; one who did the duty that was nearest. Certainly he did more good and practical work than the sage of Chelsea ever did. Carlyle's entire philosophy, all his writing, teaching, preaching, talking, and growling, was about work, — like a man who writes about life, but does n't live. While Carlyle was speculating and talking, Whitman went quietly and regularly about his work. But Whitman did this work simply because he loved to do it (the only reason why any work should be done, we now believe). He says, " I go to hospital every day or night — I believe no men ever loved each other as I and some of these poor wounded sick and dying men love each other." In another letter he recalls " How contemptible all the usual little worldly prides and vanities, and striving after appearances, seem in the midst of such scenes as these — such tragedies of soul and body. To see such things and not be able to help them is awful — I feel almost ashamed of being so well and whole." Truly noble words, altruistic in the extreme. The letters give a delightful picture of Whitman going through the hospitals with his bag of gifts for the wounded and lonely soldiers, — fruits, crackers, tobacco, and small sums of money. But his best gifts were what the doctors and nurses could not supply, — consolation and spiritual comfort; the cheerful face, the kind voice, and the magnetic touch that

heals: qualities few of us have, but which all recognize and appreciate.

The closing remark of Dr. Bucke, who has edited the letters, is worthy quotation: "Those who joined the ranks and fought the battles of the Republic did well; but when the world knows, as it is beginning to know, how this man, without any encouragement from without, under no compulsion, simply, without beat of drum or any cheers of approval, went down into those immense lazar houses and devoted his days and nights, his heart and soul, and at last his health and life, to America's sick and wounded sons, it will say that he did even better."

Besides containing much new and valuable data on America's great war, descriptions of hospitals, how regulated and conducted, suggestions for improvements, abuses pointed out, and so on, there are some real bits of literature; as, for instance, the description of the gorgeous rooms in the Capitol, and a cavalry regiment coming down Fourteenth Street. Only off-hand sketches, yet quite as vivid as if they had been done with more elaboration. But then Whitman had remarkable perception,—had the quick and keen observation of the true artist.

The volume is daintily bound in sanguine-tinted linen, suggestive of the turbulent scenes it records; it has large clear type, and beautiful paper with abundant margins. Altogether a handsome book,—"the trappings" a treat to the eye; "that within" a delight to the soul. *W. E. M.*

(The Wound-Dresser, A Series of Letters Written from the Hospitals in Washington during the War of the Rebellion, by Walt Whitman. Edited by Richard Maurice Bucke, M.D. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1898. [$1.50.])

MR. NEWELL'S 'THE TABLE ROUND.'

It is probably almost entirely due to Tennyson that the general reading public has come to take an interest in the earlier versions of the Arthurian legends. Scholars, of course, have long had their innings over the mysteries of the origins, the accretions, the varia-

tions, the transmission of the various elements of the Arthurian Cycle, but since everybody has discovered that Tennyson's 'Idyls' are founded principally upon Malory's 'Morte Darthur,' this last has become a sort of every-day book in the general reading world. The publisher Dent has been so obliging as to bring out a fascinating little pocket edition, with reduced Beardsley illustrations, and James Lane Allen gave it a final push toward popularity when he introduced it with such marked effect in his 'Choir Invisible.' Once get a taste of Arthurian literature in its simple, quaint, though powerful form, as it appears in the 'Morte Darthur,' and it would be a strangely unappreciative being who did not long for wider acquaintance in this especial field of literature. This desire for more, Mr. Newell has undertaken partly to satisfy by his charming translations from the old French of Crestien de Troyes, who, along with Walter of Oxford, Geoffrey of Monmouth, Wace the Norman, Layamon, Walter of Coutances, Walter Map, had contributed to the preservation and enlargement of the Arthurian legends long before Malory had appeared upon the scene.

Mr. Newell in his introductory chapters very wisely refrains from going deeply into any of the Arthurian controversies as to origin, though he gives a sketch of the possibilities in this direction, thus furnishing all the background necessary for a literary enjoyment of Crestien's work — the chief thing, after all, and one which Mr. Newell ever puts himself on record as believing paramount in all the complicated problems which now vex the soul of the scientific folk-lorist, too prone in his zest for the origins and migratory oscillations of the folk-tale to overlook the incalculable effects of individual genius and imagination in the development of a tale. To Crestien de Troyes, Mr. Newell thinks, more than to all other influences, is to be ascribed the character of extant Arthurian story. Indeed, he considers that Arthurian fiction will essentially be recognized as a monument to this single great writer, whose genius has permanently affected European conceptions. He, however, also gives due weight to the conditions which had their share in moulding the character of Crestien's genius, as well as of

the literature of the time; namely, the growth by the middle of the twelfth century of a body of readers, largely women, who were no longer content with the "savage splendor of an epos designed for the amusement of warriors, and required of fiction especially nutriment for tender emotions."

The warlike characteristics of the Charlemagne cycle were too well known for it to be safe to introduce fresh imaginative elements there, but the delightful vagueness of the Arthurian cycle made of it just the right material upon which to graft the requirements of the new literary taste. That this literary taste was one of lofty ideals, considering the manners of the times, is amply illustrated in the volume Mr. Newell has prepared. The tales breathe a singular purity and an ideal of devoted comradeship which we should do well to imitate to-day. No dark side of the institutions of chivalry are apparent in them. The loyal knight is ever ready to succor the oppressed maiden in a spirit of true and unselfish friendship. While there is everywhere a similarity of motive, there is a richness of invention in incident, and some worthy attempts at character-delineation, which give variety and individuality to the separate stories. The manner of the telling is delightful beyond compare, and we presume it follows closely the original in the first five stories, at least, as Mr. Newell informs his readers in a note that the only change is in a certain degree of necessary condensation. Crestien's work has been supplemented by five other stories, for which Mr. Newell has drawn upon French prose romances and the English poem, 'Morte Arthur.' So that King Arthur and his Table Round are as completely presented as may be.

C.

(King Arthur and the Table Round. Tales chiefly after the Old French of Crestien of Troyes, with an account of Arthurian Romance and Notes, by William Wells Newell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1897 [2 vols., $4.00.])

NOTES AND NEWS.

SYMBOLISM OF 'THE SUNKEN BELL.'

THE power of suggestion in a symbolistic drama from the pen of a genius such as Hauptmann's is almost incalculable. Every individual will find in it a meaning which suits his own mental temper and the experiences of his life, but it is like a great musical composition: the true spirit which inhabits it could only be raised by the wand of a mind identical with that of its creator.

In the play there are two sorts of suggestions, — those which grow out from the motive and those which subtly permeate its atmosphere, a wonderful fabric woven from the elements of Teutonic mythology and folk-lore, the threads of which are shadowed with the meanings of the past, and glint with the meanings of the future. The bell, so closely related to the welfare of Heinrich, points backwards to the folk-loric tales of talismans, in which the life of an individual is bound up; no less is Heinrich's life bound up in the bell, but it is the outward symbol of all that he has been subjectively, and when it falls, the weakness of his ideal is proved. Again, the dwarfs who work for him point back to the earth-gnomes of Teutonic folk-lore, but these dwarfs are Heinrich's own mental forces, which work for him or fail him according as he is able to hold to the new ideal with purity and integrity of purpose.

Heinrich himself is, however, more than an individual; he is a symbol of mankind struggling for the highest artistic and spiritual expression, and in his experiences are depicted the agonies of soul, the travailings of spirit, which fall to the lot either of humanity or the individual when, heart-sick, the light of a new ideal breaks in upon them. The old light is not easily extinguished, misgivings arise, the beauties and the loves of the dying ideal still wind themselves about the heart, though the

soul knows that the new light tends upwards toward everlasting life.

Whence then arises the heart-sickness, the sense of failure, in Heinrich's life? It is because the life-sap has been taken out of the ideal. It has become conventionalized, run into a fixed mould, and so divorced from direct contact with nature. Nature must be approached anew and re-interpreted.

Over against Heinrich, who symbolizes mankind, is the world of nature with all its various forces symbolized in Nickelmann, the hobgoblin, the elves, and Rautendelein; while the Wittichen seems rather to be the time-spirit who helps neither good nor evil, but through whom all things come to pass. These nature forces are also intimately bound up with Heinrich's life.

Nickelmann and the hobgoblin seem to stand for the coarser, material aspects of Nature, bent simply upon the preservation of species. These lower forces are ever at work to bring mankind down to that level. They plot for the destruction of Heinrich's individual aspiration, and they are aided in bringing about his downfall by his own disgust at the rut of conventionalism in which his life moves.

But in the mean time there is another force of nature waiting for his recognition, symbolized in Rautendelein. She has ever been antagonistic to the lower brute forces, but consciousness of her own tendencies can only come to her through man's recognition of her. She is, indeed, spiritual love, the child of light, which can be found in nature by those who have the purity of heart to seek her.

This revelation to Heinrich through Rautendelein of an exalted spiritual love puts new life into him; he breaks away from conventions and becomes a free being. By means of it he seems to touch the divine, and all the forces of nature and mind become subject to his will for artistic ends. But he is not strong enough to walk in this new light. He resists the unlovely importunities of the conventional symbolized in parson and schoolmaster, he resists the howling voices of the criticising multitude; but failure of accomplishment reveals that he lays more stress upon the

visible outcome of his work as an end in itself than as a means of spiritual expression. In his depression whatever is lovely in the old ideal lays hold of him, as well as remorse for the suffering that has followed in the wake of his action. He doubts himself, he doubts the purity of his purpose, the spirituality of the new love, just as the crude forces of nature and the conventional forces of society had always doubted it. He casts it from him, and tries to fall back again into the old rut, while Nature weeps over the dethronement of her god. Balder, the god of beauty, is dead. But there is no place for him in the old life; he is forever estranged from it. He is driven to seek once more the scorned spiritual love, but it has become hopelessly enchained by the lower forces of nature, — Nickelmann has wedded Rautendelein, — and can be realized by Heinrich now only in death. As he dies, Rautendelein is freed, and he is again united with spiritual love.

In the relations of Heinrich with Magda and Rautendelein a note of realism seems to be touched. The thought is suggested that there had been no revelation of the possibility of love on a purely spiritual plane in the case of Magda and Heinrich, and it was Rautendelein who awoke in Heinrich this exalted love, which he, feeling it to be the true reality, the life-giving force, must needs follow at the expense of all else. There is, however, the much larger suggestion of the awakening of humanity to the possibility of a love which has not for its ulterior end the preservation of the species, but the stimulation and development of the mental power, the feeding of the spiritual aspiration of the individual.

These are a few of the thoughts that came to the present writer on reading this play. It is far from probable that they vibrate in perfect unison with those of the poet when this lovely creation of fancy, suggestion, and thought sprang, a unique work of art, from his brain.

—— THE translation of 'The Sunken Bell' given in the present number of *Poet-lore* is, we believe, the first translation into

English that has appeared of any of Gerhard Hauptmann's dramas, although he has attracted the attention of critics on both sides of the Atlantic as being the coming and original force in literature. J. Firman Coar, writing of him in connection with the two other German dramatists prominent to-day, Wildenbruch and Sudermann, says in the January *Atlantic:* —

"Of the three writers, Gerhart Hauptmann is the most complex. An exponent of extreme realism in his first drama, 'Before Sunrise' (1889), he remains such in his succeeding dramas: 'The Peace Jubilee' (1890), 'Lonely People' (1891), 'Professor Crampton' (1892), 'The Weavers' (1892), 'Marianne' (1893), 'The Beaver Coat' (1893), 'Florian Geyer' (1895). Suddenly he appears before the public with a drama, 'The Submerged Bell' (1896), that not only disregards, but openly violates, the cherished theories of the realistic school. If Goethe's 'Faust' — philosophically speaking — is humanity's travail at the birth of the new spirit of science, Hauptmann's 'Submerged Bell' might perhaps be called humanity's travail at the birth of the new spirit of intuition. There is something romantic, something mystical, in the drama, yet something withal so weirdly beautiful that we are strangely fascinated, and gently but surely withdrawn from the external realities of life."

The translation of Miss Harned admirably preserves the poetical atmosphere, though it has by preference not been put into the poetic form of the original. The attempt to reproduce in translation the mere externals of form too often results in the loss of those subtle qualities of thought and emotion upon which depend the peculiar charm of a work such as 'The Sunken Bell.'

—— SEVERAL important reviews that we were loath to postpone, and the interesting and valuable argument by Mr. Prentiss Cummings on Browning's 'Statue and the Bust,' a recent paper of the Boston Browning Society, which we were still more loath to hold over, have been crowded out of this number of *Poet-lore* by the length of the Hauptmann play. Our next number, however, will be the richer for the present omissions.

—— How rare it is for genius to stand the stronger personally for the publication of letters properly belonging to private life! Allowance has to be made for this egotism or that materialism, both lacking in the high-mindedness the man of genius knew well enough how to put in the artistic self-expression. But Elizabeth Barrett Browning's genius stands the personal test. Though always human, she is never unillumined. About those of her opinions which are likeliest to stir the prejudice of the squeamish, her characteristic enthusiasm and insight casts some captivating halo. How her most intimate revelation makes one like her, — so gayly frank, so natural her emotionalness, so innocent of pose or sentimentality! Now, every one knows that the love-affairs of genius are trying, not on account of their unconventionalities, but of their pitiful self-exposures. Yet here is Mrs. Browning's story of her husband's courtship. She first mentions him upon the publication of his 'Dramatic Lyrics,' 1842: —

"I do assure you I never saw him in my life — do not know him even by correspondence — and yet, whether through fellow-feeling for Eleusinian mysteries, or whether through the more generous motive of appreciation of his powers, I am very sensitive to the thousand and one stripes with which the assembly of critics doth expound its vocation over him. The truth is, it is easier to find a more faultless writer than a poet of equal genius."

She received a letter from him later, in January, 1845, over which she says she was "in ecstasies." A few months later, he came to see her for the first time. In September, 1846, as the world knows, they were married at the cost of Mr. Barrett's unmitigated displeasure. Shortly after her marriage, she told Mrs. Martin all about it in the following letter: —

"My family had been so accustomed to the idea of my living on and on in that room, that while my heart was eating itself, their love for me was consoled, and at last the evil grew scarcely perceptible. It was no want of love in them, and quite natural in itself; we all got used to the thought of a tomb; and I was buried, that was the whole. It was a little thing even for myself a short time ago; . . . I lived on the outside of my own life, blindly and darkly from day to day, as completely dead to hope of any kind as if I had

my face against a grave, never feeling a personal instinct, taking trains of thought to carry out as an occupation absolutely indifferent to the *me* which is in every human being. Nobody quite understood this of me, because I am not morally a coward, and have a hatred of all the forms of audible groaning. But God knows what is within, and how utterly I had abdicated myself and thought it not worth while to put out my finger to touch my share of life. Even my poetry, which suddenly grew an interest, was a thing on the outside of me, a thing to be done, and then done! What people said of it did not touch *me*. A thoroughly morbid and desolate state it was, which I look back now to with the sort of horror with which one would look to one's graveclothes, if one had been clothed in them by mistake during a trance.

"And now I will tell you. It is nearly two years ago since I have known Mr. Browning. Mr. Kenyon wished to bring him to see me five years ago, as one of the lions of London who roared the gentlest and was worth my knowing; but I refused then, in my blind dislike to seeing strangers. Immediately, however, after the publication of my last volume, he wrote to me, and we had a correspondence which ended in my agreeing to receive him as I never had received any other man. I did not know why, but it was utterly impossible for me to refuse to receive him, tho' I consented against my will. He writes the most exquisite letters possible, and has a way of putting things which I have not, a way of putting aside — so he came. He came, and with our personal acquaintance began his attachment for me, a sort of *infatuation* call it, which resisted the various denials which were my plain duty at the beginning, and has persisted past them all. I began with a grave assurance that I was in an exceptional position and saw him just in consequence of it, and that if ever he recurred to that subject again I never could see him again while I lived; and he believed me and was silent. To my mind, indeed, it was a bare impulse — a generous man of quick sympathies taking up a sudden interest with both hands! So I thought; but in the mean time the letters and the visits rained down more and more, and in every one there was something which was too slight to analyze and notice, but too decided not to be understood; so that at last, when the 'proposed respect' of the silence gave way, it was rather less dangerous. So then I showed him how he was throwing into the ashes his best affections — how the common gifts of youth and cheerfulness were behind me — how I had not strength, even of *heart*, for the ordinary duties of life — everything I told him and showed him. 'Look at this — and this — and this,' throwing down all my disadvantages. To which he did

not answer by a single compliment, but simply that he had not then to choose, and that I might be right or he might be right, he was not there to decide; but that he loved me and should to his last hour. He said that the freshness of youth had passed with him also, and that he had studied the world out of books and seen many women, yet had never loved one until he had seen me. That he knew himself, and knew that, if ever so repulsed, he should love me to his last hour — I should be first and last. At the same time, he would not tease me, he would wait twenty years if I pleased; and then, if life lasted so long for both of us, then when it was ending perhaps I might understand him, and feel that I might have trusted him. For my health, he had believed when he first spoke that I was suffering from an incurable injury of the spine, and that he never could hope to see me stand up before his face, and he appealed to my womanly sense of what a pure attachment should be — whether such a circumstance, if it had been true, was inconsistent with it. He preferred, he said, of free and deliberate choice, to be allowed to sit only an hour a day by my side, to the fulfilment of the brightest dream which should exclude me, in any possible world.

"I tell you so much, my ever dear friend, that you may see the manner of man I have had to do with, and the sort of attachment which for nearly two years has been drawing and winning me."

Well might she conclude, "Women generally lose by marriage. I have gained by mine."

—— THE Shakespeare performances at the Memorial Theatre in Stratford will extend over a fortnight again this year as last, beginning on the 11th, and ending on the 23d (Shakespeare's birthday). This arrangement is intended to catch the holiday people during Easter week, leaving the second week to Shakespearians, who come from all parts of the world. The revival play is 'Antony and Cleopatra,' and it is probable that Mr. Benson will arrange for a rehearsal of this splendid tragedy in the first week. It will be produced on a grand scale on Friday, the 22d, and Saturday afternoon and evening, the 23d.

—— MARY FYTTON, whom Mr. Tyler will have it is the Dark Lady of Shakespeare's Sonnets, is one of the figures of Elizabeth's

court, on whom a recent little book called 'Gossip from a Muniment Room' throws light. (David Nutt: London.) The editor of these sixteenth-century records, Lady Newdigate-Newdegate, tells us that Mary's eyes are gray, her hair not black, and her character not so dark as it is painted.

—— MARY's sister Anne was married while a girl of twelve to John Newdigate, a boy of sixteen. During her later life she received many letters (here reproduced), most of them from male friends, who professed adoration and their grief that she stayed at home and cared for her children instead of coming to Court. Sir Richard Leveson openly and romantically calls her his dear wife, the old Sir Fulke Greville "his dearest servant;" and Francis Beaumont his "onely best and most noble ladie," "his fairest and dearest ladie," and yet he entreats her in her widowhood to "marry his cousin Sanders." The interest of Beaumont's letters arises from numerous poetical allusions to the literature of his time. To Sir William Knollys she was his "adorable gossip," as he was godfather to one of her children. All of these amiable gallantries may teach the modern reader how lightly he must take much of the poetizing sonneteering language of the time.

—— MARY was not married off so summarily, but her father, Sir Edward Fytton, sent her to Court at seventeen, where she became maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth in 1595, and Sir William Knollys, her father's old friend, gave her his protection. He was the Queen's cousin, a middle-aged, almost elderly, respectable married man, the comptroller of the royal household, and, therefore, in every way suitable for a guide and guardian, her father thought. And so thought Sir William, as he wrote: "I will not fayle to fulfill your desyre in playing the good shepperd, and will to my power deffend the innocent lamb from the wolvyshe crueltye and fox-like subtletye of the tame beasts of this place. . . . I will with my councell advise your fayre daughter, with my true affection

love her, and with my sword defend her if need be; her innocency will deserve it and her virtue will chalenge yt at my hands, and I will be as careful of her weldoing as if I were her true father." Alas for human protestation! Sir William fell in love with the fair girl, wooed her in no doubtful terms, and asked her and her sister openly to pray for the speedy death of his old wife, so that he might marry her. Doubtless the underhand adoration of an elderly lover caused her disgust. At any rate, when the handsome young Lord Herbert came to Court she seems to have fallen over head and ears in love with him. Doubtless she dreamed that a marriage with him would lead to a happy future. But she made a great mistake. The Earl of Pembroke died, Lord Herbert succeeded to title and lands, and his intrigue with the fair maid of honor was discovered. Though nearly twenty-one years of age, he was a royal ward; the Queen was wrathful, sent him to the Fleet, and Mary to Lady Hawkins's custody. She was, however, shortly after committed to her father, who took her home to Gawsworth. The young Earl "utterly renounced marriage," and seemed to have been very cold-hearted toward her, rousing the wrath of all her friends. This little volume brings out various facts that seem to contradict Sir Peter Leycester's gossip about her and Sir Richard Leveson. She did at last marry Captain Polwhele, whom her friends did not think good enough for her. But after her marriage her relations accepted her husband.

——THE amusing theory that the 'Odyssey' was written by a woman, as recently projected by Mr. Samuel Butler, is bound to be derogatory to man's matter-of-course superiority, whichever way it be taken, for either a woman wrote it, as is shown by the "exquisitively" accurate presentation of women's occupations and characters, or else, if a man wrote it, he was unpardonably ignorant in his treatment of men's pursuits: the wind is made to "whistle" over the waves, a lamb is represented as living on two pulls a day from a ewe that has been already milked, a hawk is made to tear its prey on the wing, a boat is represented with two rudders, etc.

A JAPANESE GARDEN.

TRIAINO KANE — from a bell tower — sent a shower of silver melody across the eventide. Dusk flew out of the skirts of the weeping willows. The mist-veiled cedar groves, the bamboo back-doors of the *shoya's* [burgomaster's] house, and the love dream of cherry blossoms were altogether enough to make the figures of a mathematician spell out a poem.

Cottages with thatched caps had more kin-folks at Kameyama than any other type of architecture. But this story is concerned with just one of them. Age and rain had made quite an impression on the wheat-straw roof of the cottage, but mosses patched it over with velvet. The pillars were very far from being steady, but the worms must have thought it quite fashionable to make their summer homes therein. A thread of pale thin smoke — a stream of curled pathos — issued from its square opening, at once a chimney and a window. One side of the cottage was screened off with *shoji*. Age had painted it, so that Imagination could come along and color it with either a ruddy claret or an ashy coffee tint as she might choose; and something over and above mere age seemed to have treated it with a certain unkindness and made it yawn at

places. "Ears in the wall," is an old Japanese saying. The proverb might have added, "A *shoji* is many-mouthed." From those mouths a voice stole out. It was rather sweet, not lacking in the persuasive ring, — a gift of a short yet eventful life, let us say. The voice said, —

"Don't! Dearest, don't look that way. Don't you see how happy I am?"

And what sceptic could doubt that smile of hers?

"What's the matter, dear? Look straight at me. . . . Now tell me, husband, what makes you think that I care anything about my old home, mother, or the pretty things? Look here, dearest," (he who peeped into the miserable room just then could have seen a dear tableau) "have n't I got *you?* Poor? Nonsense!"

And the smile with which she punctuated her sentence! Upon such, a man looks, and farewell freedom! — a slave straightway and forever more.

"I am a cursed fool," said the man, and followed it with something far stronger. He was silent up to that time, and his eyes were fixed on — why, all sinners look in the same direction, you understand.

A silence.

"But I can't understand it," he went on. Beneath his crossed arms his breast rose and fell, not to calm music, however. The keen intensity of his gaze was piercing, and none would hesitate to say that it could penetrate through miles of night. But where or what was he looking at, — could any one say?

Then he told his wife his life-story, — not the first time, of course, — how he had dreamed of an ideal garden; how he had been trained since ten years of age, under Shyungaku, Kosetsu, Meisei, and others; how he had learned to dwarf trees and "hang hypocrisy over baby cascades" (as he called it); how he had fled into the mountain because he was tired of such tricks; how he had met a hermit there; and how the prophet of the mountain had wedded him to Nature. Then he, with a deal of emphasis, told her how he had met *her* by the cascade over the *kasuga* shrine; how she had caused him to fall and break the vow which he had

made to the hermit never to love aught but Nature; how he was proud of his fall — as all the foolish would have said. He concluded, —

"The garden is idealized here, within me, — the rocks, streams, plants, and site; and it shall be realized. Look here, wife, as long as genius hides in this breast and my heart is not ashes, the day must come — yes, it must. On that day my ancestors may smile on me. And my posterity may bless me for fortune and a name."

The woman listened to this discourse and looked in much the same way as flowers do when the sun is jovial, and the morning sky a great big open smile. Then she turned her beaming face full upon Kojiro. "And if you succeed, will you forsake me?" she said. Taking her in his arms, he said, "What, forsake this witch? That can never be."

The slow undulations of a distant bell went around the low eaves of the cottage, and the sleepy moon reposed quietly on the graceful branch of the kikyo-tree in the yard.

* * *

Kojiro came home in the evening, as was his wont, threw out a handful of copper coins, and said that that was all he could make that day, and, "Here goes another day!" His little wife caressed him tenderly and encouraged him. But, poor thing! she herself had enough to do to dry her own tears. Surely they were at the very bottom of misfortune. Why does not the waned moon wax? But the fact is, Fortune is seldom hitched to the heel of catastrophe. She is a little too proud, moreover, to sell her smiles to court Sorrow. Kojiro sat down like a millstone. Heaven help him! his heart was heavy. He did not care a whit for himself — six years of hermit life had served him well — but for that delicate bud, his wife!

Osono sat at the opposite side of the *hibachi* from her husband. The wreaths of steam rose from the kettle, — the only light-hearted thing in the whole room. Osono watched them, "How well they caricature our poverty, — coming out and vanishing away," thought she. Kojiro was a stone image all the while; solemn — and every

body knows nothing is so much out of place as solemnity in a rural cottage.

Over across the green meadow they saw the elder of the village, the venerable *shoya*, coming. The snow of sixty winters weighed his frame and made a walking picture of humility out of him. His hands were clasped behind him, and he was guided and followed, almost at the same time, by his fat white dog. Osono saw him coming, rose from her seat with alacrity, and covered the simple supper with what seemed like a piece of linen. She went to the closet, took out a cushion, and, spreading it on the floor, awaited the approaching elder with the best holiday apparel at her command, —her sunniest smiles. After the tremendous showers of polite Japanese bows, "*hais*" and "*heis*," the *shoya* stated in his official manner the mission that brought him there, and after exchanging compliments in the most extravagant style, according to the fashion of the day, left the house with a slight frown upon his wrinkled brow, followed by his faithful dog. The wife raised her eyes with a tremor on her lips. Her gaze met that of her husband.

"I can't understand this," said he, quietly.

* * *

The following morning the sun found the gardener dressed in his cleanest garments. The *shoya* came for him, and they started together toward the capital of the empire.

That which the *shoya* brought to their humble house the day before was a summons from the Lord Chancellor of the palace.

* * *

Fifty miles of rocks, dust, and mountain! At best a serious undertaking in those days, and what was left of Kojiro came, as the twilight was feeling her way, staggering back tipsy-fashion, under pines and cedars. Fatigued and somewhat pale, Osono was prepared for all this, but there was something more in Kojiro's expression. And when she asked him what saddened him so, Kojiro took out two packages of gold, and said that they were the very worms that were gnawing his marrow. She snatched the packages off the ground and said: "What do you mean, my dear

husband? What, the money! What a timely shower! Does *this* trouble you? But, my husband, where did you get it?"

The gardener folded his wife in his arms. And the tenderness — ah, don't tell me that man is a brute! Many failings in his heart, doubtless, but a big slice of heaven also. He answered the awe-stricken, question-pregnant eyes of his pretty young wife:

"Be patient, Sono, and listen to me. We reached the palace, and as we prostrated ourselves the Lord Chancellor entered, a middle-aged man, kindly of face and fine-voiced. He asked me if I were the peerless gardener of the empire by the name of Kojiro. Fear made me speechless, and yet somehow I answered that while my name was indeed Kojiro, I was a mere plantsman and very far from being anything like a superior gardener, and that it must have been through a great mistake that I had been thus summoned to the palace of the Mikado. To which he kindly answered that I need not be over modest, that his Majesty had already learned of my genius. 'Winds that blow are not all unkindly, my garden-maker,' he said. The emperor was quite displeased, so he told me, to find that turnips and radishes had claimed a genius of such rare order so long; and that the time of my appearance was ripe, but not too late. The palace had looked upon an uncompleted garden on the south side for three generations. 'The resources of three mountains, plants, from wheresoever they grow, the force of a thousand select masons and gardeners, and the royal treasury are all at your command. The reward will be according to the merit of your work. No genius ever lacked rank or wealth in the palace of the emperor. As an immediate relief, accept these packages with my compliments!' Then he turned to the *shoya* and ordered him to bring me to the palace on the first of the next month. With that we were dismissed straightway."

Osono's eyes, her lips, her cheeks, they were as clear as the bubbles of a sunlit rill. The little speech of Kojiro was a knell to him; but to her a gospel! She stormed, and charmingly; in this, man never can hope to imitate woman. To suspend her over that most awful of chasms, anxiety, and scare the life out of

her in such a merciless way, — why, cruelty is no word for it! Her peroration was telling; she would never more love him, she said, if he were to behave as wretchedly as he had done again (the use of the threat, let me state by way of comment, is becoming, since the day of Kojiro, as common among the Japanese women as human nature), and it left him as utterly helpless as a butterfly, drunk with the dreams of flowers.

* * *

If the flickering pith-wick of the seed-oil lamp had an ear, there is no telling how many secrets it might have heard that night. With what judicious scrutiny Osono close questioned Kojiro about the tear (for an unfortunate drop became over-emotional and dewed the cheek of Osono). But, poor Kojiro! the way he abused himself was sinful. He cursed his doltishness, the day of his birth, and many other things without the slightest show of mercy, but never to his satisfaction. He begged his wife's pardon. It was a black lie, so he confessed; all that he had told her that night was a cursed falsehood, not a bit of truth in the whole thing. Oh, of course, what he had said of the little training he had received was true, but he was a common plantsman, nothing more. He had told her those things just to lighten the despair-plagued heart of his young wife, and for no other end. The trouble came, he frankly admitted, from his extravagant and seriously criminal laudation of himself, and now as the matter had gone so far, he wanted her to do what she pleased with him. "Wife, for mercy's sake fly from me. Leave this wretched rascal, leave me and fly for your life; look here!" (Then the strong man melted somehow, and clasped his hands in the attitude of prayer; his mother had taught him how to do that when he was two years of age.)

And then his wife's answer! — contradicting everything he had said, assuring him that Kameyama was not the only place that the sun shone upon. They could escape the wrath of the Mikado as easily as they had that of their parents, if he had enough daring about him.

Woman, it is said of you that you came to comfort man, is it to deceive him also?

By the time that watchful lamp fainted in the night, Kojiro was soothed as by magic. Happy dreams and glorious visions hugged him about.

* * *

Kyoto is the historic capital of old Japan. For her flowers and fair women her name is famous, for her poets and artists also. A quaint lover of the old sepultured himself in one of the palace archives, not many years ago. When he came out he said that he had found a curious document. Many scholars became interested in that old manuscript. But, as it happens, this story is more interested in it than any one of them. 'My Life' is the title of the volume. The name of the author is also traceable with a little help of the imagination. It reads 'Kojiro.' The record is full of exclamation points and very few periods. That is because complete sentences are not many. Here is a sample page: —

"July 2, XIII. of Tempei.

"A violent knock awoke me. 'Osono!' I cried. I looked around. Osono was gone and the gold with her. A man kicked open the door and came in; it was the *shoya*. Only one path was open to me. I leapt to the ground, seized a *kama*, and attempted *harikari*. In the name of the state and of his Majesty, the *shoya* ordered me to stop. My hands were palsied, blood streamed to my eyes, every particle of strength forsook me; in that bright morning all was night with me.

"The *shoya* exclaimed at the top of his voice, 'Look, look, look!' Waking from my stupefaction, I looked, and saw on the paper-shade of the lamp, thinly traced with charcoal, the handwriting of my wife, 'Good-by; I take this gold as the price of all the sufferings you have caused me since we ran away together.' The inscription was superfluous; I understood all before I saw it. Sorrow, disgrace, soul-sickening mortification, death! Ah, how faint a shadow of the utterable real do these words caricature! I prayed that I might die, but there I was, after having suffered ten thousand deaths already. No place in which to live, no means to take my life.

"I had sinned; O heavens, but thy punishment! Do I justly deserve all this?"

* * *

The *shoya* took charge of Kojiro, imprisoned him in his go-down, and placed three strong men at the door. The old man was not meddlesome by nature; but he appreciated the situation. Meanwhile Kojiro sat in the dusk (for the guards had persuaded the sun to be ashamed of this wretch of a gardener). He was a perfect interrogation point. He could not understand. Who was he? An insignificant plantsman who had spun his life thread by stealing the light of day. His wife had thrown him away and kept her old shoes. How came it that this man should be selected out of so many of his professional brothers to wear the crown of royal recognition and bleed under the thorn of irony?

"Oh, can't you help me?" he cried, knocking at his own breast. But his heart stood still, then, affrighted, it bounded with violent throbs. His head ached in response to that appeal for help. Alas, and alas! the tears that boiled in his swollen eyes helped little to enthrone genius within a common hand. O for that power that calls forth immortality out of mortality, a god out of man! What could be done? Through whose lips could he send in his resignation to this gracious call from the sovereign? That body of his, scarce five feet seven, was there no place in this wide world to put it? Was Osono the rust that ate up the steel of his manhood? She was hateful, yes, but far more contemptible than she was he himself. Dark, dark! But Remorse felt that it might be made still darker; so she flooded it with the ink which some of the angels had used to write a very black record. And the thought, "Had I been true to my vows, faithful to the hermit?" flashed lightning over his purgatory and left it darker than ever.

"Here it is, my life. Take it, gods! take it, buddhas, and ye ghosts! I fling it away willingly. No, you do not accept it, this cursed black pollution! But, oh, pity me, I cannot die. I cannot pray; you have all forsaken me. Have I not suffered? Am I not punished?"

The groan was dismal; but the tears of blood which Remorse

strained from him, and the crimson stream torn with his own teeth from his lips, painted in a more sinister color the hell within his soul.

* * *

For a couple of hours he was a ghastly being, lying on the floor without the slightest sign of life. But life wandered back. It was always night in the go-down, so it did not make any difference whether the day waxed or waned. But just at that time the sun was dying outside, and creation was falling asleep on the hill-tops. Kojiro sat still till the temple bells tolled out midnight; then it was that a voice woke many a confidential echo from the corners of the go-down. Kojiro was thinking in a whisper.

"Trying to murder myself because a woman deceived me?—and I call myself a man! Die? Why not die in the effort of realizing the garden? Try — try — try! My best, that's nothing, I know; the best a man can do is not much. But — but — but — if indeed I realize the garden of my dreams, no one will think it a garden at all. It may be monstrous, outrageously common, in other eyes. No matter. Surely some chisel must have cut the valley of Katsura gawa, the rocks of Atago Mountain. True, they do not bear the names of men. But man! why cannot he walk in the footsteps of a god? Cannot the finite ever leap the barrier? At least I would find this out, yes, before I die!"

Something brought lightning to his eyes.

With the morning came the *shoya*. He unlocked the door and asked Kojiro to step into the *kago* standing ready outside. They started, and at the end of their journey the gates of Nara palace stood open-armed.

* * *

One thousand picked workmen, when they form a single machine controlled by a single brain, work out a wonder. Kojiro gathered many unnamable things. "Great heavens!" was all the *shoya* could say when he inspected them, and the Lord Chancellor's "*Kore wa shitari!*" meant the same thing. This done, the gardener walled up the site so that no eyes could peep in or look over;

and as for the birds, they tell no secrets. The thousand men worked for about two months; and seven hundred and twenty-three of the number came out. No one knew why. And the only thing they said was that they could not take a certain oath. At the end of another month a hundred and fifty-one more men were ejected. Fifty-three men besides Kojiro remained within the wall at the close of the year.

The summer passed; the autumn grew ruddy with ripe fruits, and dropped them. And every morning the chorus of many voices rose and echoed back and forth among the stars flickering in the light of dawn. Winter froze the playful graces of the rills; her successor pitched her tent of purple mists in the melting shades of mountain woods and along the laughing meadow streams; summer taught her winged tribe the music not altogether of earth; the moon hung pensive in the autumnal skies; and all these blended in one circle, exemplifying Time's relation to its mother, Eternity; and yet no thoughtful bee ever freighted its wings with the least bit of news from within the walls of the industrial hermitage. The sky, too, was very faithful, and no mirage ever loomed up to satisfy the curious of earth. Not even the Mikado was admitted. Three years passed thus. Meanwhile all the workmen came out, and Kojiro was left the sole sovereign of his own realm. Three and forty of his men had been carried out to be placed under the sod and the stone.

* * *

The Lord Chancellor was in the habit of riding round the palace in person. One afternoon his advance guard arrested a "singular thing" on the north side of the walled garden. "The singular thing" looked like a man, but more like a beast. The attendant of the Chancellor cried, "Down!" as he led the thing into the presence of his master. But it stood erect. His huge, heavy, tangled mass of hair mimicked very successfully a monsoon in a willow forest. The daring beard filled up the holes and ditches in his face which pain, anxiety, and intense excitement had dug, and clothed his breast, otherwise naked. A ghost of a garment clung to his waist, like the picture of a faithful, tender wife, maltreated,

torn, soiled, despised. The Chancellor met the eyes of the savage for full ten minutes and, "How now, Kojiro?"

The man fell down upon his face.

* * *

His Majesty was rather patient, for a royal person, I mean. But when the Lord Chancellor reported the completion of the garden, his Majesty made an impression upon his minister. In after days, the minister translated the impression into words, "Just like a fox with his tail on fire!"

They placed the marble dais off the south corridor of the palace. The dais was partly within the wall of the garden, crowning its terrace; technically speaking, it was at the station-point of the perspective. White and purple draped the opening in the wall. When the curtain parted, Kojiro was seen prostrated upon the marble step. A prolonged, vacant stare! — his Majesty, open-mouthed, sprung a step or two forward, his hands thrown behind him, his brow stormy. Wonder came and wiped away all traces of culture, dignity, self-possession. And the most wonderful and the most unaccountable of all was that the Chancellor did not note any change on the royal person. Remember, too, that never before had a smile or a frown appeared or disappeared on the emperor's face, unnoted by the minister. And, what is more, the entire court ignored the extraordinary movements of its Master, — the court which never was known to miss a single quiver of the royal lips, a shade in the royal eyes. What was the matter? One ample cause for all these things, — the garden!

The rocks! as common a thing as earth and water, why should they enslave the eyes of the Son of Heaven? His Majesty (and the whole court, for that matter) looked long at them. Did they really see how Kojiro had embraced, caressed, warmed, wooed, slept by and upon them night after night, I wonder? As for the rocks, they appeared natural, and unnatural also. To ape Nature to perfection was but a phase of Kojiro's ambition. The perfect expression of Nature plus Kojiro, — nothing more, nothing less, was the ideal of the gardener. The result was that the rocks fought; they frowned formidable anathemas, tessellated patience, preached

faithfulness, prophesied eternity. No flower, not even a tuft of *ran*, not one. Streams encircled the garden, but they seemed mad. They bit the rocks, and their teeth flew like snow. Their laughter, like the fingers of a fairy, went pecking over the lute strings of the human heart. They sobbed too, and the souls of the beholders hugged that sorrow as a mother presses her babe. And the dews that beaded the eye-lashes of the emperor were his own heart made liquid. Dead trees were not despised there; yes, there were a number of them. Icho, ginnan, cedar, pine, oak, hugged each other in shocking promiscuousness. The gardener had failed to civilize their savage passions with a lesson in modesty; a patch of an African jungle was the result. Yes, it was that, but it was also an extract of suggestion. A magic touch of perspectography, and his Majesty, the great Ten Shi, was the fool of an illusion. The garden hurled him into a cyclone of dreams. His soul tripped over the paths, whereupon a mountain goat would never risk his hoofs, and wandered lost amid the steeps of the Kiso and the Ransan ranges.

At the royal feet was Kojiro, prostrated. Slight tremors passed over him. But none regarded him.

His Majesty snatched the purple robe from the hands of his retainers; that was the first thing he did after waking from his trance.

"Rise, Kojiro!" exclaimed the royal voice.

No response.

"Rise; receive the favor of thy Emperor!" The royal hands held out the robe of rank to the gardener, an unheard of honour.

But no response.

The Chancellor lifted up the prostrate man. The warmth of life was fast passing from the frame of Kojiro into the marble step.

And the life of the gardener entered into the garden, and the garden became a Living Soul.

Adachi Kinnosuki.

LOVE AND DEATH.

The story runs, as told in by-gone days,
That Love was born immortal, and was wed
To Psyche, made immortal for his sake:
The tale of those who put the Golden Age
Far in the past. But those to whom that Age
Is still to come, can tell a truer tale
Of how Love won his immortality.

To Psyche, immortality was given,
As God's free gift, the only Life earth knew;
And her, young Cupid loved, he knew not why:
Not yet immortal, but a child of earth.
And on a day it fell that Psyche lay
Weighed down with care and weariness and woe,
And Love sat watching her with longing eyes,
And heart that ached to share in her distress.
For Love had lightened many a weary load,
And Love had brightened many a dreary waste,
And borne her in his arms up many a path,
Whose cruel thorns had pierced his tender feet.

But unto Life had come strange questionings,
And burdens, Love's devotion could not share,
And pain, Love's tender pity could not soothe,
And weariness, he could not charm away,
And longings, Love's fond heart could never know,
For what Love, at his utmost, could not give.
For Love was simple Love, young, strong, and brave,
And could not understand Life's questionings.
He only cared that Life should ever be
Glad-hearted, free from any care or pain,
And for her peace he would have gladly died.

So Love sat watching her with yearning eyes,
And longed to know the cause of all her pain,
And longed to bear it all in his own heart.
Then, as he watched her, at her side stood Death.
And when Life saw him : " Welcome, Death ! " she cried ;
" For thou wilt bear me to my Father's house,
And he will teach me all I long to know ;
Nor in his sight can care and pain abide."
But Love cried out with such a bitter cry
That Life drew back, even from the arms of Death,
And stretched her feeble, clinging hands to Love ;
But unto Death she turned her weary eyes.

Then Love, with sight grown clearer in his grief,
Knew that the pain he could not hope to share,
Could find with Death alone a healing balm ;
Knew that the Life that was not wholly his
Could find with Death alone a peaceful clime ;
And with pale lips he cried: " Take her, O Death !
I cannot help her ; thou canst give her rest :
No longer mine, I yield her unto thee ! "
To whom Death answered, smiling grave and sweet,
(Then first Love saw how tender were his eyes
And deep, as having read all hidden things) :
" She is not mine ; in giving thou hast gained :
Not mine, but thine ; for Love has conquered Death.
And in the kingdom of eternal Peace
Shall Life and Love forever reign as one,
When care and pain and Death have ceased to be."

Then, as the exile smiles when home is near,
Life smiled, and stretched to Death her weary hands ;
But unto Love she turned her steadfast eyes,
Whose benediction filled his heart with peace.
And thus it was that Love, made one with Life,
Through losing self won immortality.

Margaret Cooper McGiffert.

DREYFUS.

FRANCE has no dungeon in her island tomb
So deep that she may hide injustice there;
The cry of innocence, despite her care,
Despite her roll of drums, her cannon's boom,
Is heard wherever human hearts have room
For sympathy: a sob upon the air,
Echoed and re-echoed everywhere,
It swells and swells, a prophecy of doom.
Thou latest victim of an ancient hate!
In agony so awfully alone,
The world forgets thee not, nor can forget.
Such martyrdoms she feels to be her own,
And sees involved in thine her larger fate;
She questions, and thy foes shall answer yet.

Florence Earle Coates.

TURN FROM ME, SPIRIT.

TURN from me, Spirit, for I cannot yield:
Look not upon me with those yearning eyes;
Speak not unto me with that winning voice;
Let not that siren song assault my soul;
Avert thy face, close eyes, and hush thy song!
O weaken'd heart, how canst thou long endure?
O tottering mind, is not thy struggle vain?
Turn from me, Spirit, else I yield and die!

Turn from me, Spirit, for I fain would live:
The day is rich with joy, the night with rest;
My ravished heart would know these pleasures still:
My eye delights to look upon the sun,

My ear to hear the murmuring of the world;
And still the fancy fame allures my mind,
And praise is soothing to my weary soul:
Turn from me, Spirit, else I yield and die!

Turn from me, Spirit, for my wandering mind
Is mine no longer; and my bastion'd heart
Beats trembling 'gainst its shaken citadel.
The North has sent a thousand furious storms,
The South has breath'd its deadly-fever'd breath
Against my breast; my cheeks are sunk and pale;
My eyes are lost in lustreless abodes:
Turn from me, Spirit, else I yield and die!

William E. Mountain.

REACTION.

Singing, I graze the stars. When song is spent,
Methinks I sink into a clamorous hell,
Where song grows still
Before the gibe of ill,
Mocking: "Is 't well for souls the heavens to spell,
Leave earth, on stars intent?

What recks the sordid earth of those who rise,
Who, unabashed, quit foot-hold of her ball,
With strenuous leap,
With soaring, starward sweep?
Passive she waits their sure, impending fall,
The horror of their eyes.

Hannah Parker Kimball

GERTHA'S LOVERS.

BY THE RIVER.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame. — COLERIDGE.

ONG ago there was a land, never mind where or when, a fair country and good to live in, rich with wealth of golden corn, beautiful with many woods, watered by great rivers and pleasant, trickling streams; moreover, one extremity of it was bounded by the washing of the purple waves, and the other by the solemn watchfulness of the purple mountains.

In a fair lowland valley of this good land sat a maiden, one summer morning early, working with her needle, while she thought of other matters as women use. She was the daughter of a mere peasant, tiller of the kind soil, fisher in the silver waters of the river that flowed down past his cottage to the far-off city; he lived from day to day, seeing few people,— the one or two neighbors who lived in the cottages hard by, the priest of the little hamlet, now and then an artisan travelling in search of work, — except, indeed, when he went to the wars; for he was a fighting man, as were all the people of that country, when need was. His wife was dead these five years, and his daughter alone lived with him; yet she, though of such lowly parentage, was very beautiful, nor merely so, but grand and queen-like also, such a woman as might inspire a whole people to any deed of wise daring for her love.

What thoughts were hers, as she sat working on that summer morning, the song of birds all about her, and the lapping of the low, green river waves on the white sand sounding fresh and pleasantly as the west wind blew them toward her? What thoughts? Good thoughts, surely. For the land wherein she dwelt — so fair a

land, so small a land — had never ceased to be desired by the tyrant kings who bore rule round about. Always had they made war against it; never had they conquered, though sometimes they were seemingly victorious in a scattered fight here and there, through sheer force of numbers, for the dwellers in that good land were of a different race to the lazy, slavish people who dwelt about them. Many a song Gertha could sing you of how, long and long ago, they came from a land far over the sea, where the snow-laden pine forests, weird halls of strange things, hang over the frozen waters for leagues and leagues and leagues along the coasts that were the cradles of mighty nations. Sailing over the sea there, long ago, with their ships all ablaze with the steel that the heroes carried, they came to this land with their wives and children, and here made desperate war with the wild beasts, with savage swamps, dragon-inhabited, daring famine and death in all ugly shapes.

And they grew and grew, for God favored them; and those who dwelt nearest to the "Savage Land," as it used to be called, grew more and more like the strangers, and their good rule spread; and they had a mighty faith withal that they should one day ring the world, going westward ever till they reached their old home in the east, left now so far behind.

Judge, therefore, whether the tyrant kings feared these free, brave men! Judge whether, growing more and more cruel as they grew more and more fearful, they strained the chain over the miserable millions of their subjects, so that with many it grew intolerable, and was broken asunder; so that, both in well-doing and in wrong-doing, God's kingdom spread.

Think what armies went up against the good land; what plains and valleys were sown with swords and spears and helmets, and the bones of valiant men; and from being nameless once, only thought of as the place where such and such a tree grew very plenteous, where such a river ran, became now to be remembered to all time, nor to be forgotten in eternity.

Think of the desperate fights, in treacherous, slippery fords, where the round stones rolled and shifted beneath the hurried trampling of men fighting for life and more than life, amid the

plash of the reddened waters in the raw, gusty twilight of the February mornings; or in close woods, little lighted up by the low sun just going to sink where the clouds looked thunderous in the summer evenings; or with shouts from crag to crag of the great slate-cliffs, with wrathful thundering of rocks down into the thronged pass below, with unavailing arrow-flights, because arrows cannot pierce the mountains, or leap about among the clefts of the rocks where the mountaineers stand, fiercely joyous.

Think, too, of the many heads, old and young, beautiful and mean, wept over, not joyously indeed, — nay, who knows with what agony, yet at least with love unflecked by any wandering mote of the memory of shame or shrinking; think of the many who, though they fought not at all with spear or sword, yet did, indeed, bear the brunt of many a battle, in patiently waiting through heart-sickening watchings, yet never losing hope, in patiently bearing unutterable misery of separation, yet never losing faith.

Had not Gertha, then, enough to think of, as she sat working hard by where the water lapped the white sand? For this people were so drawn together that through the love they bore to one another sprung terrible deeds of heroism, any one of which would be enough for a lifetime's thought; almost every man of that nation was a hero and a fit companion for the angels; and the glory of their fathers, and how themselves might do deeds that would not shame them, were the things that the men thought of always; and the women, for their part, looked to become wives to brave men, mothers to brave sons.

So now Gertha was singing rough, spirit-stirring songs of the deeds of old, and thinking of them too with all her heart as she sung. Why she, weak woman as she was, had not she seen the enemies' ships hauled up on the island back yonder, and burned there? Were not the charred logs, which once, painted red and black, used to carry terror to the peaceful, slothful people of the islands, mouldering there yet, grown over by the long, clinging briony? Did not her eyes flash, her brow and cheeks flush with triumph, her heart swell and heave beneath her breast, when the war-music grew nearer and louder every moment; and when she

saw at last the little band of her dear countrymen hemming in the dejected prisoners, the white red-crossed banner floating over all, blessing all alike, knight and sailor and husbandman ; and when she saw, too, her own dear, dear father, brave among the bravest, marching there with bright eyes and lips curled with joyous, triumphant indignation, though the blood that he was marked withal did not come from his enemies' veins only ? Did she not then sing, joyously and loud-ringing, remembering these things and many others, while the west wind was joyous about her too, whispering to her softly many things concerning the land of promise ?

She sung about a king who lived long ago, a man wise and brave beyond all others, slain treacherously in a hunting party by emissaries of the enemy, and slain at the height of his wisdom and good rule ; and this was one of the songs that his people had embalmed his memory withal. So, as she sung, behold, the blowing of horns and trampling as of horse, just as her voice rang clear with, —

> "The King rode out in the morning early,
> Went riding to hunting over the grass ;
> Ere the dew fell again that was then bright and pearly,
> O me ! what a sorrow had come to pass ! "

And a great company rode past, going to hunt indeed, riding slowly, between her and the river, so that she saw them all clearly enough, the two noble knights especially, who rode at the head of them : one very grand and noble, young withal, yet looking as if he were made to burst asunder the thickest circles of the battle, to gather together from the most hopeless routs men enough to face the foe, and go back fighting, to roll back the line of fight when it wavered, to give strength to all warriors' hearts ; fancy such an one, so wise, yet so beautiful that he moved like the moving of music ; such tenderness looked from his eyes, so lovingly the morning sun and the sweet morning haze touched the waves of his golden hair, as they rode on happily. He that rode beside him was smaller and slenderer, smaller both in body

and face, and it seemed in mind and heart also; there was a troubled restless look about his eyes; his thin lips were drawn inward tightly, as if he were striving to keep down words which he ought not to speak, or else sometimes very strangely this look would change, the eyes would glance about no more, yet look more eager and strangely anxious than ever; the thin lips would part somewhat, as if he were striving to say something which would not leave his heart; but the great man's eyes were large and serene, his lips full, his forehead clear, broad, and white; his companion was sallow, his forehead lower and rather narrow, his whole face drawn into wrinkles that came not by age, for he was no older than the other.

They passed as they had come, and when the last note of their horns had died away Gertha went about her household duties; yet all that day, whatever she might do, however much she tried to beat the phantom down, that stately man with golden hair floated always before her eyes.

* * *

Evening now, the sun was down, the hunt had swept away past the cottage again, though not within sight of it, and the two knights, having lost their companions, were riding on slowly, their tired horses hanging down their heads.

"Sire, where are we going to?" said the small dark man; "I mean to say where past that beech-tree? the low swinging bows of which will hit you about the end of the nose, I should think. Ah! his head goes down, somewhat in good time; he has escaped the beech-bough."

But the other answered no word, for he did not hear his friend speak, he was singing softly to himself, —

"The King rode out in the morning early,
  Went riding to hunting over the grass;
 Ere the dew fell again which was then round and pearly,
  O me! what a sorrow had come to pass!"

He sung this twice or thrice with his head sunk down toward the saddle-bow, while the other knight gazed at him with a sad half-

smile, half sneer, on his lips and eyes ; then with a sigh he turned him about and said, "Pardon, Leuchnar, you said something I did not hear; my mind was not in this wood, but somewhere else, I know not where. Leuchnar, we shall not find the hunt to-night; let us seek rest at that cottage that we passed this morning; it seems to be the only house near."

"Yea, my lord Olaf," said Leuchnar, smiling again in that bitter way, when he saw, in spite of the twilight, both of the sunken sun and of the thick beech-wood, a great blush come over Olaf's face.

"Yea, for why should we not?" and as he said this, he fairly burst out into strange, explosive laughter that did not sound merry, yet was not repulsive but sad only, for Leuchnar was thinking of the ways of man, and found much to amuse him therein ; yet his laughter sounded sad in spite of himself, for he was not one who was made to laugh, somehow ; but what specially made him laugh now was this, that neither of them had forgotten that hour in the morning, and the maiden sitting alone near the river. Each of them, as they burst through the greenest glades of the forest, with cry of hound and sound of horn, had, according to his faith, visions of a dark-haired maiden, sitting and singing, her eyes raised and fixed on one of them ; also both wished to go there again, and accordingly had been sad laggards in the hunt, and had lost themselves, not very unwillingly perhaps, yet now neither liked to confess his longing to the other. Leuchnar would not even do so to himself, and for these reasons he laughed, and his laugh sounded strange and sad.

But Olaf knew that he was in love, and all day long he had been nursing that love delightedly; he blushed yet more at Leuchnar's laugh, for these two seldom needed to tell each other their thoughts in so many words, and certainly not this time. He bowed his head downwards in his confusion so low that his gold curls, falling forward, mingled with the full black of his horse's mane, and growled out therefrom: —

"You are a strange fellow, Leuchnar, though a good one; but we will go."

"Yea, to the peasant's cottage, my lord," said Leuchnar, with his head raised, his eyes set straight forward, and his lips curled into something much more like a sneer than a smile; thereat Olaf with a spring sat upright in his saddle, and glanced quickly on either side him, as though something had stung him unawares. Afterwards they both turned their horses' heads aside, and rode slowly in the direction of the cottage, Leuchnar singing in a harsh voice, "The King rode out in the morning early," — "though the dew has fallen again," he muttered; whereat Olaf gave an uneasy side-glance at him.

And soon they heard again the lapping of the river waves on the sand of the silver bay, only lower than before, because the wind had fallen. Then presently they drew rein before the cottage door, when the moon was already growing golden. Sigurd, Gertha's father, came to the door and courteously held the stirrups of the knights while they dismounted, and they entered and sat down to such fare as the peasant had, and Gertha served them. But they prayed her so to sit down that at last it seemed discourteous to refuse them, and she sat down timidly.

Then said Sigurd, when they had eaten enough, "I pray you tell me, fair knights, what news there is from the city, if you come from thence; for there is a rumor of war hereabout, only uncertain as yet."

"Nay, at the city," Leuchnar said, "there is certain news concerning one war, and even beside this, rumors of a great conspiracy between the surrounding rulers of slaves. The Emperor says that this valley always belonged to him, though, indeed, he was not very anxious for it when poisonous swamps spread out on both sides of the river here, — or, rather, his ancestors laid no claim to it; but now, at all events, he is coming to take his own, if he can get it, coming by way (it is his only way, poor fellow) of the mountain passes. Only my lord Adolf is off to meet him with ten thousand men, and they are going to try the matter by arbitrament in this fashion: marry, that if the valley belongs to the Emperor, he must know the way to it, and accordingly shall have it if he gets through the mountains in any other way than as a prisoner or dead corpse."

Sigurd and Olaf laughed grimly at Leuchnar's conceit, and Gertha's eyes flashed; while both the knights watched her without seeing how matters went with each other. "Then," said Sigurd again, "concerning the young king, fair knights, what is he?" Olaf's eyes twinkled at the question, and Leuchnar, seeing that he wanted to answer, let him do so, watching him the while with a quaint, amused look on his face. "Why," said Olaf, "he is counted brave and wise, and, being young, will, I hope, live long; but he is very ugly." Here he turned and looked at his friend with a smile. Sigurd started and seemed disappointed, but Gertha turned very pale and rose from her seat suddenly, nor would she sit down again all that evening.

Then Olaf saw that she knew he was the king, and somehow did not feel inclined to laugh any more, but grew stately and solemn, and rather silent too; but Leuchnar talked much with Gertha, and he seemed to her to be very wise; yet she remembered not what he said, scarcely heard it, indeed, for was not the *king* by her, the king of all that dear people, yet, above all, whether the other were so or not, *her* king?

Poor maid! She felt it was so hopeless; nay, she said to herself, "Even if he were to say he loved me, I should be obliged to deny my love; for what would all the people say, that the king of so great a nation should marry a peasant girl without learning or wealth or wisdom, with nothing but a pretty face? Ah! we must be apart always in this world."

And Olaf the King said, "So Leuchnar loves her, and I love her. Well, it will change his life, I think; let him have her, poor fellow! he has not got many to love him. Besides, she is a peasant's daughter; I am a great king. Yet is she nobler than I am, for all my kingship. Alas, I fear the people, not for myself, but for her: they will not understand her nobility; they will only see that which comes uppermost, her seeming wisdom, her seeming goodness, which, perchance, will not show to be so much greater than other women's, as the queen's ought to do. Then withal to her, if, perchance, at any time I am not quite sufficient to fill her heart, will come a weariness of our palace life, a longing for old

places, old habits; then sorrow, then death, through years and years of tired pining, fought against, bravely indeed, but always a terrible weight to such an one as she is. Yet if I knew she loved me, all this ought to be put aside; and yet why should she love me? And if she does not love me now, what hope is there; for how can we see each other any more, living such different far-apart lives? But for Leuchnar this is otherwise; he may come and go often. Then he is wiser, — ah, how much wiser than I am! can think and talk quite wonderfully, while I am but a mere fighting man; how it would change his life, too, when he found any one to love him infinitely, to think his thoughts, be one with him, as people say. Yes, let Leuchnar have her."

Those three, so seeming calm! what stormy passions, wild longings, passed through their hearts that evening! Leuchnar seeming genial with his good friendly talk, his stories of brave deeds, told as if his heart were quite in them, speaking so much more like other men than his wont was, yet saying to himself, "She must see that I love her; when since I can remember have I talked so?" Poor fellow! how should she know that? His voice was to her as the voices of a dream, or perhaps rather like grand music when it wakes a man; for, verily, the glory of his tales got quite separated from him, and in some dim way floated in a glory round about Olaf, as far as Gertha was concerned. She heard his name, the hero of every deed which that far-distant knight, Leuchnar, less present than his own tales, was telling of; whenever danger clung about the brave in those tales, her heart beat for fear of her golden-haired, broad-foreheaded hero. She wondered often, as her heart wandered even from those tales, why she did not fall down before him and win his love or die. How, then, could she think of Leuchnar? Yet Olaf did think of him, saw well through all his talking what he was thinking of; and, for his own part, though he did not talk aloud, and though even what he said to himself had to do with that subject dearest to him, yet none the less even to himself choked down fiery longings, hardly, very hardly to be restrained.

He tried hard to throw himself into Leuchnar's heart, to think of the loneliness of the man and his wonderful power of concentrat-

ing every thought, every least spark of passion, on some one thing; he remembered how in the years past he had clutched so eagerly at knowledge; how that knowledge had overmastered him, made him more and more lonely year by year; made him despise others because they did not *know;* he remembered, with a certain pang, how Leuchnar even despised him for one time; yes, he could bear just then to recall all the bitter memories of that time: how he saw it creeping over his friend; how he saw it struggled against, yet still gaining, gaining so surely; he called to mind that day when Leuchnar spoke his scorn out openly, bitterly despising his own pride and himself the while; he remembered how Leuchnar came back to him afterwards, when knowledge failed him, and yet how it was never the same between them as it had been; he remembered then many a fight wherein they rode side by side together, Leuchnar as brave as he, yet ever with that weight of self-scorn upon him, that made him despise even his bravery; while Olaf rejoiced in his own, reverenced that of others; then he remembered how he was made king, how the love of his countrymen became from that time much more of a passion, true love, than it had been; and through all these things he tried to be Leuchnar, as it were, — not such a hard thing for him; for through his unselfishness he had gained that mighty power of sympathy for others which no fiercest passion can altogether put aside, even for the time. So he, too, had his thoughts, not easily to be read by others, not to be expressed by himself.

So the night passed; and they went to rest, or what seemed so, till they were wakened very early in the morning by the sound of a trumpet ringing all about the wooded river shore. The knights and Sigurd rose and went forth from the cottage, knowing the trumpet to be a friendly one; and presently there met them a band of knights fully armed, who drew rein when they saw them.

"King Olaf," said their leader, an old, white-haired knight, "thank God we have found you! When we reached the palace, last night, after having lost you, there were waiting for us ambassadors, bringing with them declarations of war from the three Dukes and King Borrace; so now, I pray you, quick back again!

I have sent all about for men, but the time presses, and there is a credible report that King Borrace has already begun his march toward the plain; as for the three Dukes (whom may the Lord confound !), Lord Hugh's army will account for them, at any rate to hold them in check till we have beaten King Borrace; but for him we must march presently, if we mean to catch him. Only come, King Olaf, and all will be well."

Then knelt Sigurd before the King, as he stood with eyes flashing and cheek flushing, thinking how God's foes were hastening on to their destruction; yet for all his joy he longed to see Gertha, perhaps for the last time; for she was not there, neither did she come at Sigurd's call.

So the King smiled sorrowfully when Sigurd made excuse for her, saying that she feared so great a man as the King; he could not help wishing she loved him, even though he meant to give her up, so he said; he could not acknowledge to the full what a difference her love would make to him.

Then would he have given Sigurd presents of money and jewels, but Sigurd would not take them ; only at the last, being constrained, he took the King's dagger, hilted with curiously wrought steel.

Then they all rode away together. Barulf, the old man, by the King's side, and talking eagerly with him concerning the coming wars ; but Leuchnar fell into the rear and said no word to any.

LEUCHNAR'S RIDE.

Then for some days each man wrought his best, that they might meet the invaders as they ought; yet through all the work Leuchnar seemed very restless and uneasy, falling into staring fits and starting from them suddenly; but the King was calm and cheerful outwardly, whatever passion strove to fever him.

But one day when he was resting, leaning out of a window of the palace that was almost hidden by the heaped jasmine and clematis, he heard horse hoofs, and presently saw Leuchnar, his sallow face drawn into one frown of eagerness, well mounted, lightly armed, just going to ride away. Olaf well knew whither.

A fierce pang shot through to Olaf's heart; he felt dizzied and confused; through the clematis stems and curled tendrils, through the mist rising from his own heart, he dimly saw Leuchnar gather himself together, raise his bridle-hand, and bend forward as his horse sprung up to the gallop; he felt sick, his strong hands trembled, and through the whirling of his brain and the buzzing in his ears, he heard himself shout out, "Good speed, Sir Leuchnar, with your wooing!"

That was enough; his heart sank, and his passion grew cool for the second, when he saw how fearfully Leuchnar's face changed at the well-understood words: troubled before as it had been, what was it now when suddenly all the conscience of the man showed in that small spot of clay, his face?

He turned his horse and rode back swiftly; Olaf waited for him there, scarce knowing what he did at first; yet within a little, something, thoughts of approaching death, perhaps, had steadied his brain and kept his passion back; he heard soon the quick footsteps of some one striding far, and walked quietly toward the door, where he met Leuchnar, his teeth set, his lips a little open, that his hard-drawn breathings might not choke him, his black eyes fixed forward and shining grimly from under his heavy brows like penthouse roofs.

Olaf took him by the arm and gripped him hard; but he tore it away fiercely; he flung himself down before Olaf's feet.

"King Olaf," he said passionately, "I will not go, I will stay here, then, if you look at me like that — with your broad white forehead and golden locks — you! I will die here if I cannot live till I meet the enemy."

Olaf stooped to raise him up, but he drew farther back from him, then said, still kneeling: —

"No word — no word yet, King, from you. Was it not enough, Olaf, that you should take care of me and love me in the days before you were King, — me, a lonely, discontented man, a black spot in the clear whiteness of the most loving people of the earth? Was it not enough that, on the day when all the people shouted for Olaf, calling him the wisest and the best, you, with the crown yet

on your head, the holy oil not dry there, should take me by the hand and say to all the knights and all the people, whom you loved so, whom I (God help me!) loved not: 'Behold Leuchnar, my friend, who has given me all the wisdom I ever had'? Ah, king! had you looked on me at that moment and seen even then my curling lips saying to my false heart, 'I am so much wiser than these simple ones!' but your clear eyes only looked straight forward, glancing over the heads of the people that was dear to you, despised by me. Was it not enough, King Olaf, that you, as the days passed, still keeping me the nearest to you, still asking me concerning everything, should be beginning to thaw my hard heart and to shake my faith in the faithlessness of Adam's sons? Were not these things enough, that you also, first of all finding pretences to mar the nobleness of your sacrifice even to your own heart, should give your love up to me, not as I do now to you, noisily, but quietly, without a word spoken; then afterwards, when you saw with what base eagerness I caught at the love given up by you, and fearing terrible things for my wretched soul if this went on, stopped me, like my guardian angel, just now when I was sneaking off like a thief in the night, and perhaps now — God help me! God help me! — have perhaps even made me do one thing in the whole course of my life which it is good to have done in His eyes."

Then as he knelt there, like a man before the presence of God, the King spoke slowly, with humble face indeed, and tearfully, but almost smiling, because all things seemed so clear to him in a moment of prophetic vision.

"Dear knight, your words seem like a bitter satire to me; for I did not call you back just now for your salvation, but because my selfish passion (think of a selfish king, Leuchnar; what a misery!), my passion carried me away. Oh, forgive me! for indeed I wish you to have her; think now, how many cares, and joys too, I have in tending this people that God has given me; I am sure that I shall not be quite unhappy for long, whatever happens. Sometimes, perhaps, when I am weary, sometimes in the dead night, sometimes in the dying autumn, I shall have thoughts of her; but they will never be unbearable, because no power in earth or heaven

can keep me from loving her. It will be no shame to you either, Leuchnar; do you not remember, in past days, how, when we talked of this matter, you have often said (wherein even then I scarce agreed with you) that the love of man and woman should go before everything, before all friendship, all duty, all honor even? You thought so then; can you doubt now?" He ceased, and said no more for a little, then spoke doubtfully.

"And yet, and yet — are we not as men who reckon, as they say, without their host? What will Gertha say? Ought we not to know before this great battle is fought, from which, perchance, neither of us will come alive? And we march to-morrow, and I may not leave the council and my work here: wherefore, dear Leuchnar, I pray you on your allegiance mount again and ride quickly away to that cottage, and ask her if she — loves you — and if — if — Leuchnar, we may be near to death, whatever happens we must be brothers — so God speed you on your wooing."

Leuchnar had risen while the King was speaking, and stood before him till he ceased with head sunk down on his breast, then raised his face, radiant now with a certain joy, to Olaf's; he spoke no word, as though that joy, or something else, confused and hurrying, that went with it, was too great for him, but, bending, kissed the King's hand and departed.

Then Olaf again leaned from the window and watched him go by again swiftly, till the sound of the horse-hoofs had died away: then he turned toward the council-chamber, thinking, —

"His face was not like the face of a man who is going to do what he thinks wrong; I fear lest he go as my ambassador — nay, do I *fear?* Yet surely that will be the best way to speed his own wooing. O Gertha! Gertha! perhaps the sword will cut this knot so close wound up together now; yet I will not pray for that, only that Leuchnar may live."

Then presently he was in the midst of his lords. Oh, what a weary ride that was of Leuchnar's! It was early morning when he started, high noon by the time he drew rein at the cottage door; and that joy which at first he had in his noble deed faded from off his face as the sun rose higher, even as the dew did from

off the face of the meadows, and when he dismounted at that house of Sigurd's, his face was woful and ghastly to look on.

He knocked at the door, then entered when no one answered; he said out aloud, though he saw no one there, as if he distrusted his power to repeat that lesson got by heart with such pain: "I bear a message to the Lady Gertha."

Only the cool duskiness of the heavy-shadowed oak beams met his eye, only the echo of his own hollow voice, and the chirp of the sparrows, the scream of the swifts, met his ear.

For Gertha was not within; but from the wood she had seen the glimmer of his arms in the hot noontide, and came down, stately and slow, unmoved to look on, but her heart of hearts wavering within her with hope and fear and ecstasy of love: perhaps (O poor heart, what wild hope!) it might be the king.

She met him just at the door from whence he had turned to seek her; he durst not meet her eyes, those grand fire-orbs that had pierced him through and through that other day. If he had looked up at her face he would have seen the disappointment, the sickness of hope deferred, showing somewhat there in spite of her efforts to keep the appearance of it back.

He, with his face turned away, said in a hard voice as before, "I bear a message for the Lady Gertha." No blush colored her pale cheeks, no start or trembling went through her grand form; she still held that flower in her hand, holding it with queenly sway, for it fitted in her hand like a sceptre. She said gently, "If you want *Lady* Gertha, you must go elsewhere, my lord; I am Sigurd, the husbandman's daughter."

"But you are Gertha that we heard sing that day," he said fiercely, and turning his eager eyes suddenly on her.

"Yea," she said, trembling a little now, and turning even paler; for she saw how matters went with him, and feared, not any violence from him, for she soon read him through and through, but rather that he should fall down dead before her, his passion rent his heart so.

"Gertha, Olaf the King says, 'Will you be Queen?'" he said, still looking hungrily at her.

The crimson blood rushed up over her face, then went to her heart again, leaving her lips gray. She paused a moment, with her arms stretched straight down and her hands clenched; she said, without looking up, —

"Tell him, 'No;' I am too lowly, not wise enough; I should shame him. I will not be Queen — but —"

What wild passions rushed through poor Leuchnar's heart! how he fought with that Devil which had looked him steadily in the face so long, ever since he was born, till now!

She stood there still before him, with arms stretched downward, hands clenched; he seized her by the wrist and almost shrieked out, "But what? Gertha! Gertha! before God, do you *love* him?"

Her color came again as she looked him in the face, put very close to hers now, so close that she felt his breath upon it; she said calmly, almost proudly, "Yea, I love him; how could it be otherwise?"

"Some token, then, for Christ's sake! Quick, Gertha! and where will you be in the war-time?"

"My father goes with me to-morrow to the city. I shall dwell at St Agnes's convent of nuns till Borrace is defeated."

"Then some token! Here!" (and he tore down from the cottage eaves a bunch of golden stone-crop) "if you love him (think of God, Gertha), kiss this."

She bowed her head, and touched the yellow flowers with her lips; as she did so, he bent and kissed her forehead; then, with the flowers yet in his hand, he sprung impetuously to his saddle and galloped as if for his life. The Devil was conquered at last.

"Poor knight!" said Gertha, looking after him pityingly, "then he loves me too; it seems wrong to feel happy when such a noble knight is so miserable."

Yet she did feel very happy, and soon forgot poor Leuchnar and his sorrows, who was riding meanwhile wildly through the forest; yet, as he drew further from her, the madness of his passion abated a little. He gave his horse rest at last, and, dismounting, lay down on the ferns by the side of the forest path, and, there,

utterly worn out in mind and body, fell asleep; a dreamless sleep it was at first, as deep as death almost, yet as it grew lighter he fell to dreaming, and at last woke from a dream wherein Gertha had come to him, shrieked out that Olaf was slain, then thrown her arms about his neck; but, as he tried to kiss her, he awoke, and found himself under the beech-boughs, his horse standing over him, and the bridle hanging loose from the bit, dangling about his face; for the horse doubted if he were dead.

He rose from that dream with a great wrench of his heart, and mounting rode on soberly. The moon shone down on him now, for he had slept far into the night. The stone-crop was fading fast, and as he looked at it, he doubted whether to curse it or bless it, but at last raised it to his mouth and kissed it, knowing whose lips had touched it before, looking half-fearfully over his shoulder as he did so. Perhaps he thought a little also how Olaf's face would flush into perfect beauty for joy, when he saw it, — for joy mixed with a certain regret for himself.

So when he reached the palace, quite late at night, when the moon was already setting, he found Olaf standing in the great hall alone, looking pale and wearied.

Leuchnar came quite close to him and said, taking his hand and smiling a sick smile, "Olaf, she sent you this, kissing it."

Olaf caught the faded flowers, kissed them a thousand times, knelt, and held them against his heart, against his forehead. He murmured — what words I know not, or, knowing, shall not say; while Leuchnar stood by with that old bitter smile on his lips. Poor fellow! he had expected sudden clasping of Olaf's arms about him, praise for his nobleness, consolation for his failure. Ah! did he not know himself what a passion love was? Then why did he expect from so true a man as Olaf protestation that he was the first when truly he was but the second? Oh! you all know what it is to be second in such a race; it is to be nowhere. Why he, too, if he had been successful, would have forgotten Olaf, and the way his sword flashed in the battle. It was only now in his disappointment that a certain natural instinct made him catch at all the love that came across him of whatsoever kind. That was why he

thought so much of Olaf now. Yes, and in a little time he did think of all this, and smiled no more.

"Poor Leuchnar!" he said to himself, "you must be very far in the background now, know that for certain. Then, did you not know all this when you knelt here some twelve hours back? O foolish Leuchnar! yet, poor Leuchnar, too!"

And he was now so far from smiling that, but for his manhood, he would have wept for self-pity. Moreover, Olaf came to him and said, laying his hands on his shoulders, and leaning forward towards his face, —

"You are the noblest of all men, and will in nowise lose your reward."

And Leuchnar knew that, or he might have gone mad; yet he prayed that his reward might be death presently, in the joyous battle.

So, on the morrow, they marched to meet King Borrace, and on the evening of the third day encamped but a little distance from his pirates.

And when, on the next morning, they stood in battle-array, and the King rode up and down their line, Leuchnar saw in his helm the bunch of stone-crop, now quite withered.

Then that day, among the aspens, they joined battle.

THE LIGHT OF ISRAEL.

Then in the midst of them, the old man rose up and spoke, while all the rest sat silent, some gazing fixedly on the ground, some on the fair dead king that lay there before them.

For he had been slain with one wound that had gone right through his breast to the heart, and his body was not hacked or disfigured. They had taken his rent armor from off him, and washed his corpse, and spread out his long yellow hair to right and left of his face, along the samite cloth, purple, gold-starred, that he lay upon; and behind him, at his head, they had laid his sword and armor, the helm yet having that stone-crop in it, the ends of the stalks at least; for all the rest had been shredded off in that fierce

fight. Great waxen candles burned all about him; two priests sat at the head and two at the foot of the bier, clad in gorgeous robes of deep sorrowful purple, gold-embroidered; for these men reverenced man's body so, even when the soul was not so near to it as it had been, that, in those hours of doubt and danger, they thought the time well spent in making the body of their king, of him the best and most beautiful of all men, look as beautiful as God would ever have dead bodies look.

. . . .

One of the priests who sat by him had fallen asleep, wearied out with tending the wounded and dying, and his head had fallen on his breast; another sat quite upright with his hands laid on his knees, thinking dreadful things of what was coming on the land; the third, a spare young man, black-haired and sallow-faced, in his nervous anxiety twitched at the border of his cope as he glanced about the tent, looking uneasily on the face, first of one, then of another, of those that sat there; the fourth, as he sat, sad-faced and great-eyed, thinking of his mother and sisters whom he had left in a castle of the lowland country, had taken one long yellow tress of the dead man's hair, and was absently twining it about his fingers.

Then rose Leuchnar with about as miserable a look on his face as a good man can ever have and said,—

"Sir Barulf, I have a message from the King to all of you. I was by him when the spear pierced his true heart; I drew him a little out of the fight. He said: 'I am wounded to death; but, alive or dead, I must not leave this field; bury me just about where the enemy makes his last stand before he turns.' For, you see, knights, our dead lord was sure of this, that the fair city would be saved. Then the blood rising from his heart choked him somewhat, yet he said gaspingly, 'Quick, Leuchnar, bend to my mouth.' So I bent, and he said faintly and hurriedly, 'Undo my mail, and take the paper there, and give it to the lords and knights in council.' So I took a paper from his breast over his heart; the spear had pierced it through, and had carried some of it into the wound, and the trickling blood had stained it; I took it from off the broken

truncheon of the lance which was yet in the wound. I showed it to him; he bowed his head in token that all was well, when he had looked at it eagerly; then he said, 'I wish to go, draw out the truncheon, faithful and true! poor Leuchnar!' I drew it out; there was a great rush of blood; he smiled on me and died."

Thereon Leuchnar stepped from his place, and going up to Barulf gave him the paper, very much stained and torn. Barulf read it.

"Good saints, how strange! do you know what is written in it, Sir Leuchnar?"

"Nay, I but guess, Sir Barulf; for I did not open it."

"Listen, knights!" said Barulf; and he read, "Knights and lords, if I die in this battle, as I think I shall, then (if so be it seem good to you) let Gertha, the daughter of Sigurd the husbandman, be Queen in my stead; she lodges in the mother-city, with the abbess of St. Agnes's abbey of nuns."

"Yes, I thought so," said Leuchnar, scarcely, however, speaking to them, for he was thinking to himself of himself; his sorrow seemed to have lessened much, even in the reading of that letter, for he thought, "Now she is Queen and has this sorrow on her, I can serve her much better, and my love will not trouble her now as it would have done, for it will seem only like the love of a good subject to his mistress; and I will lessen every grief of hers as it arises, loving her so, never vexing her in the least. O selfish Leuchnar, to be glad of her sorrow! Yet I am glad, not of her sorrow, but of my service that will be."

. . . .

Still the candles flared and flickered in the gusts that stirred the tent, for the wind was rising with the moon; and at last the one nearest the tent door was blown out by a long blast, and the priest who had been sleeping awoke, drew up his body with a start, trying to fix his blinded blinking eyes on Sir Barulf's face, as waked men used to do.

Thereat suddenly Barulf sprung to his feet, as if he too was waking from sleep, and cried out aloud, —

"Rouse ye, lords and knights, that we may march to our Queen!

for, for my part, our Queen she shall be. All he said and did was right and true when he was alive; and he was, and is, the wisest of all men, and she too is a right noble woman. Was it never told you, knights, how she saved her father when King Borrace's men took him prisoner? What say you, shall she be our Queen?"

And they all said, "Yea."

Then again said Barulf, "Unless lords Edwin, Hugh, and Adolf gainsay it (as I have no doubt they will not), God save Queen Gertha!"

Then they all stood up and said, "God save Queen Gertha!"

And Barulf said: "Send a herald round about the army to proclaim Gertha queen, and to bid all to be ready to march some two hours before the setting of the moon. Cause also the knight who carries the great banner to be present, that we may bury the King."

So when all was ready, the noblest of the knights, Barulf and Leuchnar among them, lifted up the bier whereon the King lay, and they marched together toward the burial-place; and the standard-bearer bore the great banner to flap above him, and the priests went before and after, chaunting. And a great body of knights and soldiers went with them as they marched over the plain; and the great moon, risen now, struck on their arms, threw the shadows of them weirdly on the dead that lay so thick among the trees, looked down on the summer moon, rustled over by the full-leaved aspens.

They went a full mile, till they came to a place ringed about with aspen-trees, about which the enemy that past day had been finally broken.

Here they buried him, standing about in a ring, in as thick ranks as ever in the battle. Tearlessly and sternly, they watched the incense smoke rising white in the moonlight; they listened to the chaunting; they lifted up their voices, and very musically their sorrow of heart was spoken.

"Listen!" said King Borrace's men, when they heard the singing. "Hark to the psalm-singing dogs! but by about this time to-morrow they will be beginning to leave off singing for good and all, for clearly the fools will wait to be killed, and we shall kill them all, and then hurrah for plunder!"

GERTHA THE QUEEN.

And meantime how did it fare with Gertha?

The time passed slowly between hope and fear, and all the time was weary with a sick longing that would have been no less had he but gone out on a hunting expedition. She had pity too for those who were sick with love and dread, and all those who looked on her loved her.

Then one evening about sunset-time, as the nuns were singing in their chapel and she with them, as the low sun struck through the western window, and smote upon the gold about the altar till it changed it to a wonderful crimson, upon which the pale painted angels that flecked the gold showed purer and paler than ever, — there came, on that sunset evening, far off and faint at first, across, over the roofs of the houses up to the hill whereon the abbey stood, a sound of shouting mingled with the wailing of women, and the still sadder and more awful wailing of the great trumpets, which seemed to be the gathered sorrow from the hearts of the men, who themselves could not wail because of their manhood.

Tremblingly the nuns heard it, and their hymns fainted and died, as that awful sound of the indignant sorrow of a whole people going up to heaven rose and deepened and swept onward; and Gertha turned pale even to the lips, and trembled too, at first, like an aspen leaf, her heart beating so the while that she could hear the throbbings of it; but with a mighty effort she put back the trembling fever. She said low to herself, "He is dead, and I must not die yet." Then she left her seat and walked, pale in her face like a marble statue, up to the altar; she turned round and faced the door and the sun, none hindering her, for they said, "She waits for news about the battle."

The sun was on her forehead at first as she stood still, but it sunk lower till it touched her lips, and they seemed to quiver (though she held them still) in that flood of light.

So she stood, when, lo! the clash of arms in the vestibule, and there entered armed knights without bowing to the altar or crossing themselves: Leuchnar first, then Barulf and some twenty lords

following him ; the others gazed about confusedly at first, but Leuchnar, going before them all, walked swiftly up to the place where Gertha stood, and fell before her feet, spreading his arms out toward her as he did so, and his iron armor rattled with strange echo about the vaulted roof ; she did not look at him ; her eyes beheld rather the far-off battlefield, and Olaf lying there somewhere under the earth.

"Queen Gertha," he began ; but his voice failed him for thronging memories. Sir Barulf and the others drew reverently toward the two and waited a little way off, standing in a half-circle ; he heaved a great sigh, then bent lower yet till his mail clinked against the step whereon she stood, then suddenly raised his passionate eyes to hers and gazed till she was forced to look on him both with heart and eyes.

She beheld him pityingly ; he said again : "Queen Gertha !" (thereat she started), "Queen Gertha, he is dead."

"O Leuchnar, I heard the trumpets sing it so, therefore I stayed here for his message ; what is it ?"

"That you must be Queen over us yet awhile, Lady Gertha."

"Ah ! and must I be ; may I not go to him at once? For do you know, Leuchnar (and she stooped down low toward him and laid her hand on his head as he knelt), "do you know I saw him just now lying pale and cold, waiting for me, his arms stretched out this way toward me, his changed eyes looking longingly."

"O noblest," he said, "know you not with how many perils we are beset ? Whose spirit but his can help us through, and with whom does it dwell but with you ?"

She wept. "Leuchnar, though he call for me so, yet perhaps that is because he is sick and weak and scarce knows what he says ; and I know that in his heart he desires above all things the safety of this people that goes westward ; so I will be queen till the last foe is vanquished — tell them so."

Then he took her hand ; how strangely as he held it did the poor flesh of him quiver, how his heart melted in the midst of his body ! He held her hand and said, "I am Queen Gertha's liege man," then sprung to his feet and called out aloud, "Sir

Barulf, and knights all, come and do homage to Gertha, our Queen."

Then each man knelt before her, and took her hand and said, "I am Queen Gertha's liegeman."

Afterwards all standing about her together, but lower than she, clashed their swords and axes across her, that rang out joyfully, wildly, half madly in that quiet place, while the sun grew lower, so that its light fell on her bosom, and her face above looked out sad and pale and calm from among the flashing steel.

So that day Gertha was made Queen. And then all throughout the city you might have heard the ringing of hammers on iron as the armorers did their work, and the clinking of the masons' trowels as they wrought at the walls, strengthening them; for the walls had grown somewhat weak, as it was very many years since any enemy had threatened the city with a land army.

And on the sixth day came King Borrace, having wasted the land far and wide as he marched. Now when he had sent a herald to demand the surrender of that city, who had not even been suffered to enter it, but had been answered scornfully from the walls, he gnashed his teeth, and mounting a great black horse, and armed with a mace, rode about ordering his battle.

Then also Gertha, leaving her hall of council, went round about the walls with a band of knights; over her robes of purple and crimson her glorious hair flowed loose, and a gold crown marked her, circling her head, while in her hand she bore a slim white rod for a leader's staff.

Very faithful and true were all those in the town, both soldiers and women; but when she drew near to any their faith grew so that they seemed transported out of themselves. The women wept for very love, and the men shouted "Gertha! Gertha!" till all the air rang, and King Borrace muttered stupidly from between his teeth, "They are praying to their gods, the fools."

. . . .

A messenger, pale and worn out, is brought to Gertha, and kneels down before her feet; he says, "Lady, I have a message for you." (O Gertha! words spoken before.)

"Quick, good man," she says, "for these things draw to an end;" and a smile of quiet triumph passes across her pale face.

"Three days ago," he says, "the Emperor strove to force the passes; he and three of his captains were slain, and my Lord Adolf will be here soon."

"Thank God!" she says; "but you, poor man, what reward for you? Ah! sleep has overmastered him;" for he has fallen forward before her so that his head rests on her feet. She touches him, takes his hand to raise him up; it is stone cold; he is dead.

But for these men of King Borrace, let the wounded go to our hospitals that they may learn there something of love which they have not even dreamed about as yet; let the slain be buried and lie under the earth, under the grass among the roots of the land they came to conquer; let the prisoners depart unarmed, but with provisions for their journey, let them cross the frontier, and never trouble the good land more, lest a worse thing befall them.

WHAT EDITH THE HANDMAIDEN SAW FROM THE WAR-SADDLE.

And in the fresh morning sat Gertha the Queen, in the body, while her spirit was a long way off, and round about her sat the lords and knights with flushed, joyful faces, she alone pale, though calm and serene, for she, too, was joyful.

Then in the midst of the great hall they bore Leuchnar, dying from his many wounds, not in great pain, for his spirit was leaving his body gently, as if he were worn out merely.

And Gertha rose from her throne and went to meet them that bore him; and there was a flutter along the tapestry that the hall was hung with, and the wind rushed through the open door, and therewithal Gertha woke; her spirit came again as if Olaf had sent it.

So she gazed at him as he had hoped she might, as a Queen on her faithful subject. Before this, often a certain, uneasy feeling, not pity exactly, used to come across her when she saw him; it used to seem such a hard thing to her that it should be thus. It was just such a feeling as might have turned to love with one less con-

stant than Gertha; but now even this was gone, and Leuchnar felt that it was so, even by the look of her eyes upon him.

And he, raising himself, hardly said to her, "Queen Gertha, I am come to say farewell for a little."

"Poor Leuchnar, who loved me so!"

"Nay," he said, "happy Leuchnar, who loves you still! In the time to come it may be that lovers, when they have not all they wish for, will say, 'Oh that we might be as Leuchnar, who died for Queen Gertha in the old time!'"

"True," she said; "farewell, Sir Leuchnar."

Oh, how eagerly he took her hand! "Happy Leuchnar," he said faintly, then "*Domine, in manus tuas,*" and he fell asleep, his head falling back.

For a short time she stood, holding his dead hand, then gently disengaged it and laid it with the other one, crossing them downwards.

Then they carried him out again silently; and again ran that tremor through the gold-wrought hangings, and her spirit had gone away again.

And within a while, as the great sun rose higher, came the sound of trumpets and the roar of the bells from all the belfries: Adolf was come.

How near the end drew!

That noontide was windless, cloudless, and very bright, except that a soft haze had sprung up everywhere from the moist earth, into which all things far and fair melted.

She came from the midst of that knot of lords that had clustered about her, and with her dark hair loose, stood in the balcony above the people, and through the hearts of all thrilled her clear speech.

"God has been very good to us, friends, and we have conquered, and now you must let me go as you promised. And you may grieve that I must go, and wish me back often, but still I must go; it is not only because I wish to go that I must leave you, but I cannot help it. I think, nay, am sure, that this also is best both for you and me. If I were Queen much longer, you would

be disappointed with me, yet would not say so, because you love me.

"Think now! I am but Gertha, the peasant's daughter, and I know it was only the spirit of your dead lord working in me that made you love me so. But if I were Queen for long, I should come to be only Gertha again; so I must go. And if you will, let Barulf, who is old, but very wise, be King."

There was sad silence for a little when she had finished, then a confused sound of weeping and sobs and earnest wishes went up toward the balcony where she stood with her arms lying down her side; already she looked as if she were a different kind of being from them. She said, —

"Will you have Barulf for your King? If you will, say so to pleasure me; then farewell."

They shouted, "Barulf! God save King Barulf!" and, lo! even in that shout she had vanished, like an angel that comes from heaven when God lends him, and goes to heaven again when God calls him.

Gertha walked over the field of battle; no meadow of sweet waving grass and lovely flowers, but something very horrible to gaze at, to pass over.

Yet she did not seem to take note of any of its horrors. Her handmaiden was with her; but when they came within fifty yards of the aspen circle where he lay, she charged her to stop and watch all that came to pass there, that she might tell the people hereafter.

So the handmaiden sat down there on the mournful battlefield on some great war-saddle that had been thrown down there.

But Gertha, when she had kissed her, left her and walked toward those aspen-trees; she was clad in her old peasants' raiment again, and was quite without ornament of gold or jewels; only, her black hair hung braided on either side of her face, and round about her head was a garland of yellow flowering stone-crop, such as he wore in his helmet on that battle-day; but now when she entered the circle of aspens there seemed to be silence over all the earth, except that when she first stepped among the shadows of the trees

a faint breeze rose out of the south, and the lightly hung leaves shivered, the golden haze trembled.

Now although all the rest of the battlefield was trodden into bloody mud, dry now again, but loaded with all dreadful things, this spot yet kept the summer flowers, neither was there any mark of his grave.

So there lay down Gertha, and the blue speedwell kissed her white cheek; there her breath left her, and she lay very still, while the wind passed over her now and then, with hands laid across her breast.

Nevertheless, this was what Edith, her handmaiden, said to Barulf the King, and his lords and knights: —

"And so I sat on the war-saddle and watched, and as my Lady stepped forward to enter that circle of trees, I saw my Lord Olaf the King, as clearly as before he died, step forward to meet her, and he caught her in his arms and kissed her on the mouth and on both cheeks.

"And they two were together there for hours (talking, it seemed), sometimes sitting on the flowers and grass (for that spot, my lords, is not trodden as the rest of the field is), sometimes walking from tree to tree with fingers interlaced.

"But just about sunset time, I felt as if I must needs go and speak to my dear Lady once again and hold her hand again; so I went up trembling, and, lo! my Lord Olaf was not there any more, and I saw my Lady Gertha only, lying dead upon the flowers, with her hands crossed over her breast, and a soft wind that came from the place where the sun had set shook the aspen leaves. So I came away."

Thereat the King and his knights wondered.

And the People raised a mighty church above the place where they lay, in memory of Olaf's deeds and Gertha's love; and soon about the church there gathered a fair city, that was very famous in the after-time.

Yet it was strange that this church, though the people wrought at it with such zeal and love, was never finished; something told them to stop by then they had reached the transepts of it. And to

this day the mighty fragment, still unfinished, towering so high above the city roofs toward the sky, seems like a mountain cliff that went a-wandering once, and by earnest longing of the lowlanders was stayed among the poplar-trees forever.

William Morris.

THE OLD QUARREL BETWEEN POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ANCIENT as it is, the quarrel about the two sides of the shield never becomes antiquated; its shapes are too numerous. " Devotion to mere style " and the " fallacy of moral intention " continue to play their parts as formulæ of critical reproof. Nor can this be considered strange. The " jingle of poetry " lulls not the yearning after high ideals, while, on the other hand, many are incapable of making the effort requisite for appreciation of great art. Thus the divorce between form and matter continues to recur, and half-truths characteristic of the case flourish.

To forget that literary expression is no more than a means of stating some results of reflection, of sentiment, of imagination, is in effect to admit that intellect, æsthetic perception, and creative faculty must sacrifice themselves on the shrine of words. Doubtless in all spheres every good artist interprets himself after a distinctively personal fashion. This is his manner. But mannerism reigns whenever the necessities of interpretation become laws to which, be his impression what it may, the man passively renders obeisance. For even *vers de société*, at their best, owe their charm to an artistic sense swift to note the native supremacy of a special style within a limited range. Execution after a preconceived plan no more than intensifies their besetting defects. Yet appreciation of beauty and perception of truth, the operative traits of artistic genius, miss their effect when unworthily expressed. Moreover, if it be obvious that the poet, say, cannot be held altogether responsible for his ideals,

he is his own master when he comes to discharge his obligations to the age for the visions he has experienced by its aid. And success — in such cases ultimately implying significance — largely depends upon his intuitive selection of symbols consonant with conceptions. Language then and thereby ceases to be a series of signs serviceable at hap-hazard, and suddenly puts on a body of life. Some words are rejected, others sought with anxiety, most spring up spontaneously and fall into their proper places as if by magic. This spontaneity, indeed, is often the mark of great writers, and it implies pre-eminent power of choice; that is, of restraint rooted in omission. Perhaps by a sudden flash, perhaps after laborious search, the writer lights upon a clear conception of all that his work ought to be. The moment of this revelation also witnesses the birth of the executive problem. The obligation of the artist to his art — the necessity laid upon him to furnish forth the ideal as admirably as the limitations of a special craft permit — is what might be termed the morality of style. As it has been put by Flaubert in his curious letters (to a woman) breathing love — for literature, "Those who write in good style are sometimes accused of a neglect of ideas, and of the moral end, as if the end of the physician were something else than healing, of the painter than painting — as if the end of art were not, before all else, the beautiful." Mechanism displaces art when a shape sets itself over against the artist and demands to be copied. Nevertheless, one main factor in the very possibility of art, literary or other, is that there should be the one shape best calculated to embody inner perceptions of beauty and truth. Here form subserves its office as part of an organism, for it flows naturally from its creator's individuality. He stamps it his own in wedding it to his conceptions. This union may be the fruit of rapid decision or of cautious resolution, but praise and blame depend solely on relative fitness of the factors. On this the author judges first, and must agree with himself in the way regarding the style, shape, form, — call it what you please, — that is most eminently capable of impressing his spiritual intuitions upon the less delicate and responsive susceptibilities of his fellow-men. But their judgment will accord with his on this vexed question only if

his practice prove his conception of its solution. Because art is not for the artist solely, but for those whom he can attune to his creations; and the circuit along which the electric spark of sympathy travels is closed by excellent execution.

If the abstraction of form be usually chargeable upon the over-cultured, the abstraction of matter is not less the characteristic fault of the uncultured. No doubt, evidence can easily be led in favor of moral purpose, or, at all events, against immorality, if not against absence of moralization. Moreover, in these days when there is a manifest tendency toward worship of the meaningless, Mother Grundy's protests are not without traces of value. We lie too much in bondage to the letter now, are over ready to seek originality, and even power, in what, after all, can be regarded only as fantastic or recondite. Our *fin-de-siècle* rococo errs in its adulation of caprice, of caprice not one whit less baleful than the conventionality of the Pompadour pastorals. The very plasticity of ideals, their complexity and variation, invite that departure from reserve with which real art is essentially incompatible. Nevertheless, substance has its own office. Form by itself counts for little; it accompanies body.

Here the half-truth of the second abstraction appears. Only some conceptions lend themselves to literary treatment. To select these, and these alone, is as much the artist's prerogative as the elaboration of becoming style. Time and again mischances happen "because of the matter." But even this statement may be misleading. The matter is probably good enough after its kind, and precisely in judgment of kind the literary craftsman must have a care. "Word-painting" and "word-music" are terms coined to cover the poverty of language; in a manner they indicate something that the spoken symbol cannot compass. Neither rich objective definition nor rhythmic tone can be achieved in prose — not even in poetry — exactly as they are attained in painting or music. Language cannot present the great picture or symphony, either formally or materially, as do perspective color and tone combinations. And the converse holds valid also.

Further, as there are whole groups of ideals germane to literary

form, so, too, within their sphere another process of selection ensues. The word-artist is no more tied to this or that part of his possible material than his brethren of the brush and lyre. Were freedom of selection withheld, the differentiation of art from art would cease. In the field of literature, 'Hamlet' is not 'Lycidas,' nor 'Paradise Lost' 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' Nay, more, the kind of excellence associated with a sonnet or roundel can hardly touch the level of a dramatic or epic masterpiece; and yet one does not go about to spurn Burns or Rossetti. For it would be absurd to deny artistic possibility to kinds of material that are conspicuous by their absence from the 'Iliad' or the 'Divine Comedy,' from 'Lear' or 'Faust.' Nevertheless, to take even an exceptional instance, the same rank with them cannot be claimed for Gray's 'Elegy.' Paradoxical as it may seem, the ideals handled by the *Dii Majores* condition universality. Those fashioned by the lesser lights are, at the same time, inseparable accompaniments of good execution. Wanting the former, the dignity that enshrines the secret of an entire epoch would be absent; but, for the latter, literature itself would be in danger. To take an instance: measured by Shakespeare and Wordsworth, Richard Hengist Horne is a minor poet. Yet his half-dozen verses entitled 'Genius' bring us into the presence, not perhaps of a revealer, assuredly of a fine artist.

"Far out at sea — the sun was high,
While veer'd the wind and flapp'd the sail —
We saw a snow-white butterfly
Dancing before the fitful gale,
Far out at sea!

The little wanderer, who had lost
His way, of danger nothing knew;
Settled awhile upon the mast, —
Then flutter'd o'er the waters blue,
Far out at sea.

Above, there gleam'd the boundless sky;
Beneath, the boundless ocean sheen;
Between them danced the butterfly,
The spirit-life of this vast scene, —
Far out at sea.

The tiny soul then soar'd away,
Seeking the clouds on fragile wings,
Lured by the brighter, purer ray
  Which hope's ecstatic morning brings,
        Far out at sea.

Away he sped with shimmering glee!
Scarce seen — now lost — yet onward borne!
Night comes! — with wind and rain — and he
No more will dance before the Morn,
        Far out at sea.

He dies unlike his mates, I ween;
Perhaps not sooner, or worse cross'd, —
And he hath felt, thought, known, and seen
A larger life and hope — though lost
        Far out at sea!"

Although attainment and taste may progress, it can be predicted safely that the abstractions of form and of matter will long linger. A period may tend to *finesse* or even to trifling, and then form has its day. By an inevitable reaction the turn of undigested matter comes, when misdirected earnestness and self-torturing doubt stalk abroad. The immemorial quarrel between poets and philosophers is incident to the double-faced shield. Nay, the very existence of the division bears witness to a deep-seated, if not irremediable, æsthetic difference. "The peculiar difficulty in the study of literature and art, of observing the object purely, arises from the fact that in making the observation it is not merely the intellect which is employed, but also the emotions. We must not only see accurately, but feel vividly and truly." An unavoidable personal equation introduces itself. Training, temperament, ability, above all, individual judgments concerning life, exercise half-unconscious bias toward either one half-truth or the other. Yet neither of these tendencies remains altogether uncorrected. The complete separation of style from substance, whatever its guise, is silently ruled impossible. But, nevertheless, one must recognize

that love of technical excellence is an intuition with some, as adhesion to ideal interest is native to others. To speak of a quarrel between poetry and philosophy is, accordingly, to use a relative term. Both are of the same household.

It must be freely admitted, at the same time, that poetry and prose like Newman's or Carlyle's differ widely from philosophy. An abstract doctrine and a systematized body of thought are generally capable of complete analysis. The movement of the thinker's mind can be traced step by step until it trembles on the verge of the central principle to be. With the great writer a similar analysis may be undertaken, but whether successfully is a question so open as to admit of provisional answer in the negative. The poet's inspiration, just when its *fons et origo* seem to be in sight, eludes further search. He who can best attune himself to the artist's mood, moreover, will most readily allow, or even insist upon, this. And the admission has received classic utterance from the philosopher who approached "most closely to poetry without ceasing to be a philosopher." "All good poets, epic as well as lyric, compose their beautiful poems, not as works of art, but because they are inspired and possessed. . . . For the poet is a light and winged and holy thing, and there is no invention in him until he has been inspired and is out of his senses and the mind is no longer in him; when he has not attained to this state, he is powerless and unable to utter his oracles. . . . And therefore God takes away the minds of poets, and uses them as his ministers, as he also uses diviners and holy prophets, in order that we who hear them may know that they speak not of themselves who utter these priceless words in a state of unconsciousness, but that God is the speaker, and that through them he is conversing with us" ('Ion,' 533–4). If, then, we cannot but agree with Plato, it is evident that the relationship between poetry and philosophy, which we look for, must be sought under limitations. He who is powerless to breathe life into a sonnet, far less into an epic or drama, must necessarily take this life on its own terms. Then, and then only, is he in a position to gather up some of its filiations. Analysis befools itself in attempting to tell how or why Shakespeare flashed forth —

> "Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
> Which we ascribe to heaven. The fated sky
> Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
> Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
> . . . .
> But most it is presumption in us, when
> The help of heaven we count the act of men."

On this, silence supplies the most fitting commentary; inward marking replaces analysis. Yet we may, nay, must, discuss ideals thus embodied.

What, then, is the office of the master in prose or poetry; more precisely, how does he "fill his time and place"? Aristotle has formulated a reply both in general and in somewhat definite terms. Broadly, the poet lifts himself above petty or limited interests; disjoined "things," isolated circumstances, definite occurrences, lie aside from his adopted province. He seeks to express the permanent; his realm marches with universality. Or, taking Aristotle's more general statement: "It is the poet's function to relate not what has happened but what may happen, and what is possible according to the law of probable or necessary sequence ('Poetics,' 9, 1–2, 1451, 37 *sq.*). With his eye upon the Greek drama, Aristotle could not omit the reference to "necessary sequence." What strikes him in the most typical literary art of his country is its inevitableness. To him its certainty was more sure than that even of the natural law which holds us moderns in durance. And if this our bondage blind us, after a fashion, to his plain meaning, his more definite and summary statement admits of no such misinterpretation. "Poetry," he says, "is more philosophic and higher in the scale than history." It touches the living heart, the immanent cause of things, more closely. History concerns itself with events, so too poetry. But while the one regards them as facts, the other seeks to widen their significance, yet without altogether passing away from them. Now this is simply another manner of saying that the content of poetry — as indeed of all great art — has elements of identity with philosophy. And this identity lends itself to a twofold treatment. First, the implicit relationship may

be explicitly set forth. Wherein consists the unity of nature? This, secondly, may serve to throw some light upon the dark saying — which is no more than an extension of Aristotle's — that poetry is often more philosophic than philosophy.

At first sight the quest of substantial identity between literary achievement and philosophical thought may seem fool's errand enough. Strenuous and persistent abstract thinking has but slight apparent affinity for the concrete shapes in which poetry delights. Closer inspection, however, reveals a relationship often, and happily, unsuspected by the poet himself. So far as appearances tell, to give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name is to live and rejoice in a world of fair realities. The fairness is sometimes so dominant, sometimes so suffuses natural hardness with a golden glow of beauty, that the secret escapes it for our instruction. Of a truth artists inhabit a realm perceptible only to the finest sensibilities, in which the things of the common world are possible phenomena because they have been transformed. The seer "must grasp the world of sense so firmly that it ceases to sting." The curse of finitude and gross defect is removed by the benison of that universal element on which Aristotle insisted. Literature and philosophy meet, but in what way? Philosophy, as ought always to be remembered, does not try to create a new earth, much less new heavens. The present sphere must be taken for what it is; assuredly it contains problems enough and to spare. Holds it aught of permanence? Can a principle be traced in relation to which single phenomena acquire extended meaning? To these and similar questions philosophy attempts reply. That is, it finds its subject-matter in an unseen reality which, at the last, cannot but be regarded as the sole embodiment of truth. The world's secret is not to be caught here or there. The *arcana* are everywhere, but lie so deep that they appear nowhere open. Only as the permanent is clothed upon by the transitory, only as passing events gain color from infinite fixity, does abstract thought find import in man's being and in the central system of the cosmos. Philosophy is, therefore, concerned with the sense world mainly as a medium. Poetry too accepts this medium, but employs it chiefly as if it were

an end in itself. If the artist be unable "to do his best," as the phrase runs, with the plastic and contingent means, then the measure of his failure here is also the index of his distance from reality. The "forever," so frequently predicated of "possessions" but too surely destined to disappear, in fit application stamps the absoluteness of perfect poetry. This abides by its own force. A "possession," it is yet possessor, for it has drawn down to its limited selfhood some spiritual elixir from the very fount of truth. All that philosophy with immense toil attains and tells, often in an unknown tongue, poetry seizes by a sudden flash of insight, and presents in a definite shape which inevitably wins upon such as can respond to the artist's joy. Throughout his brief years, the philosopher bends himself to see things in relation to Deity, and at the close has perchance helped his successors to take one infinitesimal step toward this consummation. The poet sings, because yearning for a like vision, already almost satisfied, has lent him voice. He feels; nay, is so thrilled in every fibre of his being that with eye of faith he presently perceives —

> "What God is, what we are,
> What life is — how God tastes an infinite joy
> In finite ways — one everlasting bliss,
> From whom all being emanates, all power
> Proceeds; in whom is life for evermore,
> Yet whom existence in its lowest form
> Includes." ('Paracelsus.')

If we scan English literature for evidence of this intimate relationship, Wordsworth's temper and work immediately suggest themselves. Convinced that "every great poet is a teacher," he made it his ideal to wait upon teaching. Hence, probably, that contemplative disposition which without artistic offence approaches the didactic procedure of philosophy. Unlike Goethe, Wordsworth had not the "critical and reflective power . . . to purge out the dross of prose from his work, and especially to free its pure intuitive unity from the artifice and mechanism of reflection. . . . His inspiration is lacking in continuity, and he is apparently unable to distinguish when he is inspired and when he is not. He feeds us

at one time with angel's food, with 'star fire and immortal tears,' and at another time with the homeliest bread-and-butter of moral commonplace. Such poems as 'The Star-gazers' or the 'Sonnet written near Dover,' show the abruptness with which he falls and rises from prose to poetry, from poetry to prose." For the present purpose, then, it must suffice to regard him in his inspired moods.

Wordsworth was no importunate follower of the Muse. He waited for her, preferring to be taken unawares. Accordingly, when he is at his best, his mood recalls that neo-platonic ecstasy in which, possessed by the divine emanation, man lost his individuality and became for the moment a passive vehicle. With what truth this can have, it was true of Wordsworth. Nevertheless, as man does not remain man and lose his selfhood, even the most demonic writer forms a channel from which the efflatus receives direction. In the tendency thus imparted, the special quality of the imaginative faculty emerges. Wordsworth's marvellous perception, his sentiment of nature, is the chief, if not the sole condition, dictated, as might be said, by his mortal to his immortal part. After his first years among the Cumberland dales and lakes, the return to nature of the Romantic Reaction came to suggest far more than a casual glance at the phrase conveys. It was not merely his determination to call a spade a spade, but he laid it to heart that even the commonest things are holy. The universal element in poetry was no longer to be associated with special forms or with high deeds alone, it was also to be seen glowing, as it were, through nature's least simplicities. Hence a double source of poetic power. Wordsworth brought down the infinite to many a finite thing in which ideal affinities had long lain unsuspected, and he discovered imaginative motives hidden away in unlikely places. His yearning sense of kinship with nature moulded his finest efforts to exquisite formal perfection, as in the 'Sonnet to the Trossachs.' But it did more in conferring an insight which, poetic in its clear vision, is philosophic in its range and object.

> "With an eye made quiet by the power
> Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
> We see into the life of things."

Dedicated to a new interpretation of nature, Wordsworth's muse often handled just those reflective elements most capable of philosophic treatment. Rousseau had sought to find refuge from the *Weltschmerz* in woods and hills, but after a spirit that could not command their healing power, perhaps because undeserving of it. "I have never been fitted for civil society where all is *gêne*, obligation, and duty. My independent temper makes me incapable of the subjections necessary to him who would live with men." Wordsworth goes to lake and mountain in another mood; he strives to render them concentric to a fresh ideal. He is not branded like a Cain fleeing from before the face of his fellow-men. On the contrary, he has so attuned himself to contemplation that he is enabled to gaze on the hidden glories of humanity, no less than to idealize nature herself by the diffusion of a strange atmosphere, such as surrounded Israel's Mount of God, in which everything becomes holy by a kind of winsome awe. His "seeing" is better than his "knowing," but both imply a reinterpretation of ideas. And Wordsworth's pre-eminence, synonymous as it is with his originality, consists in his presentation of certain new aspects of the principles that swayed his age. But this is a transformation into which philosophical considerations enter very largely, and we are therefore forced to inquire what Wordsworth imports philosophically.

This question might be answered in several ways. But all the replies practically depend upon the poet's cardinal doctrine of the unity of the universe.

> "Listen! the mighty being is awake,
> And doth with his eternal motion make
> A sound like thunder everlastingly."

Men and events, animals and plants, seas, mountains, nay, the tiniest things possess reality and truth, and so stimulate imagination, because all are partakers in a mighty whole. Not indeed that the visible world is illusory, far otherwise. Yet it suggests illusion till it is bathed in the light of the infinite. More than this, God, who is at once the source of life and of knowledge, stands in a

special relation to man. The universality of nature sensibly affects flower and insect and rock; to see all that this imports is the poet's divine prerogative. Before man nature's limitations disappear, and then the poetic opportunity arrives. A living infinite here finds response from a living finite. As read by man, things the most prosaic often seem

> " like an invitation into space,
> Boundless, or guide into eternity."

This contemplative mood, whereout Wordsworth poured balm upon the wounds inflicted by Rousseau, holds also a strange philosophical paradox. In his flights the poet discloses his own littleness to himself. " Souls of lonely places " looming large in solitude; towering peaks vaguely " moving with purpose of their own ; " " unknown modes of being " endless in indefiniteness, — these, and such as these, force insignificance upon his soul. Yet in a reflective moment he perceives that he is at the being of them all. For him they bear their varying imports; deprived of his response, awe-inspired, sublime, or almost fearful, their motion and purpose might well not have been. And here the unity of nature gives up its inner truth ; the poet insensibly passes over into the philosopher, when he braces himself to grasp the universe in its totality. Logical and similar abstract processes are absent, for Wordsworth's lines on Coleridge are really more true of himself : —

> " To thee, unblinded by these formal acts,
> The unity of all hath been revealed."

The poet intuitively grasps the same ideal which, at the end of his analysis, the philosopher hopes to attain. For Wordsworth, as lapse of time now enables us to see, encompassing speculative ideas, supplied motives to the imagination. Their kind imparts the peculiar *cachet* — it can be called nothing else — which stamps his whole work, if not his every performance, with such striking originality. This uniqueness has its philosophical relations. Life, if nature be viewed as a great unity, acquires inestimable value. If nothing else, it is at least a vantage-ground whence sights can be

witnessed, sounds heard, and spectacles regarded which call forth the emotions, passions, and pleasures that constitute essential experiences in the process of self-culture and self-discovery. Therefore the poet, as if he were a philosopher, is content with this world.

> " Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realised "

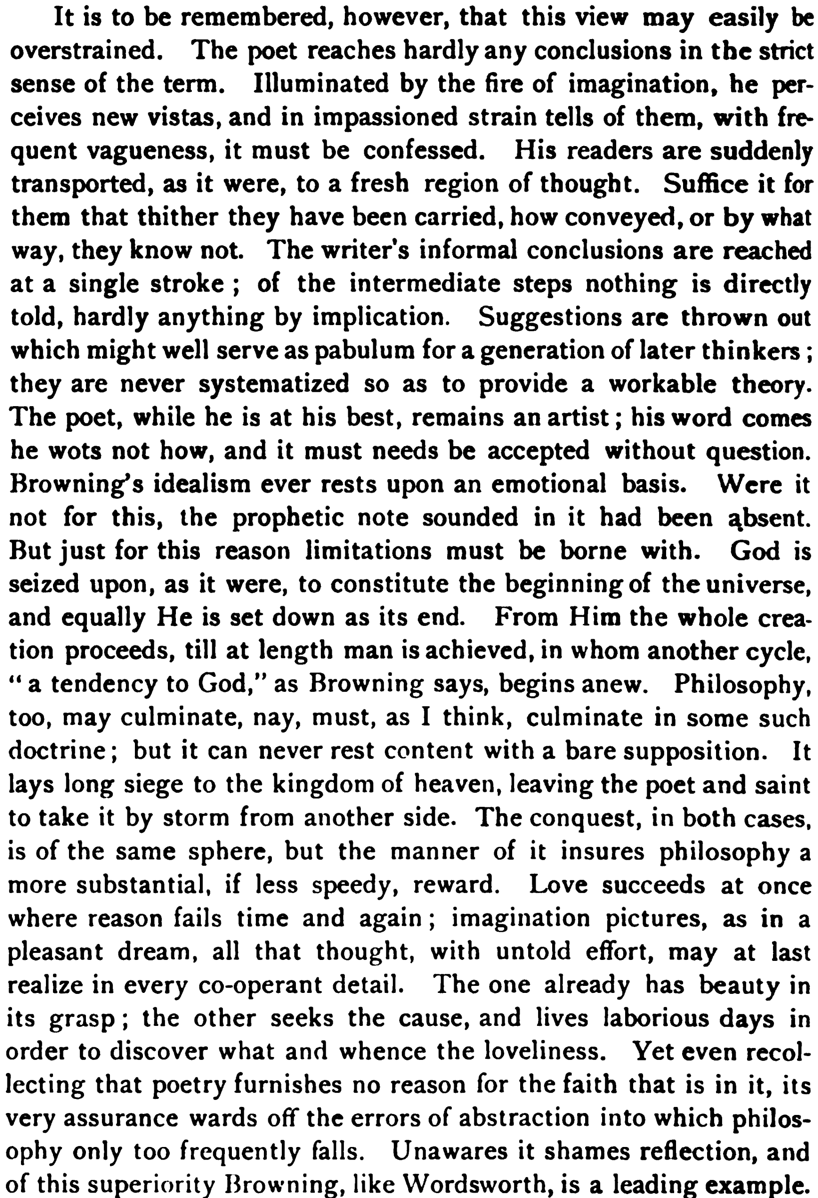
there may be. Yet the keys of these closed regions lie here. In a vision of the night, mayhap in a day-dream, when, though the sun is up and in his glory, the senses are nigh stilled, the poet will chance upon a picture of this hidden treasure. For the philosopher a harder task is reserved. The poet's dream may guide him, but the thinker's condemnation is to seek the magic lever till he have actually laid hands upon it, slowly and in solitude roaming the wide universe the while.

A clear suggestion of the second point we had undertaken to notice appears here. Poetry is sometimes more philosophical than philosophy itself. Sophokles precedes Aristotle; Dante is the significant thinker as well as the single singer of the Middle Ages; Dryden and Pope prepare the way for Hume; Browning comes before Green. A child favored of the gods, the great poet is often the first to discover and voice, if not to epitomize, ideals which the philosopher fathoms and analyzes at a later date. No doubt, in such cases, whom the gods love die earlier. But the systematic thinkers, in burying a dead epoch and settling its account, are swift to endue their artistic forerunners with new, and not seldom with endless, life. Dante had to await this apotheosis some centuries; it is now his meed. The lapse of three brief decades seems to have brought a like reward to Browning; as he lay on his death-bed, the world was setting about to confer such immortality as it could then offer.

Browning's genius, in its distinctive quality and in its gradual development, illustrates this truth perhaps more clearly than Dante's, assuredly with greater wealth of detail. So far as English thought is concerned, it may be shown that the poet of 'Pauline' and 'Paracelsus' is a more speculative thinker than the authors of 'Levia-

than,' of the 'Essay Concerning Human Understanding,' or of the 'Principles of Morals and Legislation;' while, on the other hand, appeal can be taken from Browning the philosopher to Browning the artist. The "Browning cult," as it has been termed, arises from a deeper cause than is altogether perceptible to the scoffer. To call names is not necessarily to read the signs of the times. For there can be little question that many find in him just that kind of ethical ardor which the formal philosophy peculiar to the English mind — to Locke and Mill and the Manchester school — fails to provide. The practical talent of the Anglo-Saxon race depends mainly on a faculty of immediate application to a definite case. A quickness to seize upon present affairs, to notice their salient points, and to use them effectively at once, has its value amid the incidents of life. Yet it is hardly the ideal method of arriving at a conception of life as a whole. Removed into the moral sphere, its microscopic tendencies assert themselves. Man is too apt to be judged as if he were an isolated phenomenon, as if the sum of his acts, rather than their constant accompaniments, revealed inmost truths. Principles, prudential or other, which have no necessary moral content, become the standards of measurement. The things of the spirit are treated as if they were data of sense, and rules sufficient for the "muddy vesture" of taste and touch are approved as guides to the moral order of the universe. What they can plumb alone partakes of reality. The English philosopher, Berkeley excepted, — and he had the Celtic fire, — has usually succumbed, while the poet has risen superior, to this "middlingness." Our "mental science," so called, has begotten no moralist like Shakespeare, no idealist like Wordsworth, no seer like Coleridge, no doubter back to faith like Tennyson, no thinker like Browning. But, thanks to Carlyle, the more or less esoteric tendencies of Berkeley and Ferrier have recently become common property. Insularity has been broken down, and a craving for something beyond the immediate information of the senses has burst forth. To the resultant revivification of ethics, to the unformulated demand for a systematic account of life, Browning gave the first — it still remains in many respects the most complete — expression and satisfaction. Many have found a

higher reading of Christianity in his pages, not because, like some presumptuous fools, they had tried to go beyond the revelation of Jesus, but because he had lighted on aspects of it to which the English mind had hitherto remained almost impervious. But there was a time, as so often happens in similar cases, when the age condemned the prophet. To the generation of the corn-law repeal, with its every man for himself and devil take the hindmost, 'Pauline' could not but be "a piece of pure bewilderment." As usual, the prophet has had his revenge. For we, who are committed to large schemes of social betterment, to the reformation of dogmatic creeds, to a systematic theory of the entire cosmos, are doing little more than interpreting the terms which so puzzled our not very remote ancestors. Nay, we are bound to interpret them, because they represent the new moral and intellectual forces which, by reducing the isolation of parts and disclosing the importance of the whole, bid fair at length to provide some thorough — it cannot be final — theory of "man — the consummation of this scheme of being." Yes, there is a Browning literature, and Browning societies have sprung up, not so much on account of the stupidity or indiscriminate hero-worship of the average man, as because, recognizing his own weakness, repentant maybe for past errors, the "person in the street" notices sources of help, and often, blindly enough, strives to estimate the aid they afford. English thought has passed in "one poor poet's scroll" from a special to an approximately universal standpoint. Morally the question no longer is, what satisfaction can I obtain, but what ideals ought to control human life; metaphysically the question no longer is, how am I related to this table, but what does a cosmos imply; in religion it is no more asked, what must I do to be saved, but what are the conditions of salvation for all mankind. These are the problems of the age; their solution is at once its task and its enfranchisement. This it was given to Browning to see at least a generation before his contemporaries. His poetry is more philosophic than philosophy, for, freed by artistic insight, he was able sooner than most to stoop "into the vast and unexplored abyss, . . . strenuously beating the silent boundless region of the sky."



It is to be remembered, however, that this view may easily be overstrained. The poet reaches hardly any conclusions in the strict sense of the term. Illuminated by the fire of imagination, he perceives new vistas, and in impassioned strain tells of them, with frequent vagueness, it must be confessed. His readers are suddenly transported, as it were, to a fresh region of thought. Suffice it for them that thither they have been carried, how conveyed, or by what way, they know not. The writer's informal conclusions are reached at a single stroke; of the intermediate steps nothing is directly told, hardly anything by implication. Suggestions are thrown out which might well serve as pabulum for a generation of later thinkers; they are never systematized so as to provide a workable theory. The poet, while he is at his best, remains an artist; his word comes he wots not how, and it must needs be accepted without question. Browning's idealism ever rests upon an emotional basis. Were it not for this, the prophetic note sounded in it had been absent. But just for this reason limitations must be borne with. God is seized upon, as it were, to constitute the beginning of the universe, and equally He is set down as its end. From Him the whole creation proceeds, till at length man is achieved, in whom another cycle, "a tendency to God," as Browning says, begins anew. Philosophy, too, may culminate, nay, must, as I think, culminate in some such doctrine; but it can never rest content with a bare supposition. It lays long siege to the kingdom of heaven, leaving the poet and saint to take it by storm from another side. The conquest, in both cases, is of the same sphere, but the manner of it insures philosophy a more substantial, if less speedy, reward. Love succeeds at once where reason fails time and again; imagination pictures, as in a pleasant dream, all that thought, with untold effort, may at last realize in every co-operant detail. The one already has beauty in its grasp; the other seeks the cause, and lives laborious days in order to discover what and whence the loveliness. Yet even recollecting that poetry furnishes no reason for the faith that is in it, its very assurance wards off the errors of abstraction into which philosophy only too frequently falls. Unawares it shames reflection, and of this superiority Browning, like Wordsworth, is a leading example.

The comparative failure of the poet as philosopher serves to enhance his insight as a prophet. Nothing of uncertainty clouds the Pope's declaration, in 'The Ring and the Book,' "I must outlive a thing ere know it dead," nor has it any proof. Poetic perception mints it at its proper worth.

Art, religion, and speculative thought often bear fruit in the same atmosphere. They deal with cognate, if not with entirely identical ideals, no matter how diverse their methods of approaching them may be. From poetry, even more than from the allied arts, philosophy can never be altogether divorced. She has her form, but it is the form of ideals. For by a secret craft, imparted to her favorites alone, she causes the objects of abstract thought to subserve her own special ends.

> "Thus doth she, when from individual states
> She doth abstract the universal kinds,
> Which when reclothed in diverse names and fates
> Steal access through our senses to our minds."

R. M. Wenley.

THE POETRY OF BRICK.

THERE are few things in this world, outside of the abstract defects of human nature, which, if looked on from the right point of view, are not attractive. To determine the relative charms of all things from a single point of view, is as unwise as to examine stars with a microscope. A tract of country, for instance, which in reality and at close range is but a heterogeneous collection of muddy fields and leafless thickets, difficult to traverse and wretched to remain in, becomes, from the summit of some far-off hill, a soft tapestry of mingled grays and greens. The sight of it, stretching off into dimness at the horizon, stirs up in the traveller's mind indefinable longings, like the sight of the open sea. When, therefore, to catch at the first illustration that occurs to us, we say that the modern Babel-towers which darken our city streets are masses of ugliness, we refer to their connection with the every-day business of

life. We must not deny that they may possess a kind of grandeur and suggestive impressiveness, as, through the fog of a misty evening, they lift their twinkling lights far up into the gray region of silence. Few aspects of life, in short, fail to possess at least this picturesque fascination, and of all aspects of life none, perhaps, does at the same time show actual repulsiveness and imaginative picturesqueness in such vivid degree as a great city.

The mental attitudes from which these two aspects are seen, though utterly different, are equally sincere. One sees things as they are when in their proper places as regards man and the outside world. We might call it the sanest and truest. It sees the city as I once saw it, when after a fortnight at Siasconsit I hurried up to Cambridge in the heat of Class Day morning. For two weeks I had thought of nothing but the blue sky and warm sun, the smell of the wind that blows over Sconsit moor, and the look of the sea as it stretched out into the eastern end of things, all blue-green and tumbling. With senses soaked in this, the baking heat of flagging, the infernal roar of trucks, the hot, rank breath of the street, seemed little less than loathsome. I had stepped from the crystal freshness of the upper deck down into the furnace-room with its sweating stokers.

The other sort of sight is from the inside rather than from without. Its sensations are not so much reflections of the outside world as they are mental and emotional fancies which outside objects, without any connection with their actual identities, may induce. A crouching figure, which mechanically turns a hand-organ, is, from the first point of view, an unpleasant-looking Italian, who needs money ; the other observer perceives in it a crystallized story, so absorbing in its imaginative possibilities that he passed by, without, perhaps, remembering to drop a dime into the empty cup. If things are not right the first tries to make them so; the second may regard them as picturesque examples of wrong. To the one the world is a fairly comfortable dwelling-place in which a lot of people, each for himself, are doing certain necessary things; to the other, it is a sort of mammoth theatrical stock-company, kindly engaged in acting endless plays for his amusement.

True as is the one mood on its basis on actualities, yet the other, on its basis of fancy, is quite as absorbing and sincere. However long I may remember such an impression of the city as I got on that baking June day, no sooner shall I forget the late afternoons and evenings when I have wandered on and on through these strange narrow cañons of brick and stone, with their streams of human beings flowing at their bottoms, now slow and in order and prettily, now unkempt, rough-shod, and tempestuous. Every upper window concealed mysteries, and every street beckoned to unknown vistas which only an omnipresent consciousness could ever dissolve. The roar of the pavements or the rattling vulgarity of a cheap restaurant, a shop-girl's face or a newsboy's cry, breathed a breath that was half romance, half a sense of universal human comradeship. The whole conglomeration of sights and sounds and smells made a big human something, into which one's fancy plunged and lost itself.

It is not easy to explain the charm which the sights of the city possess, to one who does not feel it, — if, indeed, there be any such. A few concrete examples, however, may serve to make it a bit more real.

One of the single things which contributes strongly to this urban charm is a great modern newspaper. Every one knows that a newspaper is a business enterprise. From the drudgery of the youngest reporter to the printed columns, there is nothing intrinsically fascinating about it. Yet from the man at the bulletin board with chalk and megaphone to the newsboy who cries the extras, the newspaper seems to be the electric current which sets in motion the life of the street. Whether it be the light and rush of the offices, the dull roar of the presses, or what not, there is a fascination about these great noisy buildings through which we seem to feel the pulse-beats of all the world, that will last as long as the everlasting magic of the telegraph.

There was a prize fight last year in which a great many took a keen "muckerly" interest. It was half after three when I took the car for town, and four when we got to Tremont Street. At three, away out in Nevada, a gong struck, and two men watching each

other like cats approached the middle of a ring. As I passed,—perhaps the library,—one was falling senseless to his knees.

When I turned from Boylston into Washington Street, I met a crowd of hurrying faces. They were coming *away* from Newspaper Row. I seized a man's sleeve and asked him what the matter was. He pushed on unnoticing, counting, as he went, a few bills. Then, except for the hindrance of the crowd, I went straight to Newspaper Row. As I approached, there came down the street a buzzing hum, like far-off cheering. The narrow street between the big roaring newspaper offices was all bubbling with people. Out of the tall buildings, the newsboys swarmed like bees from their hives. People fairly snatched the papers from their hands. As I waded into the struggling mass, a paper stretched broad by a pair of grimy hands was pushed toward my face. It was still warm and greasy, and I could smell the rank smell of printers' ink. On the front page was a big picture of the man who had won ; around it in great leaded type was told what he had done and how he did it; and I stood there on the slippery pavement of the city street looking down at it, while, at the same moment, three thousand miles away, his heart had scarcely ceased to thump or his breath to come in gasps.

Some may remark with mild satire that "this maniacal crowd, hooting, pushing, and betting, is a very pleasant sight; so grand, so ennobling and nice are these heart beats of the great people!" Just for this have I chosen an incident which in its actual relation to every-day life, is not, perhaps, attractive, that I might show a bit of the catching "swing" it possesses, when looked at from the basis of sensations, and not of sermons. If the dullest, however, wants really to be swung off his feet with what is, perhaps, the most vivid sense he will ever get, that this land of ours is a union of many States, all working together, shoulder to shoulder, for the same things,—let him sway in the crowd on the night of a Presidential election. Out of Southern swamps, from Northern wheat-fields, and across Western mountains, the returns tick from the wires. The great figures on the stereopticon screens stretch and run, because the ink on the lantern slides is still wet and dripping.

Every half-heard name upon the map becomes a living being who stands stoutly up and speaks to the waiting crowd his choice.

As we have observed this bit of life of the town, so might we look at different phases. We might watch the theatres, — the down-town ones, where men wear dress-coats and criticise and go away in cabs; the other sort, where the play is red, and people eat from boxes of candy and are glad when the villain is foiled and virtue shouts its sentiments. We might watch the stations where the great "iron horses" stand fuming and fretting to be off for the West; or wander in the cheap shopping districts on a Saturday night, where there is much talking and some buying, and every one makes his weekly attempt at being happy. Wherever we may go, if we have the eyes and the fancy for it, we shall find it good to watch and be in.

It is not, however, to intrinsically picturesque objects that this fascination of the town is confined. There is a charm in a mere crowded street. Take six o'clock of a warm winter afternoon. Offices, mills, shops, the great department stores, — all have pulled down their curtains and shut the doors. The day laborer with his pail, the business man, the fruit-vender with his cart, the shop-girl with her lunch-bag, — each one talking, pushing, laughing, hurrying toward some place, which you do not know and never will know, any more than you would if an ocean of water instead of one of chance and conventions interposed between you and them. This man's face as he passes has an interesting look. Suppose one should follow him, discreetly. Through what maze of streets and crooked lanes, between what silent brick passage-ways, into what empty, silent courts, to what house with its aged iron balconies and its faded green blinds tightly closed, would he lead the way? One could go that far easily enough. You wonder, then, how you could get to know him, find out his secrets, work into his existence, and catch for an instant a bit of that teeming life which, because of certain amounts of flimsy masonry, is concealed from us forever. There is a fascination in the idea of a quest, which must be wondrously vivified when there flashes out from the tangle of black coats a girl's face. Sometimes she is beautiful, and she seems dif-

ferent and apart, among her sister shop-girls, as do the roses and white hyacinths which, in jars at one's feet, stand up proud and soft and dewy amid the dirt of the street. The fact that she works veils her in a new charm. One grows so used to considering a girl as a sort of beautiful, feelingless, exquisite, irresponsible mechanism, which must be kept very warm and dry and fed with flowers and graceful speeches, that the sight of this one, whom one jostles by instead of saluting with much deference, who must work like any of us, stirs up I know not what feeling, half of tenderness, half comradeship. And yet she, too, slips past and disappears.

One thinks of her as he wanders on, and the thought comes, that if he had been on the other side of the street, or looking at a shop-window, or doing any one of a thousand things, she would have passed unseen. And here we reach the keenest and most tantalizing charm of the city, — the torment which comes from the fact that human consciousness must be tied to one spot on which stand slow human feet. As the tide of faces whirls past, there is the ever-present fancy that the face one will meet at the next moment, the next block, the next street, may in some way affect the whole course of one's life. As I walk down Washington Street in one crowd, what is happening in another, down in Bowdoin Square? What chain of events, which, could I insert myself into it, would sweep me in its course, is now beginning but a stone's throw distant, in Tremont Street?

In some ways the world is the same as it ever was. Men are being born and dying, living, loving, fighting, laughing, cursing, — and round one, here in the street, float the ends of threads which lead to long, laughing stories, to strange unwritten novels, to living, breathing tragedies. Down the two curbs stretch the endless rows of brick; crossing them, and quite as long, are others, to the city's very end. Through all these rows, separated but by narrow streets or flimsy walls, are rooms and rooms and rooms, — the close-packed molecules of the whole. In each, people smiling or groaning, plotting or playing, are playing their little parts and weaving their little separate threads into the mighty world-tissue. Yet one must stand in a spot, looking stupidly ahead of him, while

the life round him is shut as interminably away as it would be by planetary distances.

A mad fancy seizes one that he will tramp up and down each street from horizon to horizon, until every doorway has been passed, and not a secluded court remain into which his hungry eye has not penetrated. Then comes a deeper and more passionate longing, for a power — quite as impossible to human kind as that mountains may rise without necessitating valleys — which could pierce these petty barriers of masonry, be in all places at once, and seize upon and satisfy itself with that which hovers everywhere so near and yet so unattainable. All this, while the pavements thunder, the stream of faces flows tempestuous and the lights stretch far away in beckoning vistas.

I have not spoken of the look of a long street as it stands glorified in the glare of an afternoon sun. Nor have we glanced at that other look of a smoky city in very early morning, when factories and breweries become frowning castles; the great warehouses and grain-elevators grow into vast mysterious hulks of gray; the streets down town are long, sombre, silent cañons; and the whole, as it towers into the still gray heavy air, seems the gaunt, gigantic fabric of a dream. There are myriads of such aspects, but those I have shown are enough to make clear the quality of a certain mood.

The suggestion that this whole attitude is mere falseness and moonshine finds little concrete disproof. This man whose face as it passed us stirred up so many imaginings would, even though we should get into the current of his life, prove, probably, a person like the rest of us, eating three meals a day and living commonplaces. The girl before whom we wished to bow low would probably be like other shop-girls, with the addition of much prettiness. She might be a bit more generous-hearted than some we know, but her sensibilities would be duller; she would stare in amazement at our homage, and appreciate and enjoy much better the fatuous jests of her friend of the linen counter than our attempted subtleties or deep-planned gallantry. Why a lodging-house, which we know from cellar to garret as a most uninviting place, should,

when multiplied by itself several thousand times, produce a result of wondrous fascination, is not easy to see. Yet true it is, and the only explanation I can conceive is, that the effect is due to that continuous tantalizing of our imagination. We are so constructed that that which we cannot see must needs be a thing of charm; and things which individually are dead to our fancy become, in vast incomprehensible masses, glowing with magic life.

The knowledge of the artificiality of the stimulus does not lessen the power of the effect. One knows only that the mood is sincere. Though he cannot prove its reality, he feels its charm. With the very thought of the actualities in mind, suppose oneself again in the city, at the closing hour of that warm winter's afternoon. From the height of a down-town office building, the lighted town stretches to the dim horizon's edge. Where clouds of smoke are rising, they are turned by the glare from below almost into flame. Everywhere is hurry, light, and roar. Up from the street below comes the long shrill quaver of a newsboy's cry. There is in it, I know not what of sophistication, of nervous energy, of the breath of the town, as though the black, noisy street had found a voice, and was shouting its song. There is something in the shrill drawl of the papers named that strikes deeper than the note of a meadow-lark, as it trills across a pasture. It stirs one with a sudden prickly exultation, like the crash of a climax in a piece of military music. From far out as the eye can reach, fainter and fainter, the lights — the city lights — shine out like siren eyes. Each needle-point which pricks the dim edge of the horizon marks the place of a room of mysteries. They flicker, flash softly, and beckon as they flash, — beckon to the sight that wants a beholder, to the deed that waits its hero, to the chamber where another Madeline sits dreaming of St. Agnes' Eve. Silent, one stares out into young night, while up the street comes the roar and the newsboys' quavering cries. The charm of the town is on.

Arthur Bacon Ruhl.

SHELLEY AND GODWIN.

SCATTERED about in the numerous volumes dealing with Shelley are various letters addressed by the poet to William Godwin, the author of 'Political Justice.' These letters are of more than ordinary interest, — the earlier of them, indeed, being of value in estimating aright the trend of thought, and the already advanced, if immature, opinions of the youthful Shelley. Such being the case, it is of the first importance that the whole of the poet's correspondence with Godwin should be gathered together into one volume, the letters being of course printed in chronological order, and thus be rendered of greater value to the student. This has now been accomplished through the enterprise of Mr. Thomas J. Wise, and forms one of the issues of this gentleman's well-known Ashley Library. Mr. Wise, however, has seen fit to limit his reprint to "twenty-five copies on hand-made paper;" so that only the elect, whoever they may be, will be able to avail themselves of the fruits of his enterprise. Such being the case, readers of *Poet-lore* may be interested in the following account of these "collected" epistles, — though probably some of them may be already familiar to them.

It was about the year 1811 that Shelley came first under the influence of Godwin, and the impulsive youth was conquered at first reading: he had found, as he then supposed, his "Master." 'Political Justice' is nowadays relegated to an obscure place on one's shelves — even should it be found there at all; but toward the close of the last century it exercised considerable influence over the minds of thinking men, and was indeed one of the first notes that heralded the political awakening. In this now almost forgotten treatise, Shelley had found that which focussed the thoughts and feelings that had for some time been fermenting in his mind; and though probably Godwin's influence was even then on the wane among his contemporaries, he seemed to the young reformer of the new age not only a profound philosopher, but a teacher whose opinions carried prophetic weight; and the impressionable mind of

the young enthusiast was speedily set in a ferment. So it came about that, with much fear and trembling, Shelley wrote his first letter to his new master — the well-known epistle of Jan. 3, 1812, wherein he dwells on the short but eventful course of his life, and narrates the prejudice and persecution to which he had been subjected. He then strikes a truly Shelleyan note by remarking that the interests of mankind imperiously demand that a certain etiquette of fashion should " no longer keep man at a distance from man," or " impose its flimsy fancies between the free communication of intellect ; " and concludes by remarking that, defying prejudice as he has done, it is not strange that he should " overstep the limits of custom's prescription, and endeavour to form a friendship with William Godwin."

It is evident that the philosopher did not quite know what to make of this effusion ; but he found fault with Shelley's letter for its " generalising character," which rendered it deficient in interest ; and furthermore that his correspondent was " not an individual " to him. The would-be disciple, however, speedily rejoins that " generalisation must characterise the uninvited address of a stranger to a stranger," and then proceeds to give a fuller account of himself, remarking that before the age of seventeen " he had published two romances, ' St. Irvine ' and ' Zastrozzi.' Here Shelley is somewhat incorrect, for at the time ' Zastrozzi ' was published he was just seventeen years and ten months old, — ' St. Irvine ' not appearing till he was fully eighteen years and four months old. On more than one occasion Shelley thus understated his age, no doubt owing to lapse of memory, though Mr. W. M. Rossetti suggests there may have been in it a " spice of coxcombry."

Godwin now evidently sees that the young man is desperately in earnest, and replies in a kindly tone with some well-meaning advice, assuring him that he has " a deep and earnest interest in his welfare," — remarking that, " being yet a scholar, he ought to have no intolerable itch to become a teacher." To this Shelley replies in a letter of much interest. " I am willing," he says, " to become a scholar — nay, a pupil. My humility and confidence, where I am conscious that I am not imposed upon, and where I

perceive talents and powers so certainly and undoubtedly superior, is unfeigned and complete." He then goes on to inform the doubtless astonished Godwin of his forthcoming visit to Ireland, wherein he "intends principally to forward as much as he can the Catholic Emancipation." Here, too, we come across a characteristic outburst: "Southey the poet, whose principles were pure and elevated once, is now the paid champion of every abuse and absurdity. I have had much conversation with him: he says, 'you will think as I do when you are old.' I do not feel the least disposition to be Mr. S's proselyte." Alas that Shelley did not live to be "old," though, in the light of after events, there is little probability that his *principles* would have changed; only there would have come the refining experience which time alone brings and the mellowness of thought which age produces.

Godwin now gives the ardent humanist an introduction to Mr. Curran, whose public character Shelley admired and respected, and of whom more anon. Shelley, in his capacity of pupil, must have sorely worried the long-suffering Godwin, for letters follow in quick succession, narrating either his own thoughts and feelings or the unhappy divergence between himself and his father. Soon the letters are taken up with an account of the Dublin campaign and the 'Address to the Irish People' — more or less well known to readers of Shelley. The poet did not remain long in Dublin, and immediately on his return — where he settles for a time in South Wales — he resumes his correspondence with Godwin; and in a letter dated 1812, we come across the following concise picture of Curran, which is quoted by Dowden in his 'Life of Shelley,' and is worthy of being once more reproduced.

"He is certainly a man of great abilities, but it appears to me he undervalues his powers when he applies them to what is usually the subject of his conversation. I may not possess sufficient taste to relish humour, or his incessant comicality may weary that which I do possess. He does not possess that mould of mind which I have been accustomed to contemplate with the highest feelings of respect and love. In short, though Curran indubitably possesses a strong understanding and a brilliant fancy, I should not have beheld him with the feelings of admiration which his first visit excited had he not been your intimate friend."

There is a curious passage in a letter of June 3, 1812, which seems to open the probability that Browning might have been forestalled in the subject of Paracelsus; and indeed the wonder is that Shelley did not embody his reading in this direction in a dramatic poem: —

"In the intervals of comparative health I read romances, and those the most marvellous ones, unremittingly; and pored over the reveries of Albertus Magnus and Paracelsus, the former of which I read in Latin, and probably gained more knowledge of that language from that source than from all the discipline of Eton. My fondness for natural magic and ghosts abated as my age increased. I read Locke, Hume, Reid, and whatever metaphysics came in my way, without, however, renouncing poetry, — an attachment to which has characterised all my wanderings and changes. . . . During my existence I have incessantly speculated, thought and read. A great deal of the labour has been uselessly directed; still I am willing to hope that some portion of the stores thus improvidently accumulated will turn to account."

"Socialist" Shelley called himself — and such he undoubtedly was; but none saw clearer than he that there must be an aristocracy of mind; that "talent" can by no means be divided; and that conformity to certain recognized conventions are essential, if not obligatory, in the present conditions of life. He writes thus to Godwin: —

"There are certain habitudes in conformity to which it is almost necessary that persons who have contracted them should exist. By this I do not mean that a splendid mansion, or an equipage, is in any degree essential to life; but that, if I was employed at the loom or the plough, and my wife in culinary business and housewifery, we should, in the present state of society, quickly become very different beings, and, I may add, less useful to our species. Probably in a regenerated state of society agriculture and manufacture would be compatible with the most powerful interest, and most polished manners; probably delicacy, as it relates to sexual distinction, would disappear; — yet now, a ploughboy can with difficulty acquire refinement of intellect; and a promiscuous sexual intercourse, under the present system of thinking, would inevitably lead to consequences the most injurious to the happiness of mankind."

In a letter, dated July, 1812, we find another characteristic Shelleyan note, exhibiting the poet in a peculiarly negative frame of mind, — the Shelley of the notes to 'Queen Mab': —

"I can by no means conceive how the loftiest disinterestedness is incompatible with the strictest materialism. In fact, the doctrine which affirms that there is no such thing as matter, and that which affirms that all is matter appear to me perfectly indifferent in the question between benevolence and self-love. I cannot see how they interfere with each other, or why the two doctrines of materialism and disinterestedness cannot be held in one mind, as independently of each other as the two truths that a cricket ball is round and a box square. Immateriality seems to me nothing but a simple denial of the presence of matter, of the presence of all the forms of being with which our senses are acquainted; and it surely is somewhat inconsistent to assign real existence to what is a mere negation of all that actual world to which our senses introduce us. I have read Berkeley; and the perusal of his arguments tended more than anything to convince me that Immaterialism, and other words of general usage, deriving all their force from mere predicates in *non*, were invented by the pride of philosophers to conceal their ignorance, even from themselves. If I err in what I say, or if I differ from you, Reason stands arbiter between us. Reason, if I may be permitted to personify it, is as much your superior as you are mine. An hour and a thousand years are equally incommensurate with eternity: . . . I will explain my reasons for doubting the efficacy of classical learning as a means of forwarding the efficacy of the human race. . . . Was not the government of Republican Rome, and most of those of Greece, as oppressive and arbitrary as that of Great Britain is at present? And what do we learn from their poets? As you yourself have acknowledged somewhere, 'they are fit for nothing but the perpetuation of the noxious race of heroes in the world.' Lucretius forms perhaps the single exception. . . . Honour . . . is set so much above virtue as, according to the last words of Brutus, to make it nothing but an empty name. . . . They are our masters in politics because we are so immoral as to prefer self-interests to virtue, and expediency to positive good. You say that words will neither debauch our understandings nor distort our moral feelings. You say that the time of youth could not be better employed than in the acquisition of classical learning. But *words* are the very things that so eminently contribute to the growth and establishment of prejudice: the learning of words before the mind is capable of attaching correspondent

ideas to them, is like possessing machinery with the use of which we are so unacquainted as to be in danger of misusing it. But words are merely signs of ideas. How many evils, and how great evils, spring from annexing inadequate and improper ideas to words! The words honour, virtue, duty, goodness are examples of this remark. Besides, we only want one distinct sign for one idea. Do you not think that there is much more danger of our wanting ideas for the signs of them already made, than of our wanting these signs for inexpressible ideas? I should think that natural philosophy, medicine, astronomy, and above all, history, could be sufficient employment for immaturity: employment which would completely fill up the era of tutelage, and render unnecessary all expedients for losing time well, by gaining it safely. Of the Latin language as a grammar I think highly. It is a key to the European languages, and we can hardly be said to know our own without first attaining a complete knowledge of it. Still I cannot help considering it an affair of minor importance, inasmuch as the science of things is superior to the science of words. Nor can I help considering the vindicators of ancient learning as the vindicators of a literary despotism; as the bracers of a circle which is intended to shut out from real knowledge all who do not breathe the air of prejudice, or who will not support the established systems of politics, religion, and morals. I have as great a contempt for Cobbett as you can have; but it is because he is a dastard and a time-server — he has no humanity, no refinement. But were he a classical scholar, would he have more? Did Greek and Roman literature refine the soul of Johnson? Does it extend the views of the thousand narrow bigots educated in the very bosom of classicality? But *in publica commoda peccem si longo sermone morer tua tempora,* says Horace at the commencement of his longest letter."

It may be noted that Shelley was evidently fond of this quotation from Horace, for we not only find it in a previous letter to Godwin, but it also appears in one of his subsequent letters to Peacock. Several notes of minor importance now follow. In the interim, however, master and disciple have met, and as might be expected, the glamour seems to have evanished for Shelley. But the meeting was destined to have momentous issues, — for the poet, at least. On the 28th of May, 1814, Mary Godwin left her father's house — to join Shelley. Whatever may have been Godwin's real feelings on this matter, he seems to have taken advantage of the

situation by speedily throwing himself on Shelley for the relief of his financial embarrassments, and the letters that follow in chronological order are familiar to all readers of the poet, being connected with the question of the reversion of the family estates. During 1816, the relations between Godwin and Shelley are evidently strained, — the latter addressing the former as "sir," the letters being for the most replies to Godwin's appeals for pecuniary aid. The master and disciple attitude was suspended; no questions of philosophy or poetry were discussed; and indeed their former intimacy appears to have lapsed into a mere formal relationship. In March, 1816, Shelley writes: "I confess that I do not understand how the pecuniary engagements subsisting between us in any degree impose restrictions on your conduct towards me. . . . In my judgment neither I nor your daughter nor her offspring ought to receive the treatment which we encounter on every side. It has perpetually appeared to me to have been your especial duty to see that, so far as mankind value your good opinion, we were dealt justly by, and that a young family innocent and benevolent and united should not be confounded with prostitutes and seducers. My astonishment, and I will confess — when I have been treated by harshness and cruelty by you — my indignation, has been extreme, that, knowing as you do my nature, any considerations should have prevailed on you to have been thus harsh and cruel. I lamented also over my ruined hopes of all that your genius once taught me to expect from your virtue, when I found that for yourself, your family, your creditors, you would submit to that communication with me, which you once rejected and abhorred, and which no pity for my poverty or sufferings, assumed willingly for you, could avail to extort."

But Shelley was nothing if not magnanimous, and he concludes this justly severe diatribe by saying that "he will do all he can not to disappoint him" — presumably in money matters; adding, "I am not unwilling to do my utmost, nor does my disposition in the least depend on the question of your demonstrating personal kindness to myself and Mary."

In May, 1816, on the eve of leaving England, Shelley again

writes: "I leave England, I know not, perhaps for ever. . . . I respect you, I think well of you, better perhaps than of any other person whom England contains. You were the philosopher who first awakened my understanding. It is unfortunate for me that the part of your character which is least excellent should have been met by convictions of what was right to do. But I have been too indignant; I have been unjust to you; forgive me; burn those letters which contain the records of my violence, and believe that however what you call fame and honour separate us, I shall always feel towards you as the most affectionate of friends."

This noble turning the other cheek, however, seems to have had no effect on Godwin, and further calls for pecuniary help were sent to the long-suffering Shelley. By 1817 their relations were somewhat less strained, for in the March of that year Shelley writes: "It was spring when I wrote to you, and winter when your answer arrived. But the frost is very transitory; every bud is ready to burst into leaf. The oak and the chestnut, the latest and the earliest parents of foliage, would afford you a still subtler sub-division, which would enable you to defer the visit, from which we expect so much delight, for six weeks." Several letters now follow, dealing with Godwin's strictures on 'Laon and Cythna;' but these are so well known that I pass on to the end.

From 1818 the letters become less frequent, — the last in the volume bearing date August, 1820. Once more "my dear Godwin" has given place to "sir," and there has evidently been a request for further pecuniary assistance, with which it was impossible for Shelley to comply. Not only so, but he states that "it is an additional consolation to me to have been shown that I ought not." He tells his whilom master that within the space of a few years he has given him "a considerable fortune." In this letter there is a wisdom and ripeness of mind one does not always expect from Shelley; between the lines may be read a certain tenderness of feeling, showing that the old boyish affection to the mature philosopher was struggling with the righteous indignation of the man. It is the last letter — and the conclusion is missing.

As I have said, these collected letters are of the greatest bio-

graphical interest, and should be known to all students of English literature. Some of them have been drawn upon by the various biographers of the poet; but arranged as we here find them, in chronological order, they form an interesting chapter in the poet's history. They at least show, in a new light, the innate chivalry of Shelley's nature, his sterling humanity, and the great fund of tenderness and consideration for others which he possessed. Faults he had many; he was impetuous and wayward, doubtless, but he was sincere, and he gave right royally of all he possessed for others' need. Great as was his genius, these letters also prove that his heart was right. *William G. Kingsland.*

BROWNING'S 'THE STATUE AND THE BUST': A PARABLE.[1]

WHETHER any substantial basis of fact underlies Browning's story it is impossible to say; but it must be remembered that the very word "romance" is evidence of the story-making capacity of the Italians. As many Greek myths were pure inventions to explain some obscure passage in Homer, or the supposed etymology of some proper name; as Browning from a painting of Andrea del Sarto has invented a tale to portray its meaning to him, so the equestrian statue of Ferdinand facing a window in the house of the Riccardi may have suggested the whole story "which the townsmen tell."

History informs us that Ferdinand became Grand Duke of Tuscany in 1587 and died twenty-one years later; and as Browning's lady passed from girlhood to middle age during Ferdinand's life, it would follow that the events narrated began early in his reign. In fact, it was at this very time that he married a French lady of the House of Lorraine, his kinswoman, and by her he had eight children. He lacked the genius and resolution of some of

[1] The major portion of a Paper read before the Boston Browning Society, January 25, 1898.

his predecessors, but on the whole was a pretty good sovereign for a Medici. Against his will he was a dependent on the throne of Spain, then occupied by Philip II., and was a good deal of a trimmer, always intriguing with France for support; and that he passed any considerable portion of his reign in riding to see a woman through a casement is altogether improbable.

That a jealous husband should shut his wife up for life, while of course not an Italian custom, is not unknown in Italy. A Florentine statesman of this generation, a minister of state to Victor Emmanuel, became jealous of one of the courtiers, apparently with cause. One night he and his wife were present at a company where the courtier was also present; and on taking their carriage, instead of going home, they were driven to the husband's castle among the Apennines. That he had planned this beforehand was shown by the fact that he had extra wraps in the carriage to protect his wife in her evening dress from the cold. This castle she never left, not even when the "final catafalk repassed," for her coffin is still shown in the castle chapel; and a striking portrait painted when she was near her end is also shown. Such an imprisonment would be impossible in English-speaking countries, and would not be tolerated in Italy, even for the cause stated, if the husband could rid himself of such a wife by divorce.

Whatever the actual facts may have been, Browning has given us a story, and is entitled to have it judged for what it is. The story is used, I think, to convey a single lesson, and is designedly simple, and divested of all details and characters not required to accentuate that lesson. We have the duke, who is the "fine empty sheath of a man," — of commanding appearance, but with nothing to him, — who goes riding by the palace of Riccardi, his minister, on the latter's wedding-day. The bride sees him from a window, their eyes meet, and both fall desperately in love. From Browning's description of her hair and eyes, and his statement that she came from a Southern clime, it is not impossible that he meant to account for the violence of her passions by implying that she had Moorish blood in her veins. There is much Moorish blood in Italy, and the Moors were prominent at the time named. The date

of the Turkish assault on Cyprus, which is the time of Othello, according to Shakespeare, was 1570, or only seventeen years before the accession of Ferdinand.[1] Be this as it may, their mutual passion became the master-motive of both lives.

> "For I ride — what should I do but ride?"

says the duke, and the reader feels that he is indeed constrained to do that and nothing else. As to the lady, —

> "She watched the Square like a book
> Holding one picture and only one,
> Which daily to find she undertook:"

and

> "When the picture was reached the book was done."

Without hunting for the wrong word, I will at once use the right word, and say that Browning with some elegance and little circumlocution of phrase means to tell us that the one controlling purpose of both was adultery. The husband Browning was compelled to retain as part of the original story on which he was building; but purposely, as I expect to show, he is kept in the background and only appears during the first day. His imprisonment of the lady was merely nominal. She says that she can adopt an easy disguise and escape at any moment; and the duke says that he can and will sweep Riccardi from his path the moment his services are over in dealing with the French envoys; and indeed, unless the pair could come together at will, they would not be open to the charge of irresolution of which Browning holds them guilty. Riccardi's act simply had this effect, that the couple could not drift together imperceptibly. Love might laugh at the locksmith; but when Riccardi gave orders to his wife to keep within doors, and

[1] The statue of Ferdinand was cast from cannon captured from the Turks. Browning's Luria (who was a Florentine Moor) refers significantly in the dedication to Shakespeare. The Moors of European history were Arabs, and their hair is described as coarse, straight, coal-black, and lustreless. Shakespeare speaks of the "coal-black Moor." The essayist deemed the evidence inconclusive, but believed Browning meant to imply that the lady's looks betrayed Moorish antecedents.

told the duke it was done under the directions of her physicians, and the duke commended his purpose as wise and kindly, then they could only come together by some unequivocal act that required resolution, or, as Browning expresses it, by "a leap over the parapet." Now there is no doubt that Browning charges the pair with a sin in not carrying their purpose out, and means to be so understood; and he is usually interpreted to mean that the converse of this proposition also would be true, and that had they carried that purpose out they would have been guilty of no sin, or at least of a less sin. Browning's carefully chosen language implies nothing of the kind; and the fallacy underlying such an assumption can be punctured in a few lines, and without diving very deeply into the laws of logic either. The simple fact is this, that if the main purpose of a person's life be a wrong purpose, that person is in this dilemma: If he does not carry his purpose out, his life is a failure necessarily, and he is guilty of the sin Browning charges upon the duke and the lady; if he does carry his purpose out, he becomes a criminal, and his sin in this latter case may be much more heinous than the other. Browning, in effect, admits this as possible in the poem itself; and how clearly he understands it is fully shown in the story of Guido.

Guido was a nobleman but poor; and under the social law of his rank he could only employ himself in the army or the church. He was precluded from the former because he was a constitutional coward, and he found himself when in middle life with no prospects in the church. He therefore decides to better his condition by marrying. Being poor and personally unattractive, he must marry in a rank far below him. This he does, and then schemes to get rid of his wife's relatives, and to induce his wife herself to elope under such circumstances that he can keep the dowry. Then the supposed parents claim that the wife is not their child, and the marriage settlement on her invalid. At this point a child is born to Guido and Pompilia, and it occurs to him that by murdering her and her supposed parents he gets rid of all these low-born encumbrances, and all danger of having to return the dower is avoided; and in case the child should die, he would be its heir. He there-

fore murders his wife and both her supposed parents. Now the real difficulty with Guido, Browning sums up, speaking through the Pope, in the passage beginning

> "For I find this black mark impinge the man
> That he believes in just the vile of life,"

wherein he shows that Guido's character and purpose in life are ignoble and wrong. That purpose, says the Pope, was to get money by fair means or foul; and when fair means failed him, to get it by foul means became his only purpose. Thus, Guido's main purpose in life being wrong, if he omits to carry it out his life will be a monumental failure; but because he did carry it out he became a monumental criminal. If with this supreme passion for money he had meditated all these crimes and performed none of them, the Pope might have condemned him as Browning condemns the duke and the lady; but because he did perform them the Pope hands him over with justice to the headsman's axe. It was Guido's duty in order to carry out his life-purpose to murder Pompilia; but for much weightier reasons it was his duty not to murder Pompilia. As the duties conflicted, Guido's conduct ought to have been governed by the weightier duty.

As this point is important, I will give another and closer illustration. Let us suppose that a young lady of Boston is a kleptomaniac, and that the supreme passion of her life is the stealing of finery. We will suppose further that substantially with her own consent her relatives shut her up in a room, but allow her once a day to look from a window into the shops, where she sees the objects she could not help stealing if given the opportunity. We will suppose, further, that she lives and dies in that room, but has a bust of herself made and placed on the window-sill facing the window whence she had her daily glances. How much interest such a case would excite! Strangers coming to the city would visit such a room and look at that bust more frequently than they would go to Bunker Hill. Now if this same young lady were allowed to go at large, and we read frequently in the newspapers of her arrest for shoplifting, and how she was fined in the police

court or sent to the Island, all this interest would cease; and we very likely should say, "Why do not her relatives shut her up?" We may feel sympathy with a criminal while in prison; but we are afraid of him if he be at large, and all sympathy ceases because the consequences of criminal conduct are then brought home to us.

So with the duke and the lady. History tells us that during the fifty-five years prior to Duke Ferdinand's accession to the throne there were eleven undoubted murders in the Medici family, and seven more deaths that the public believed were murders, and a large majority were connected with sexual offences. Two of the duke's sisters were murdered by their husbands. The duke's elder brother and predecessor on the throne saw one day on the streets of Florence a woman who had eloped from Venice, — the notorious Bianca Capella. She became his mistress with her husband's acquiescence, but the husband was enough in the way so that he was assassinated; and the duchess died, and the duke made Bianca his wife. It may be worth noting that she immediately began to scheme to deprive Duke Ferdinand of the succession by palming off another's child as her own; and when the duke died suddenly, and she only a few hours later, it was popularly supposed that Duke Ferdinand had poisoned them. Later historians are inclined to acquit him of this crime; but the dangerous position of Riccardi is well illustrated by this story. If he had been willing to take the ignominious position of consenting to his wife's shame, and to have had heirs of his ancient line of which he was not the father, not even that would have made his life safe. In short, he was amply justified in the course he took, which, as the story tells us, he explained to his wife was a choice of evils. If the duke and the lady had broken the seventh commandment only, we should have had little sympathy with them. It would have been the old, old story; we should have placed them in the same category as a certain royal personage and a so-called lily who is arrayed very much after the fashion of Solomon in all his glory, and the tale would have excited at most a languid interest. If in addition they had broken all the other commandments usual with the Medici family in such cases, they would have been objects of abhorrence.

We only tolerate them because of the sin of infirmity of purpose which Browning lays to their charge, and that because the sin of omission was less serious in its consequences than the sin of commission; and since their life-purpose was wrong, they must be guilty of one or the other.

People who believe Browning was oblivious of all this advance two theories.

One theory is that he looked upon love as a spiritual claim, — that is, as an inspiration or higher law, — and duty as a worldly claim and inferior; and several of his poems, considered superficially, might be held to support this view. But only people of crooked minds could seriously hold such an opinion in any universal sense. Andrea del Sarto was not justified by his love for his wife in letting his parents starve, or in stealing the French king's money to build her a house, or furnish her means for gambling. There are loves and duties of all degrees and kinds, and love must necessarily carry with it some duties, and some love with its accompanying duties may be superior to some other and conflicting duty; and Browning had too sane a mind to have believed more than this. Certainly the love that would be a pre-eminent spiritual claim must have in itself marked elements of spirituality, and Browning makes it quite clear that the love of the duke and the lady had little of this element.

To avoid an argument based simply on words, I will make this concession, — that a person's philosophy might be such as to regard everything an inspiration. It might be supposed, for example, that there is a supreme power in the universe to which we sustain the relation of mere wind-harps, and that our emotions are notes depending for their nature on the way in which we are tuned; that we are tuned according to structure, and that the passion of love between the sexes only finds in us an answering chord when we have reached a certain stage of development. Such a philosophy, with the qualification that we have the power within certain limits to tune ourselves, and thus determine the notes we are to strike, would explain phenomena very well; but any such theory as this would make not only love, but everything else an inspiration, and

love could not be singled out as a higher law than any other emotion. In this connection it is perhaps worth noticing that under Darwin's law love between the sexes is at once accounted for scientifically, since neither the fit nor the unfit could survive without it, while the sentiment of duty is a later development; and Huxley contends that the sense of duty and all other altruistic sentiments cannot be accounted for by Darwin's law at all. Therefore, if either be deemed inspirational and supernatural as distinguished from the other, it would be duty.

Fortunately Browning need not be convicted of the absurd belief charged in order to explain this particular poem. He says: —

> "Let a man contend to the uttermost
> For his life's set prize, *be it what it will!*"

He does not stipulate that the set prize be *love;* it may be anything. He does not mean that action was a duty owing to any circumstances of this particular case. His proposition is a general one, that failure to carry out a life-purpose, no matter how criminal, still involves the *sin of doing nothing.*

The second attempted explanation, which is given in the 'Browning Cyclopædia,' is that Browning believed our duty to ourselves was superior to our duty to others; and there is no doubt that he insists strongly in many places on the duty of personality and self-development, and particularly in this poem. The people who make the most of themselves are usually those who do the most for the world. In a certain sense, our first duty is to ourselves, and our life's set prize has a value to us, whatever other people may think of it; but whether we should insist upon securing that prize to the injury of others depends upon how important the prize is to us on the one hand, and the amount of injury done on the other; and the claim that we should get what we want regardless of consequences outside, is altogether untenable. A few years ago a man on Cape Cod named Freeman, wishing to sacrifice the object dearest to him on earth and thus save his own soul, killed his child. It was noted at the time that he had altogether overlooked the fact that the child had rights, and in particular

a right to its life. The excuse was that Freeman was insane. This society, surely, ought not to believe Browning insane! The essayist wishes here to repent in sackcloth and ashes that in his unenlightened days — that is, before the preparation of this paper — he attributed to Browning this absurd theory, all the time believing it unsound, but that the author meant to enforce that doctrine in this poem. Henry Jones proposes a modification of this theory, that Browning believed it "better even to seek evil with one's whole mind than be lukewarm in goodness;" and Mrs. Orr and several others concur substantially in this view; but while the sentiment that it is better to be an energetic sinner than a Laodicean saint would excite a momentary applause, it is not the truth, and no sane man ever really believed it. The more active a mosquito is, the less we like him. We admire the spirit that dares because it is so potent for good, but would not do so if we knew it was to be exerted solely for the injury of mankind. Perhaps the same spirit which led Nelson into the error of his relations with Lady Hamilton made him the hero of Trafalgar; but his error was merely an episode in a life mainly noble and useful. Sinning bravely may be an index of good character, but does not make good character.

It is the vice of the ordinary critic that he is apt to attribute to writers views and theories that are untenable in order to refute them, and the ambiguousness of Browning's style, and the dramatic tendency to look at things from some special point of view, have laid him open beyond the ordinary to misconceptions. Many times he expressed himself with great bitterness at being charged with holding personal opinions spoken by some of his *dramatis personæ* in character. Every one would see the absurdity of charging him with theological notions similar to Caliban's; and it is equally unjust to assume that words spoken in a certain connection to produce a certain artistic effect were meant to embody general truths. I have heard would-be critics infer from Turner's 'Slave Ship' that the painter thought chains and fetters would float upon the water. It is too much to call such criticisms unjust; they are simply stupid. So the poem in question is a work of art; and it behooves us to see if it does not admit of an

explanation consistent with belief in Browning's sanity. It has been one great aim of this generation to show scientifically that the home and the family have been the basis of civilization itself; and to suppose that Browning was so weak-minded as to believe the domestic bond should be sundered merely as a display of energy, or in order to develop character, is not to be entertained on anything short of the plainest evidence. The following humorous item in a recent Sunday *Herald* can teach us a better lesson in criticism: —

"A little boy in New York is credited with $765 deposited by him in one of the Savings Banks there, all which he has won by playing craps. The moral of this discovery is that little boys should save their pennies, but that they should n't play craps."

So while we are certain Browning appreciated that society has claims upon us that are paramount, it is evident that in this poem he deliberately ignores them; that is, he took a point of view, so to speak, from which duty to society was not visible. Was this a legitimate thing to do? For certain purposes, Yes, and much of the work most important to the world has been done on the same principle. In Buckle's gigantic fragment this fact is dealt with very instructively when he treats of the writings of Adam Smith. Smith, he says, made a great attempt to study the actions of men scientifically and without the intervention of supernatural ideas, and in 1759 published his 'Theory of Moral Sentiments,' in which he attempted to show that the genesis of our moral ideas was sympathy, stating that if there were only one being in the universe there would be no such thing as morality; and in this book he assumed in effect that man was a purely altruistic being. In 1776 he published his 'Wealth of Nations,' wherein he assumed that man was a purely selfish being. Thus in each case he suppressed one whole side of human nature; but, says Buckle, with our limited faculties it was necessary for him to simplify so complicated a problem as human conduct in order to reason at all. In discussing the laws of trade, by assuming that every man will be governed by self-interest, Smith is able to arrive at definite results of great value; whereas if he had said on a given question that man, being

both selfish and altruistic, would sometimes do one thing and sometimes the opposite, and it was impossible to tell which, he would have arrived at no result at all. But, Buckle goes on to say, while Adam Smith's results are not false, since his premises are not false, yet, his premises being imperfect, his results are imperfect. What would be sound doctrine considered as a question of political economy might be unsound in morals; and a statesman who must deal with the whole man, and not man with half of his nature suppressed, might find Adam Smith's well-reasoned propositions in both works unsound and altogether unsuited to statecraft.

Now, as Adam Smith constructed his 'Wealth of Nations' by knowingly suppressing an important truth, and even consented that his lesson should be imperfect in order that he might teach any lesson at all, so Browning has in this poem knowingly suppressed the importance of a right purpose in life in order to teach with great force the duty of carrying one's purpose out; and in considering the ethics of conduct as a whole his lesson is knowingly imperfect. In fact, our glimpses of truth are all imperfect; and when Pilate asked Christ, "What is truth?" no answer is reported. Only the universe is the whole truth, and we simply quarry out a fragment here and there; and Browning no more than we supposed that our conduct should be governed by any one such fragment. The passage of Scripture, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," teaches the same lesson as 'The Statue and the Bust,' and is in the same way imperfect. Likewise the saying sometimes made from the pulpit, that Satan in energy and persistence sets Christians a commendable example, teaches the same lesson, and is in the same way imperfect. The contrary duty of morality — that is, of having a right purpose in life with due regard to other people — Smith teaches in his 'Theory of Moral Sentiments,' Browning in his story of Guido, and the Bible everywhere. Browning does not suggest that Guido was to be commended for his energy and persistence in murdering Pompilia even to carry out his life-purpose of money-getting. That consideration belongs to a different story.

How, then, should this poem be classified? Certainly as be

longing to some species of composition wherein there is a suppression, and suppression far exceeding that made by Adam Smith, — where it is so great that the imperfection in the result may amount to a paradox. In short, it must be classed as some form of riddle, the most extreme type of which is perhaps the conundrum, or pun, wherein all common sense is suppressed, and it is assumed that two things are the same if they sound the same. If we are told that a door is not a door when it is ajar (a jar), we have a statement that is true in the conundrum-world, but is very imperfect in the real world. People without sense of humor are those who cannot suppress in imagination the real world, and thus compare the presentation of the same thing in the two worlds. As we go up higher in the grade of riddles the suppression becomes somewhat less extreme, and we finally come to the parable. Here I think we may pause. 'The Statue and the Bust' is a parable. A parable is a story, real or fictitious, whereby the narrator seeks to make a point impressive by a forcible illustration, but in which the analogy may be so narrow that if carried beyond the point intended it will lead to a paradox. I refer to such a paradox as the averment that Guido ought and ought not to have murdered Pompilia, each of which is true and each untrue from different points of view. Let me add, to make clear what above I call "suppression," that what is true only from a certain point of view, or on a certain assumption, involves a tacit suppression of all other points of view and all other assumptions. Thus the parable is in its nature a puzzle, and the Scriptures tell us is often so intended. It is also meant to teach a lesson; and I think there is significance in the fact that Browning, at the conclusion of his story, draws a line across the page and sets forth his lesson. His explanation, carefully examined, states quite clearly (for Browning) that the tale he has told is a parable. The lines,

> "I hear you reproach, 'But delay was best,
> For their end was a crime!' Oh, a crime will do
> As well, I reply, to serve for a test,
> As a virtue golden through and through,"[1]

[1] By "test" he does not mean "test of character," "test of energy," "test of the use of life," as has been stated by critics, but test of Brown-

concede, you will observe, that the carrying out of their purpose by the lovers would have been a crime, and tell us that he is using the story as an illustration simply. But it is in the last two lines where he quite clearly states that his story is to be understood as a parable. Those lines,

> "You of the *virtue* — (*we* issue join)
> How *strive you? De te fabula!*"[1]

may be paraphrased as follows: "You of virtuous purpose but I fear feeble in execution, you who are shocked at this tale, talking right motive, but I suspect taking it out in talk, — I now lock horns with *you* as to *your conduct.* How do *you strive?* It is not these two sinners of former days, but *you*, who are the real subject of this tale. The Latin words "de te" mean "concerning you" or "about you;" and their position before "fabula" gives precisely this emphasis to the word "*You.*" It is another case of Nathan saying unto David (after telling his parable of the pet lamb), "*Thou* art the man!"

Having settled the point that the poem is a parable, all ethical difficulties are at an end. The Scriptural parable of the unjust steward involves a similar paradox. Christ reminds his hearers that they will soon lose this world as a habitation, and as a mere matter of prudence might well strive to conciliate Him who dwel-

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ing's proposition *that doing nothing is in itself a sin.* Whether this proposition be true and general, a crime will test as well as a virtue, though the latter, says Browning, would be more obvious. He goes on to show that the lovers had wasted the gift of life as surely as if their life-purpose had been good. Therefore, says Browning, the test has proved my contention; and the lovers are still guilty of the sin of doing nothing, though they avoided the active sin they meditated.

By "crime" and "vice" Browning refers to active sin, — the alternative Guido took. Can we believe Browning deemed the criminal part of Guido's life more commendable than the idle part?

[1] Here it is disclosed that the duke and lady are also counters. "It is you, gentle reader, I have meant all the time," says Browning; "you mean well, I am sure, but is your intent followed by action? I have spoken a parable to remind you that passive virtue and passive viciousness are alike in being without results. Do not become a mere statue!"

leth in eternal habitations; and to illustrate the point tells the story of the steward who, finding he was likely to be discharged, falsified his employer's accounts in favor of his employer's debtors, so that the debtors might receive him into their houses; and the steward is commended for his dishonest act as having acted wisely. Now it is palpably absurd to suppose that the steward was commended for his dishonesty as dishonesty, or that in a broad sense he was held up as an example for us to regulate our conduct by; but the dishonest act, being at the same time an act of foresight, is looked at out of relation to morality and general considerations, and commended from the latter standpoint. So the act of the duke and the lady, if they had been more enterprising, may be and has been in the same way treated as outside of its ordinary moral relations. A commendable life involves two things: first, a right purpose; and second, corresponding action. Both are requisite to the "soldier-saint." "A noble thought unspoken," says Pericles, "is the same to the world as no thought at all." In the case of Guido, Browning portrays the importance of right aims in life. In this poem the importance of action is his theme, and he considers it by itself, as in the parable of the steward forecast was considered by itself.

It is also to be observed that additional force is given to the moral lesson in each case by the paradox showing that a criminal act from a certain point of view might be a virtue. The rhetorical effect due to unexpectedness has already been illustrated where Satan is held up to Christian people as a commendable example of persistent effort. Christ means the inference to be drawn, that if this cunning rascal of a steward had the forecast to provide for a temporal future, how much the more ought the truly wise to look out for an eternal future; and Browning means us to consider that if inaction where the life-purpose is wrong leads to life-failure, how much greater and more lamentable the life-failure where a right life-purpose is similarly nullified. To prevent moral ideas from obtruding themselves prematurely and destroying the pithiness of the story, it becomes necessary that the scene of it be laid in an ideal and unmoral world. While the hearer is (in imagination) in the

parable-world, he feels the full point of the story, but is intended to make the proper application of it by analogy after his return to the real and moral world. In both of these parables great skill is shown in bringing out the important features of the picture in an atmosphere and against a background of unmorality. If in consequence of the steward's act his master had fallen into financial difficulties, committed suicide, and his family had starved to death, the moral question involved would have presented itself irresistibly, and we should not have stopped to admire the steward's shrewdness. It is, therefore, a fine touch in the Scripture narrative that it is his defrauded lord who commended the unjust steward, thus indicating that he did not seriously feel the financial loss, and giving us leisure to consider what a sharp and interesting person the steward was. So in Browning's poem wonderful art is shown in excluding from the reader's mind all moral considerations. First of all, the love of the duke and the lady was not a sentiment growing out of acquaintance and proved congeniality, — they never spoke a word to each other, and their soliloquies in describing their passion contain not a word of elevated sentiment. The lady on the first day had a " pale brow spirit-pure," if anybody knows what that means; but the next we know about her the brow and chin were puckered and peaked with frustrate passion. The duke became " straightway brave and wise " when he saw the lady on the first day; but as he never did anything brave afterwards, nor anything wise except the very failure for which Browning condemns him, his exaltation must have been momentary. He puts his statue up only with the ignoble hope that men might say —

" How he would take his pleasure once ! "

Browning, no doubt, implies that the love of the duke and lady was a great awakening to both, though not to the higher life. His motive is to show how completely it became a life-purpose. It will be observed, moreover, that there is no suggestion of any moral struggle against temptation either by the duke or the lady. Again, Browning contrives in some way to make the reader feel that Riccardi cared nothing for his wife, for the same literary motive that

the scripture narrative makes us feel that the steward's master cared nothing for his money. Furthermore, after the first day, the reader feels that the duke and the lady are isolated from the rest of the world. It does not occur to us that the duke might have had a wife, or was a monarch with an example to set to his subjects; and we do not realize that there is any real world of people outside of these two persons except in the most shadowy way. It will be remembered that Adam Smith said that there would be no such thing as morality if there were only one person in the world. If there were only one man and one woman in the world, there would be no such thing as sexual morality or immorality. They would be like Adam and Eve, *ipso facto* married. The fact that the duke and the lady failed to carry out their purpose has already been alluded to as leading our minds away from the general moral questions involved. There is only one suggestion of morality in the poem from beginning to end, and that occurs on the first day, in the lines, —

> ("She checked herself and her eye grew dim)
> 'My father tarries to bless my state:
> I must keep it one day more for him.'"

These are the sweetest lines in the whole composition, and the only suggestion that the principal characters had any duty to the outside world whatever. Perhaps these lines may be deemed a defect in Browning's art, but I surmise he was unwilling to represent a woman as absolutely devoid of all moral sensibility; and this, like all kindred suggestions, occurred on the first day, before the lifelong purpose was fully formed.

I have already shown that the conduct of Riccardi in the matter was wholly justified by his position, and that he could not have got out of his difficulties by divorce. It is, perhaps, worth noticing that in the ideal world of this poem, wherein the carrying out of one's purpose is the only virtue, and failure to do so, the only vice, Riccardi is also justified. *He* carried *his* purpose out. It may be that Browning intended so to justify him in the lines where the duke says: —

> " . . . to himself — 'Which night shall bring
> Thy bride to her lover's embraces, fool,
> Or I am the fool, and thou art the king!'"

It is certain that the duke unconsciously pronounced his own condemnation and Riccardi's pre-eminence in these lines, for on the theory of this poem, Riccardi was the king and the duke the fool.

To the question whether Browning himself had a train of thought such as is set forth in this paper, I think he had, and will state the essayist's fancies as to the circumstances under which 'The Statue and the Bust' was written.

The recent life of Tennyson, and the lives of all literary men, show the great difficulties under which their work is done. They have the constant interruption of curiosity-seekers, the call for autographs, and much incense to inhale, in addition to the difficulties which beset all mankind who make efforts to escape the commonplace. The whole world seems to be in one vast conspiracy to make and keep us commonplace; and, if we consider a moment, we shall see that under the laws of evolution the same environment must have a tendency to make people who are the products of environment precisely alike. The world's progress, however, grows out of individual differences; and the cultivation of these differences takes place against ceaseless opposition. What is usually called polish means, not the furbishing up of these differences, but their effacement. The only personage who is exactly fitted to environment and exactly represents it, we will call Mrs. Grundy. Mrs. Grundy is worldly-wise, but she is never either too wise or too foolish, nor more than average virtuous or vicious, and she keeps, so to speak, a graded school, and we are her pupils. She is always afraid we shall commit ourselves to something unusual; and if we attempt any excursions out of the ordinary run, Mrs. Grundy plucks our gowns or our coat-tails, draws us back, and tells us to sit down and be little men and women. If we obey her mandate, we shall be, indeed, *little* men and *little* women. We somehow feel that this same Mrs. Grundy is of the earth earthy, and that when this scene of things is past, her destination is not the Celestial City, and that her final exit will be made

through one of those numerous doors in the side of the hill of which Bunyan tells us; but while the world lasts she is a mighty power, and only makes life easy for those whose "table's a hat and" whose "prize a dram." The poet who is writing for immortality must close his ears and start on the run like Bunyan's Pilgrim, shouting "Eternal Life! eternal life!" or the "world and its ways" will prove too strong for him.

All this must have been pressed upon Browning every day of his life; and I surmise that when in Florence he went to see the statue and the empty shrine, and on the duke's face read weakness of character. He doubtless considered also the fact to which I have adverted, that Riccardi could not have kept the lovers apart in such an age if they had been very enterprising. He therefore mused that they must have suffered themselves to be tied down by the same "world and its ways," which were such an obstacle to him, and perceived that it was a universal truth that failure to strive meant life-failure, whether the life-purpose be right or wrong. The subtlety of the paradox involved took his fancy. So he decided to tell this story as a parable to portray that lesson; and when in the last lines he says to the person of worthy purpose, "Thou art the man!" he meant to include himself in the general condemnation.

His method of dealing with the original story is very instructive. This story, according to the 'Browning Cyclopædia,' was simply that the duke was in love with the lady, but not that she returned it; that her husband, for her protection, kept her within doors; and that the duke frequently rode by the palace to get a glimpse of her, and finally set up his statue looking towards the palace in a way to indicate his admiration of the lady and his contempt for Riccardi. The bust appears to have been no part of the original story. Browning added all the other details in order to make the guilty passion of both parties the main purpose of both lives, just as poetry was the main purpose of his life, and show that the same class of obstacles stood in their way and in his; and while the original story had for its background the real world, with its accompanying moral considerations, Browning substituted an ideal background, suppressing everything suggesting moral con-

siderations. In short, Browning, both by his additions and his suppressions, made the story over into the conventional parable adapted to his special purpose; and how closely it is modelled after the scriptural parable named, can be shown by transforming the latter so that it would read in substance thus: That the steward was a defaulter for his own benefit, and knew he might sometime be found out and discharged; that he always intended to provide against the evil day by further frauds in behalf of his master's debtors, so as to lay them under obligations to him; that he neglected to do so; that he was finally detected and discharged; that he was unable to dig, and to beg he was ashamed, and not having made any friends starved to death. If the steward had defrauded his lord as planned, he would have been no worse off,—he would only have been discharged; and since his failure to do so was due to negligence, and not principle, he was no better for it in the sight of God, and, therefore, he is to be condemned. The Scriptural parable thus reversed teaches the same lesson as the original and also the lesson of Browning's parable; but it will be observed that Browning could not reverse his parable so as to conform to the Scriptural parable, both because he must adhere to the Florentine story, and also because the steward acted, and his theme was the sin of inaction.

That the solution I have given of 'The Statue and the Bust' is the correct one, I have not a shadow of misgiving; but, as I have reason to suppose my view may seem strange to many, and I am very anxious to be fully understood, I ask leave to recur again to the boy who won so much money at craps. This boy could be commended by the *Herald* for his thrift, and by Browning for playing the game boldly and skilfully, if he played at all, and yet without inconsistency be reprehended by both for gambling. But Browning's puzzle has an element more subtle than this. He would say in addition that if the boy was resolved to lead a gambler's life, and nothing else, from the single standpoint of avoiding the sin of doing nothing and consequent life-failure, it would be his duty to gamble; but, without inconsistency, he could add that, looked at from every point of view, it was his duty on the

whole not to gamble; and that he would have said so is beyond doubt. Such a consideration expressed in the poem, however, would have spoiled it as a work of art, and broken the force of the lesson it teaches with such singular power, — a lesson none the less valuable or true because it is imperfect. What was left unsaid for a manifest literary motive, has led the critic, who has neither apprehended nor thought out Browning's problem, nor considered the necessities of artistic composition, to misconceive what the poem really teaches, and then rationalizes his misconception by inventing for the poet a set of personal beliefs he would have repudiated with indignation. If the poem be correctly read and classified, Browning and Browning's theories cease to be in issue; and the essayist will add that to his mind 'The Statue and the Bust' at once becomes vastly more interesting than ever before, and as sound in its morals as it is subtle in thought and skilful in execution.

Prentiss Cummings.

SOME SHAKESPEARIAN QUESTIONS.

II. ARE THE RHYMED LINES IN 'OTHELLO' SHAKESPEARE'S?

To my thinking, they are not. Not only is the fact of their being in rhyme against their authenticity, but their introduction, i. 3. 199–219, at that point in the scene is inconsistent with the context and otherwise objectionable.

The only other rhymed passages in the play are put into Iago's mouth in ii. 1; but those are distinctly introduced as *satirical verse*, obviously put into rhyme to distinguish them from the rest of the dialogue.

Iago has been abusing women, and Desdemona exclaims, "Fie on thee, slanderer!" The dialogue proceeds thus: —

"*Iago.* Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.
Emil. You shall not *write* my praise.
Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou *write* of me, if thou shouldst praise me?
Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.
Des. Come on; assay. — There 's one gone to the harbour.
Iago. Ay, madam.
Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?
Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize;
It plucks out brains and all: but my *muse* labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.
If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one 's for use, the other useth it.
Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?
Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She 'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.
Des. Worse and worse.
Emil. How if fair and foolish?
Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair,
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.
Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that 's foul and foolish?
Iago. There 's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.
Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed, one that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?
Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said, 'Now I may;'
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind;

See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, — if ever such wight were, —
Des. To do what?
Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer."

It is plain that the rhymes here cannot be cited as a parallel to those in the preceding scene.

The latter are also inconsistent with the context. The Duke begins them thus, addressing Brabantio: —

"Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sentence,
Which, as a grise, or step, may *help these lovers*
Into your favour."

But Brabantio has already "accepted the situation," having just said: —

"Please it your grace, on to the state affairs:
I had rather to adopt a child than get it. —
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. — For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. — I have done, my lord."

Now, the "state affairs" are of the most urgent character. A midnight council has been assembled to attend to them, but the business has been interrupted by Brabantio's declaration that his

"particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself."

The Duke, out of courtesy to the senator, and his own interest in a matter affecting Brabantio so seriously, turns aside from the business of state to listen to the strange complaint against Othello. The Moor defends himself, and the Duke says: —

> "I think this tale would win my daughter too. —
> Good Brabantio,
> Take up this mangled matter at the best:
> Men do their broken weapons rather use
> Than their bare hands."

Brabantio begs that Desdemona may be heard; but when she declares that she loves the Moor and claims the right of a wife to prefer her husband to her father, he sees that further controversy is useless, and says: "Please it your grace, on to the state affairs," etc.

Is it possible, when immediate consideration of these affairs is of vital importance, that the Duke should still put them off and waste time with rhymed advice which is as superfluous as it is commonplace? Aside from its being inopportune, it is unworthy of Shakespeare; and it is always omitted on the stage. Mr. Irving brackets it in the "Henry Irving Edition" with other passages thus deleted.

I myself long ago came to the conclusion that this stuff is an interpolation; but, strange to tell, no editor, critic, or commentator seems to have suspected it, — at least, there is no hint to that effect in Furness's New Variorum edition of the play, where it would certainly have been mentioned.

If there is anything to be said on the other side, I should be glad to know of it.

III. WAS MALVOLIO A PURITAN?

In 'Twelfth Night' (ii. 3. 151 fol.) the following dialogue occurs, Malvolio being the person discussed: —

"*Mar.* Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swaths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he

thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work."

From this it has been assumed by several of the editors that Malvolio was a Puritan; and they have quoted his "cross-gartering" as being a Puritan fashion. Steevens cites Barton Holyday (1593–1666):—

> "Had there appear'd some sharp cross-garter'd man,
> Whom their loud laugh might nickname Puritan."

But Maria does not call Malvolio a Puritan; she simply says that "*sometimes* he is *a kind of* Puritan;" that is, he has something of the ways and manners of the Puritans. Like them he is indifferent to "cakes and ale," and takes life very seriously. When Sir Andrew understands her to mean that the steward really is a Puritan, she corrects him: "The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything *constantly* but a time-pleaser," etc.

Malvolio at no time talks like a Puritan, as he would naturally have done if he had been one when he came in to reprove the midnight roysterers (ii. 3). It is the noise and disturbance they are making at that unseasonable hour for which he reproaches them, not the sin of their drunken revelry, against which a Puritan would have inveighed. Falstaff was a better Puritan when he played the part of one at the Boar's Head ('1 Henry IV.' ii. 4. 421 fol.) and lectured Prince Hal on his profligate habits.

As to the cross-gartering, Halliwell-Phillipps remarks: "In Shakespeare's time the fashion was yet in credit, and Olivia's detestation of it arose, we may suppose, from thinking it coxcombical. . . . But when Barton Holyday wrote [toward the middle of the seventeenth century], the fashion was exploded, and was retained only by Puritans and old men." He cites, among other illustrations of this, Ford, 'Lover's Melancholy' (1629): "As rare an old gentleman as ever walk'd cross-garter'd."

I am not aware, by the bye, that any commentator has noted the inconsistency of Maria's assertion that cross-gartering is a fashion that Olivia "detests" (ii. 5. 221) and what she had written in the

forged letter: "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered;" which is confirmed by Malvolio: "She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered." Possibly Olivia had spoken ironically, and the conceited steward took it as serious praise; but more likely it is one of Shakespeare's frequent inconsistencies in minor matters. He was one of the most careful, and one of the most careless of writers; careful in the weightier matters of his art, but careless about the "anise and cummin" of trifling details.

W. J. Rolfe.

SCHOOL OF LITERATURE.

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD IN WHITMAN AND BROWNING: A TOPICAL READING COURSE.

I. THE PRINCIPLE OF SOCIAL PROGRESS PERSONAL.

1. *Readings from Browning:* —'Fifine.' Stanza xxix. 'Paracelsus.' Part 1. Passage beginning "Truth is within ourselves," etc., to "See if we cannot beat thine angels yet!" Also near end of Part v. Passage beginning "Doubtless a searching and impetuous soul," etc., to "Who should be saved by them and joined with them."

Queries for Discussion: — Is the idea that Humanity is evolving from more material toward more psychical planes of life conducive to a higher personal development than the idea that humanity has lapsed from perfection?

How could the two ideas be reconciled?

2. *Readings from Whitman:* —'I was looking a long while,' p. 300, 'Song of the Rolling Earth,' stanza 2, p. 178. 'To you,' p. 186. 'Song of Myself,' p. 55, beginning with "My ties and ballasts leave me" (stanza 33, 3 lines); then on p. 58, "I visit the orchards of spheres," etc., 6 lines; also p. 71. Stanza 44, beginning with "I am an acme of things accomplished," etc., to close of stanza 45.

Query for Discussion: — Does the personal as here represented by Whitman verge toward egotism, or is it simply the symbolic expression of an enlightened individualism?

II. Love the Source of its Energy.

1. *Readings from Browning:* — 'Paracelsus.' Part v. "I gazed on power till I grew blind," etc., to "And do their best to climb and get to him" (near close of poem). 'Wanting is what' (Prologue to 'Jocoseria.') 'A Pillar at Sebzevar' ('Ferishtah's Fancies'), "Friend, quoth Ferishtah," etc., to "Since we love we know enough."

Parallel Passages: Browning's Doubt: — Epilogue to 'Ferishtah's Fancies.' Whitman's Doubt. — "Of the terrible doubt of appearances." p. 101.

Query for Discussion: — Has "Love" with Browning merely a passional significance, or has it a philosophical meaning suggesting the force or energy which carries all nature and man onwards and upwards?

2. *Readings from Whitman:* — 'I dreamed in a dream.' 'What think you.' 'To the East and to the West.' 'Sometimes with one I love,' pp. 109 and 110. (Compare this with Valence's Speech, 'Colombe's Birthday,' v., "Lady, should such an one have looked on you," etc., to "He holds you, both form and mind in his.") 'The Base of all Metaphysics,' p. 101. 'I hear it was charged against me,' p. 107.

Query for Discussion: — Is Whitman's conception of love less deep and far-reaching than Browning's philosophically and more far-reaching as a practical social factor?

III. The Leader as Brother not Autocrat.

1. *Readings presenting a few of Browning's Types of Leaders.*

1. *As Autocrat:* — 'Bubb Dodington' ('Parleyings'). From beginning to "No harm by such devotedness," also stanzas iii., iv., and v., to "The element that awes man," and stanza vii.

2. *As Servant:* — Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau (line 266), from "I like to use the thing I find," etc. (17 lines); also "Do I class with men," etc., to "Who keeps the world safe," also (line 1288), "For great mind i' the world," to "He did the appointed service and forebore extraneous action."

3. *As Brother:* — ('Hohenstiel,' line 1959) "God drops his seed of heavenly flame" to "on wildings where he will." Also (line 320) "History shows you men" to "Impossible before." 'Luria,' Act v., Tiburzio's speech "A people is," etc., to "New men will rise to take its mould." 'The Patriot.'

Queries for Discussion: — Browning's agreement that autocratic leadership is not good for the character of the leader himself seems to imply that a social policy is not maintained for material results but for personal development. How is this to be reconciled with the practical necessity to gain material results? Is personal development the best social policy?

11. *Readings from Whitman on Leadership:* — 'Thought' ("of obedience"), p. 217; 'To a Pupil,' p. 302; 'Laws for Creations,' p. 299; 'Vocalism,' p. 297; 'Beginners,' p. 15; 'Pioneers O Pioneers,' p. 183.

Queries for Discussion: — How is Whitman's idea of leadership affected by his democratic philosophy? Do his leaders convert by argument simply, or by expression of their own ideals?

IV. The Poet as Leader.

1. *Readings from Whitman:* — 'Poets to Come;' 'When the Full-grown Poet Came;' 'By Blue Ontario's Shore;' stanzas 10 and 11 to parenthesis; 'Song of the Answerer.'

Query for Discussion: — Does Whitman's exaltation of the poet tend to an idea of his leadership which would subordinate the people, or does he regard æsthetic expression as the perfect outcome of any developed personality?

2. *Readings from Browning:* — 'How it Strikes a Contemporary;' 'The Lost Leader;' 'Paracelsus,' Part ii., Song of Aprile — "I heard a voice;" also Aprile's speeches — "I would love

infinitely and be loved," etc., to "Comforts violets in their hermitage" (leaving out the part from "If thou hast ne'er," etc., to "Nay listen"); also Aprile's closing vision, "Hush! Hush!" to "Who in his person acts his own creations;" 'Transcendentalism;' 'Balaustion's Adventure,' 15 lines near close: "Ah that brave bounty of poets."

Queries for Discussion: — How far does Browning's idea of poetry agree with Whitman's as being the expression of a developed personality? Does Browning further supplement this with a special gift for vitally embodying and demonstrating meaning? Should you say Whitman's idea of the poet is that of a seer and interpreter, Browning's, a creator and enacter?

V. Patriotism.

1. *Readings from Browning:* — 'Incident of the French Camp;' 'The Italian in England;' 'Pheidippides;' 'Echetlos;' Pym's and Strafford's last speeches, in 'Strafford,' Act. v., sc. 2 from Strafford's "You love me, child" (to Lady Carlisle) . . . "I could escape them?" to close of play.

Parallel Passages: — Browning's confession of faith: 'Why I am a Liberal.' Whitman's 'Thought of Equality,' 218.

Queries for Discussion: — Is Browning deficient in expression of a world-patriotism; that is, a universal brotherhood restricted to no country? Or do his dramatic types of patriots of all nationalities show that he is, as Mr. Triggs has said, "the dramatist of the Whitman principle"?

2. *Readings from Whitman:* — 'Unnamed Lands,' p. 288; 'Salut au Monde,' stanzas 11, 12, and 13; 'This Moment Yearning and Thoughtful,' p. 106; 'Song of the Universal,' p. 181; 'Years of the Modern,' p. 370.

Query for Discussion: — Does Whitman's doctrine of personality find its logical climax in a democratic world-patriotism?

P.

THE ARTISTIC DEVICES OF COLERIDGE'S 'ANCIENT MARINER.'

COLERIDGE'S 'Ancient Mariner' is often studied as an allegory, and interpreted, with all its details, as a history of the gradual emancipation of the human soul, through Universal Love, from the bonds of error and passion. Such a study of it as a mystical statement by Coleridge of the great Romantic doctrine also taught by Wordsworth is full of spiritual reward. But there is another possible view of the poem which, though more materialistic, is instructive critically; and that is, an examination of the 'Ancient Mariner' as a deliberate piecing-together of all artistic devices, direct and indirect, which could produce the impressions at which Coleridge aimed, the impressions of extreme suffering and terror, long enveloped in an atmosphere of the supernatural and mysterious, and emerging at length into peace under the normal conditions of life.

In creating the simpler of these results, the feelings of terror and suffering, Coleridge could easily accumulate the means of moving his readers. By laying the scene of his tale at sea, he removed his whole story to that field of life which is nearest the primitive forces of Nature; he presented his plot on a stage which deals neither with the impossible marvels of the Orient nor with the commonplaces of every-day life; and yet a stage full of terrors and mysteries for the mind of man, one which renders most possible that "willing suspension of disbelief which constitutes poetic faith." The bare incidents of his tale, stripped of their vitality, are in themselves productive of horror and dread: the notions of agonized thirst, of stagnation under tropical heat, of confinement to a ship manned by the dead, and of utter loneliness under their wide open, eternally accusing eyes.

But the great effect of the 'Ancient Mariner' is produced less by the actual hideousness of its story than by the atmosphere of awe and mystery surrounding the progress of the story; and this atmosphere is created, these events are made poetic, even in their ghastliness, by the use of certain recognized artistic devices.

These are, to put the matter briefly, the following: Contrast, both in color, sound, motion, and large narrative effects. Under

this head we may include the employment of violent and abnormal sounds, alternating suddenly with equally abnormal stillness, — of violent and abnormal scenes of motion, alternating with equally abnormal rest, — and the insertion here and there of small patches of sharply contrasted colors. By the contrasts in larger narrative effects I mean the introduction of what may be called the Relief Motives of the Mariner's sleep and of the ethereal music, each of which follows one of the most violent and stormy parts of the poem. We might classify these under another head than that of Contrast, and speak of a rapid and unexpected acceleration of the imagination, followed abruptly by equally unexpected retard or full stop; but whatever term we apply to this main effect, it is assuredly subserved by the purely external devices of style in the poem, which are: changes in metre, alliteration, unexpected rhyme, and especially an artistic repetition and interweaving of brief phrases, — always producing the effect of mystery.

To illustrate in part the manner in which these devices are introduced, we may run rapidly through the poem. The opening picture is of course an abnormal one, — the Wedding Guest is held, against his will, by the Mariner's eye alone. After the forty lines of introduction are over, we have between the moment at which the storm strikes the ship and the moment in which the albatross is slain, an interval of thirty-eight lines. The images contained in these verses are those of yelling, striking, driving, roaring, fleeing, cracking, growling, howling, and splitting with a thunder-fit, accompanied by pictures either of dismal green and white ice, or of white fog. With the shooting of the bird ends Part I.

Part II. opens with a stanza repeating in its contents most of the seventh stanza of Part I., followed by a stanza which in the same way repeats the third quatrain from the close of Part I.; and the two following sestets (the metre changes) duplicate one another in all but their first two lines. Upon this, beginning with line 103, the images first called up are those of blowing, flying, and bursting into a silent sea, checked abruptly by total banishment of sound and motion, accompanied by pictures of a copper sky,

a bloody sun, and slimy creatures crawling upon the rotting deep. In sharp contrast to the reeling dance of the death-fires by night, under which the water burns in witch-colors, the watching sailors are unable to move even their tongues. Thus ends Part II.

The three opening stanzas of the next section of the poem abound in interweaving repetitions of single words or short phrases, — weary time, glazed eye, speck, shape, mist, moved, neared, — followed, after the impression of creeping and uncertain horror has been produced by a sudden change to violent action, expressed in the words, dodged, plunged, tacked, veered. There comes on toward the narrator, moving " without a breeze, without a tide," a Something which he does not describe except by saying that it rises like a dungeon grate against the sun. Here a pause in the flow of unnatural motion is filled by a color-description of the " Nightmare Life-in-Death," changing abruptly in line 199 to another brief series of violent motion-effects, contained in the words, dip, rush, stride, shoot, and carrying also the uncanny notion of a " farheard whisper." Another change is then at once made, and a nine-line stanza draws slowly out the picture of the terrified sailors left in the dim, thick night, hearing only the drip of dew, and watching the gleam of the lamp on the steersman's face. This section of the poem ends abruptly, after the above-mentioned pause in the action, with the death of all the Mariner's fellow-sailors in utter silence, but accompanied by such images as dropping, thumping, flying, and whizzing.

Through eleven stanzas of Part IV. is carried a subtle combination of alliteration and repetition. This section of the poem, devoted almost entirely to the feelings of the lonely and accursed Mariner, moves very slowly. Its effects are hushed, — a whisper prevents his prayer, the moon moves softly up the sky, the water burns a still red. The only actual rapid motions are gentler than those of the previous sections, — moving, rearing, coiling, swimming; and another small patch of contrasted colors is expended in describing the water-snakes. With the fall of the dead Albatross from his neck the bitterness of the curse is removed, and the Mariner sinks to sleep.

Part IV. opens with his awakening; and in line 309 a new series of violent and abnormal motive effects begins. The wind roars, the sails are shaken, the upper air bursts into life, the fire flags are hurried about, the wan stars dance, the wind roars louder, the rain pours, and the lightning falls in a river. Though the wind "never reached the ship," the ship begins to move, an abnormal effect on which Coleridge insists in lines 335-6 and 374. The dead men groan, stir, and rise to their work, which they perform in ghastly silence — a sharp contrast to the storm — until dawn. With the morning, lines 350 and following, Coleridge relieves the violent and uncanny details which he has just been using by a sort of musical interlude, which, with its exquisite natural images of the skylark, the lonely flute, the hidden brook, is as restful as the tone of the solo violin after the crash of the full orchestra. To this accompaniment of peaceful music the ship glides on, still without breeze, until, in line 382, she abruptly stops, stirs backward and forward "with a short uneasy motion," and then bounds like a released horse. The Mariner swoons, and in his unconscious state hears the two spirit-voices. With their discourse ends Part V. and begins Part VI.

At the awaking of the Mariner, line 430, the ship is again sailing calmly on by night (it may be noted that nearly all the events are at night or at its verge), and the dead men are watching him with glittering eyes. As the breeze rises, blowing on him alone, the ship moves faster and faster, and the Mariner recognizes by the silent moonlight his own home-port; but both he and the "seraph-band" are speechless as the pilot nears.

Part VII., with the description of the Hermit and of the conversation in the pilot-boat, is broken abruptly in line 545 by the last of the cyclones of sound and motion which shake the poem. The words, rumbled, split, went down like lead, smote, whirl, spun, shrieked, fell in a fit, eyes went to and fro, show the force of the images called up.

The poem closes with the reappearance of the bridal party, the call of the vesper bell to prayer, and the parting words of the penitent Mariner; and the peace of the last few stanzas, the beauty of

the lesson which they convey, are rendered doubly emphatic by contrast with the storm and stress of the imaginary scenes immediately preceding.

Much more might be said of the metrical and verbal effects employed in this poem, as well as of the larger use of contrast and the means by which contrast is pushed to its uttermost. A sketch, however, is all that is intended here.

Eleanor P. Hammond.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

PROGRAMME OF THE BOSTON BROWNING SOCIETY, 1898–99.

THE Boston Browning Society has adopted for next winter's session the following programme, which is announced now, so that the members if they wish may devote some of their leisure hours during the summer to reading the poems suggested. The essayists and readers will not be announced until the autumn.

PICTURES OF FRENCH LIFE IN BROWNING.

October 25, 1898.

I.

Symposium of Short Papers and Discussion.

I. The Spirit of Chivalry as Illustrated in 'Rudel to the Lady of Tripoli' and 'Count Gismond.'

II. 'Incident of the French Camp' and 'Hervé Riel' as Examples of French Heroism.

III. Is the Atmosphere of These Four Poems Distinctively French ?

November 22, 1898.

II.

Paper: Browning in Brittany.

Paper: 'The Two Poets of Croisic' as a Criticism of French Literary Enthusiasms.

December 27, 1898.

III.

Paper: Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau as an Interpretation and Criticism of Napoleon III.

January 24, 1899.

Dramatic Reading : 'Colombe's Birthday.'

PICTURES OF FRENCH LIFE.

February 28, 1899.

I.

Paper : The Heroes of 'Fifine at the Fair' and 'Red Cotton Night-Cap Country' considered Intellectually, Emotionally, and Morally.

March 28, 1899.

II.

Paper : Euripides's Helen and Browning's Elvire contrasted with his Fifine and Clara.

April 25, 1899.

III.

Paper : A Study of the Artistic Methods and Effects of the French Poems.

May 23, 1899.

Tableaux from 'Pippa Passes,' with *Musical Settings to Pippa's Songs.*

RECENT BRITISH VERSE:

STEPHEN PHILLIPS, WILLIAM WATSON, ETC.

PERHAPS all the Christian world has wondered, as a child, — more or less unconsciously, as a child will, — over the mystical phrase in the Creed, "He descended into Hell."

The writer, at any rate, well remembers how the words used to prick and haunt the budding fancy when standing, as a child, in the proper family pew, small prayer-book in hand, while the many-muttering voice of a churchful of people repeated the awe-

some clause. To read in the rubric, "Here, instead of the words, *He descended into Hell*, may be said, *He went into the place of departed spirits*," used only to darken counsel, and add a fresh shudder.

Well! whether the world in general remembers its child-wonder over this or not, it lies in the background of the dim and dewy impressions of all Christendom; and when Mr. Stephen Phillips suddenly claimed the attention of the public with his 'Christ in Hades,' he reckoned well with his subject-matter. His diction — slow and majestic in movement, but avoiding monotony by a blank-verse rhythm which does not too regularly hammer down on the stressed syllable — tempers to the right mood the first startle occasioned by the originality of the conception. He opens his scene in the Hades of Heathenesse with an apprehensive thrill of Christ's coming passing from shadowy face to face. The similes are those of a blind man's sense of smell and of a light faintly suffusing blankness, and the feeling of freshness and fragrance, not yet amounting to so much as a perception, leads the reader on with a congenial dimness of effect. Persephone thinks the approaching One is Hermes coming for her with the springtime, but when she sees the wreath of thorns instead of roses, and feels the "wonderful stillness," her eagerness is turned to childlike disappointment. Indeed, the childishness of all these ghosts of the antique under-world in the presence of the earth-weary Christ is a suggestive trait of the poem, putting it in tune, for a while, with the old monastic painting of the same subject. Only for a while, however; the quaint, stiffish grace of the Fra Angelico manner passes straightway into the more varied and flowing symbolism, the progressiveness of meaning, by dint of which the modern poet must ever exceed the momentary significance possible to the painter.

Of this first pictorialness the following citation will give the prevailing color: —

"like to trees
Motionless in an ecstasy of rain,
So the tall dead stood drooping around Christ,

Under the falling peace intensely still;
. . . soon like leaves, duly released,
Tormented phantoms, ancient injured shades,
Sighing began downward to drift and glide
Toward him, and unintelligibly healed
Lingered with closing eyes and parting lips.
Agamemnon bowed over, and from his wheel
Ixion staggered to his feet all blind.
Over the head of Jesus the whole sky
Of pain began to drive: old punishments
Diswreathing drooped, and legendary dooms
Dispersing hung and lurid history streamed.
But he against that flying sky remained
Placid with power."

After this, easily, with none of the perceptible bearing-on which often disfigures the deepening of power in modern works, the complexity and growth of symbolism referred to is unfolded. An Athenian ghost is made to speak of the good of life on the comfortable earth. His race and time appear in their characteristic attitude. Then to a woman's voice is given the expression of the pleasant life of love in the earthly homes Death has made yearningly lonely. The great Roman

"who from a greater Greek
Borrowed as beautifully as the moon
The fire of the sun —"

also speaks. The sad music of those who have visited the underworld and sung its story fills his speech.

Finally, all these having interpreted Christ's coming in their own inadequate and yet not all-mistaken way, the Titan salutes him as brother, he alone understanding, hailing the heir of all heroic labors to save, and prophesying the woe that shall come to him through the cruelty and wrong his message shall work, even in his name upon the earth.

"O prepare thee; ah,
That wailing, those young cries, this smouldering smell.
I see the dreadful look of men unborn.
What hast thou said, that all the air is blood?"

Last comes the climax in significance of the 'Christ in Hades;' the Christ stretches his arm to unbind Prometheus, but is stayed by a prescience of the doom of all Saviours, — their inability to release whom they agonize to loose yet may not loose till that comes home to all mankind which coming not makes power powerless.

> "Waiting the signal that he could not give,
> Wanting the one word that he might not speak"

till all human hearts are as his heart, hell closes in again about the tortured shades, the old woes return, and for that time the interrupted pain is resumed.

"Beautiful, but so sad. Why is it so sad?" asked a reader who felt its charm, but did not see its philosophic trend. Clearly not because of any theological necessity, nor pessimistic hopelessness, nor wanton desire to be miserable. The poem is free from any narrowing bias, and is sad only because it must be sad, human life being subject to the same sadness; and sadness as a necessity of truth and art is so sound a sadness that it is, artistically and ethically speaking, a pleasure. To teach by so æsthetic a *via dolorosa* is permitted a poem, and for a short poem to lead to such a climax, and move to spiritual fervor, while filling the sense with pleasurable effects in music and metaphor, is so rare an accomplishment in present-day poetry that the public would do well to take particular note of this little gray first volume of poems.

There are but two or three other pieces in the collection which approach this one in depth and beauty; but these two or three — 'Marpessa,' 'The Wife,' 'Lazarus,' and 'The Woman with the Dead Soul' — are also unusual in vividness, and attest much of the same power to control the sudden idea and give it wings to sustain itself for a predestined flight in the rarer regions of artistry, little troubled by the poets of a passing autobiographical throb. Most moving of these three is 'The Woman with the Dead Soul.' Here at least appears the human compassion that ought to be born of the horrors of the sordid sense-bedraggled civilization of a metropolis. It is a little masterpiece of chilling heart-break warmed into color and beauty by the lovely light of

the poetic pity that called it into being. This one poem which opens the volume is alone sufficient to make it a marked book.

'The Hope of the World,' as figured forth in the initial poem of Mr. William Watson's last volume, is a desperate hope. Like the old Arabic proverb which declares that "Hope is a slave, but Despair a strong man," it finds sustenance and safety in a state of mind stripped stark of any shred of flattering illusion, and it justly delights in the stern beauty thus unveiled.

The docility of Mr. Watson's earlier verse acquires a new strength from this present mental attitude of his, without loss of the old-time sweetness and purity both of temper and of phrase. In 'The Unknown God,' this strength rises to a height of impassioned wisdom which scorns utterly the more material and manifestly savage "Lord God of Hosts," to whom Mr. Kipling's Imperialism recently appealed. Mr. Watson convicts that heathen deity of short life with all the fine fervor of the higher truth as follows: —

"Not him that with fantastic boasts
  A sombre people dreamed they knew;
The mere barbaric God of Hosts
  That edged their sword and braced their thew:

. . . .

A God whose ghost, in arch and aisle,
  Yet haunts his temple — and his tomb;
But follows in a little while
  Odin and Zeus to equal doom.

. . . .

O streaming worlds, O crowded sky,
  O Life, and mine own soul's abyss,
Myself am scarce so small that I
  Should bow to Deity like this!
This my Begetter? This was what
Man in his violent youth begot.

. . . .

Know they not well, how seven times seven,
  Wronging our mighty arms with rust,
We dared not do the work of heaven
  Lest heaven should hurl us in the dust?

The work of heaven ! 'T is waiting still
The sanction of the heavenly will.

. . . . . .

Unmeet to be profaned by praise
 Is he whose coils the world enfold:
The God on whom I ever gaze,
 The God I never once behold :
Above the cloud, beneath the clod :
The Unknown God, the Unknown God."

This reverent indignation and exalted sureness which adds the beauty of a new note to Mr. Watson's scale attains its most convincing expression here.

The danger besetting the contemplative poet is always that his verse will run thin from lack of objective solidity and venturous creative faculty, and unsubstantiality of theme comes close to making 'The Hope of the World and Other Poems' seem slight. But delicacy has its successes as well as vividness ; and gracefulness in diction, Mr. Watson's prevailing characteristic, is here reinforced with a healthful if austere religiousness.

There are flowers which have neither body nor color, of a kind strong enough to allure attention, and yet have a fragrance that deserves appreciation. Of such as these are the poems of Mathilde Blind. They are selected with admirable taste by Mr. Arthur Symons, and set in a choice little white vellum volume which has claims upon the hearts that love the purely emotional in verse because a very delicate and ardent personality breathes through it. From the 'Love in Exile' series of poems, for example, take this : —

"I planted a rose-tree in my garden,
 In early days when the year was young;
I thought it would bear me roses, roses,
 While nights were dewy and days were long.

It bore but once, and a white rose only —
 A lovely rose with petals of light ;
Like the moon in heaven, supreme and lonely ;
 And the lightning struck it one Summer night."

'Admirals All' stands at the opposite pole from Miss Blind's passion-pale poesy. It is made up of the most robustious delight in old English sea-dogs and their deeds related for the most part in "shantey" fashion. Regularity of beat and a swinging measure is the main virtue of workmanship in this kind of song, and the heave-yo-ho metre is not always simply irresistible. 'The Gay Gordons,' a reminiscence of Dargai, October 20, '97, is among the most inspiriting of these songs; but in none of them is there any lack of that somewhat brainless devotion to the English throne which makes the most manly of such verse show itself to be at heart abjectly feminine. *P.*

(Poems. By Stephen Phillips. John Lane: London and New York. 1898. $1.25. — The Hope of the World and Other Poems. By William Watson. John Lane: New York and London. 1898. $1.25. — A Selection from the Poems of Mathilde Blind. Edited by Arthur Symons. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1897. $1.50. — Admirals All and Other Verses. By Henry Newbolt. New York: John Lane. 1898. 35 cents.

THE ATHENÆUM PRESS SERIES: SPECIMENS OF THE PRE-SHAKESPEAREAN DRAMA AND SELECTIONS FROM 'MORTE DARTHUR.'

To the student of the drama there is no more fascinating period in English literature than that called the Elizabethan, inaccurately so termed, since the reign of Queen Elizabeth's successor saw the blossom that promised so splendidly in Marlowe and the work of the young Shakespeare come to full bloom in the master-dramatist's later ripened work, and in that of his fellow-artists and after-comers. Shakespeare stands known as one among the chief poets of all time, eternally modern because dealing with the eternal verities of life. Johnson, the keen satirist of his age; Beaumont and Fletcher, forever youthful in their romantic outlook upon the world; genial, shiftless, lovable Dekker; Webster, probing with tear-stained hands the wounds of agonizing, palpitating hearts; Middleton, Ford,— all these and the lesser lights are known to the student, and many of them are dear to the lover of literature. Glad in the full-blown

flower, we follow its many changes and variations down to dissolution and decay. It is a delightful study, whether we undertake it for the pure joy of the poetry showered with royal hands upon the pages of those old quartos and folios, or again for the sake of feeling the heartbeats of the life of that restless, youthful, eager age. And lingering here, we are in danger of forgetting that we began half-way down the road in our study of the drama, that Shakespeare had forerunners as well as after-comers, that he is the climax in the development of his art, that centuries went to the preparing of the soil in which his genius came to full bloom. He is not an exception to the law, as yet uncontroverted, that the things of this our known world at least do not come into existence by spontaneous generation. We cannot appreciate Shakespeare, the myriad-minded, without a study of his contemporaries. And we do not understand him without a study of his predecessors.

Going back through the centuries to the beginnings of dramatic presentation, prompted by the historian's interest in the development and growth of forms, we, after a little familiarity, learn to value these early efforts for their own sake. There is a certain charm about all archaic art not found in the ripened products of the periods of florescence. A childlike simplicity, an unsophisticated view of life, a force and directness of portrayal, the genuine need to utter one's thoughts and feelings, that finds expression, in forms crude and angular, it may be, but sincere at the least. This charm pertains to all art as long as it is content to remain the handmaid of religion, as long as the artist, glad to be unknown, prayerfully exalts his Maker and himself sinks to an unnamed grave. This at times acrid bloom is brushed off as soon as art becomes self-conscious, begins to pose, thinks more of form than of substance, and looks to effects and applause. What it gains in winning the admiration of the head, it loses in power to minister to the needs of the heart. We find this archaic charm in the early Attic art, born in the ages when men still believed in the gods their hands had fashioned. We find it in the early Christian art, where the saintly expression and attitude of those adoring figures clothes their homely features and angular bodies with a strange beauty not of this world. And

we find it in the English mystery plays that are the forerunners of the English drama.

It has been a mooted question whether the English drama was the descendant of the classical drama, or whether it owed no allegiance to foreign influences, being of Saxon birth. Closer study of the old texts now has satisfied the literary historian that it is indeed indigenous to the soil, cradled and reared during its infancy in the Church. Its subject-matter of course was biblical. But even after it passed out of the Church over into the hands of the laity, it retained for centuries its religious character as a teacher of the people in Scripture lessons.

The first volume of the Specimens gives an admirable selection of plays belonging to the various craft-cycles and their congeners, arranged in the order of cosmic history. That later on secular subjects were coming into favor among the craftsmen is shown by the various Robin Hood and Christmas plays. The transition to moralities was a natural one, and among these we find for the first time the name of the author given, John Redford, attached to the play of 'Wyt and Science,' which the editor designates as one of the most perfect allegories extant, in the service of education.

In the second volume we come to the actual beginnings of the English drama, with 'Roister Doister.' Master Nicholas Udall, the learned schoolmaster, of course could not hide his light under a bushel, and his classical attainments crop out everywhere throughout the play. But whatever leaning he may have had toward Plautus and the rest of the ancients, his play is thoroughly English in conception and characterization. Henceforth this embroidery of native thought and speech with classical allusions becomes one of the distinctive features of the writings of that period. Tragedy, the court play, the history, the romantic drama, are each represented. The selections close with the 'Spanish Tragedy,' that lurid "tragedy of blood," the parent of a numerous ill-favored progeny. Here, more or less clearly outlined, are the prototypes of Shakespeare's art. Serving his apprenticeship by remodelling plays of his predecessors, he soon was carried far beyond them by the power of his genius. But he disdained none of the forms they

had bequeathed to him to perfect, not even the last-named; for what is 'Hamlet' if not a "tragedy of blood," purified of its grossness by the philosophic speculations of the Danish dreamer?

Hitherto the study of the pre-Shakespearian drama has been beset with obstacles, owing to the difficulty of obtaining the various texts. The two above-named volumes of the Athenæum Press Series bring together in a convenient compass the necessary material for a comprehensive survey, ranging from the middle of the tenth to the end of the sixteenth centuries. The third volume, not yet in type, promises the introduction, tracing the history of the drama between the periods covered by the selections. It will also contain a body of notes on the plays, a glossary, and a map. Supplying a long-felt want, the work bids fair to become the *vade-mecum* of the student of the drama.

'Selections from Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte Darthur"' is another one of the scholarly volumes of the Athenæum Press Series, a series "intended to furnish a library of the best English literature from Chaucer to the present time, in a form adapted to the needs of both the student and the general reader." The "general reader," not linguistically inclined, and given to being captious, might take exception at the latter statement, when, on opening the book, he finds himself confronted by the text, "letter for letter," of Caxton's edition of 1485. Frankly admitting that he reads primarily for enjoyment, he finds his progress retarded by puzzling over the words in their strange antiquated garb. In the case of poetry, Chaucer, for instance, where the exigencies of rhyme and rhythm call for preservation of the original forms of words, the "general reader" is willing to wrestle for the time being with strange-looking words, for the music of the verse. The like considerations fall away in a prose work of our early literature. These books, written at a time when there was little uniformity in spelling, and no philological associations at work to reduce it to scientific principles, lose nothing of their intrinsic value, neither the vigor of their diction, nor the charm and simplicity of expression, by being modernized. And the "general reader" approaches the book as a pleasure, and not as a study. Aside from this cavil-

ling, the work is in every way admirable. The six books chosen, printed almost entire, follow the history of King Arthur, as lovers of literature know it, through the 'Idylls of the King.' The Introduction concisely touches on the historic and literary value of the 'Morte Darthur,' and has an interesting chapter on the sources of the work. The full notes, the biography, and the glossary render the book of especial value to the student.

Helena Knorr.

(Specimens of the Pre-Shakspearean Drama. With an Introduction, Notes, and a Glossary. By John Matthews Manly. 3 vols. Ginn & Co. Boston and London: The Athenæum Press. 1897. $1.40) — (Selections from Sir Thomas Malory's 'Morte Darthur.' Ed., with Introduction, Notes and Glossary, by William Edward Mead, Ph. D. (Leipzig.) Boston: Ginn & Co. 1897. $1.10.)

COLONEL HIGGINSON'S 'CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS.'

THE urbaneness of a Catholic prelate and the zeal of a social reformer are united in unusual proportions in the man who lived the 'Cheerful Yesterdays' of which he writes, and the literary result is a combined *gentillesse* and eventfulness well adapted to beguile the time spent over this volume.

The vivid acquaintance with large public events of the past which some personal and even, it may be, comparatively slight contact of a contemporary yields a reader is like the distinct view over a wide prospect gained through some mere slit of an opening in the denseness of the present that fences him round and keeps him aloof from other times and other minds. The advantage of some such mere at-look, by exclusion of the more elaborate out-look and over-look which belongs to the intentionally comprehensive gaze of the historian of the same epoch, belongs to such a memoir of his time as Colonel Higginson's book is.

Boston life in the meridian of this century; the yeasty period of radicalism and revolution which overspread all Europe about 1848, as well as Concord and Brook Farm, and mixing with old conventions stirred with energy all the pioneering antislavery

souls everywhere who shaped this nation's destiny, — these, with passing impressions of the literary London, Paris, and Boston, which felt the impetus of the century's moments of ardor, and therefore took the forms that are now an old story; all this flits past as the leaves of the book are turned, and apparently, by virtue of the passing quality of the allusions, challenges the imagination to people the shadowy vistas. One may imagine, in some time perhaps not long distant, for instance, that the great American dramatist, ever looked for, may find suggestive material and atmosphere for his idealistic types of American lives of the nineteenth century in this record of one life rich in contact with many another.

One description of an Atlantic club dinner, with its faithful and amusing but rather pitiful demonstration of the failure of the flower of men in their day to fraternize with a sister writer will be a piquant morsel to some future eyes if it is not yet as suggestive as it might be to some present ones. This dinner is said to be "the only one to which ladies were invited," and seems to have been given especially in Mrs. Stowe's honor; but, "for various reasons, no ladies appeared except Mrs. Stowe and Miss Harriet Prescott (now Mrs. Spofford), who had already won fame by a story called 'In a Cellar.'" Colonel Higginson describes the festivities as follows: —

"Conversation set in, but there was a visible awkwardness, partly from the presence of two ladies, one of whom was rather silent by reason of youth, and the other by temperament; and moreover, the thawing influence of wine [expressly excluded because of the presence of ladies] was wanting. There were probably no men of the party, except Whittier and myself, who did not habitually drink it, and various little jokes began to circle *sotto voce* at the table; a suggestion, for instance, from Longfellow, that Miss Prescott might be asked to send down into her Cellar for the wine she had described so well. . . . Soon, however, a change came over the aspect of affairs. My neighbor on the right, Edmund Quincy, called a waiter mysteriously, and giving him his glass of water remained tranquilly while it was being replenished. It came back suffused with a rosy hue. Some one else followed his example, and presently the 'conscious water' was blushing

at various points around the board, although I doubt whether Holmes, with water drinkers two deep on each side of him, got really his share of the coveted beverage. If he had, it might have modified the course of his talk, for I remember that he devoted himself largely to demonstrating to Dr. Stowe that all swearing doubtless originated in the free use made by the pulpit of sacred words and phrases; while Lowell, at the other end of the table, was maintaining for Mrs. Stowe's benefit that 'Tom Jones' was the best novel ever written. This line of discussion may have been lively, but was not marked by eminent tact; and Whittier, indeed, told me afterwards that Dr. and Mrs. Stowe agreed in saying to him that while the company at the club was no doubt distinguished, the conversation was not quite what they had been led to expect."

Of the conversation at this club at other times Colonel Higginson lets fall, by the way, this significant hint: —

"In the minor gatherings of the Atlantic Club I became gradually conscious of a certain monotony. Neither Emerson nor Longfellow nor Whittier was a great talker, and though the conversation was always lively enough, it had too much the character of a dialogue between Holmes and Lowell. Neither of these had received the beneficent discipline of English dining-rooms, where, as I learned long after, one is schooled into self-restraint; and even if I never heard in London any talk that was on the whole so clever as theirs, yet in the end the carving is almost as important as the meat."

The two extracts involve a recognition of social selfishness which it still remains for reformers of the future to model into lovelier relationships. The overlordship of the masculine and the accreditedly famous, toned by brotherliness into reciprocity in conversation, would mean as much as freeing the slaves did, and cost no one any essential pleasure or distinction. So some present-day reformers believe.

In this genial memorial of the elder day there is one note which jars upon the sympathies with social progress and its venturous exponents which are elsewhere fluently expressed. This is doubtless a mere chance flaw of prejudice, due to misunderstanding, and common enough, to be sure; but notable here because so rare. This is the note of intolerance struck with the mention of "the

first and only time" the biographer saw Walt Whitman. He there objects to Whitman's hospital service in the Civil War because it was not fighting service, urging that "if all men South and North had taken the same view of their duty that Whitman held, there would have been no occasion for hospitals on either side."

This is quite true; for if all men had taken the same view of human brotherhood that Whitman takes, there not only would have been no occasion for hospital or war, there would be no occasion now for wounds or slavery of any sort.

To the ever most artistically written sum of these reminiscences, an epilogue is appended which admirably rounds out the book by deepening the necessarily desultory drift of a memoir. It effects this by suggesting that human aims of the largest scope, toward which the generations but gradually push, transcend mere personalia. Relating, then, with the satisfaction of the Liberal, the accomplishment during his time of many changes the Conservatives deplored, he points several practical morals for his life and time, when he adds that he would "like to live to see international arbitration secured, civil service reform completed, free trade established; to find the legal and educational rights of the two sexes equalized; to know that all cities are as honestly governed as that in which I dwell [Is this satirical?]; to see natural monopolies owned by the public, not in private hands; to see drunkenness extirpated; to live under absolute as well as nominal religious freedom; to perceive American literature to be thoroughly emancipated from that habit of colonial deference which still hampers it." Perhaps, if one really had his wishing cap on, one might wish for more, still these are wishes to the point. *P.*

(Cheerful Yesterdays. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1898. $2.00.)

BOSTON BROWNING SOCIETY PAPERS.

No volume of essays recently published furnishes better reading than that of the Boston Browning Society. Each essay coming from a different hand insures variety in treatment, and one closes

the book with a sense of having become personally acquainted with a number of interesting intellectual personalities, as well as having been greatly entertained by the scholarship brought to bear in the interpretation of this most complex of modern poets. In 'Browning's Theism' and 'The Problem of Paracelsus,' philosophical aspects of the poet are handled with the mastery which one would expect from a scholar of Professor Royce's standing. The Rev. Charles G. Ames in 'Caliban on Setebos,' and the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones in 'The Uncalculating Soul,' emphasize more particularly moral and ethical lessons which they draw from the poet. Criticisms of various elements in his art form are given in 'Browning's Art in Monologue,' by Percy Stickney Grant; 'Browning's Mastery of Rhyme,' by Dr. W. J. Rolfe; 'Dramatic Motive in "Strafford,"' by Charlotte Porter. Of Mr. Grant's essay it may be said that, though suggestive, he does not seem to have grasped the chief characteristic of Browning's monologue, which he states is its semi-dramatic, semi-descriptive character, allowing the poet to obtrude his subjective opinions at any time. At times Browning may use his monologue form in this way, but it is not when he is artistically at his best. His originality in the use of the monologue form is shown most strikingly in those instances where, through the mouth of one speaker, with little or no description, simply by means of his attitude and opinions, not only a perfect portrayal of the speaker's own character is given, but one, and sometimes two, other characters are sketched, and at the same time the situation is made perfectly evident. A good example of this is 'My Last Duchess.'

Other papers are interesting studies of single poems, as 'Luria,' by John W. Chadwick; 'The Return of the Druses,' by Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.; 'Mr. Sludge, the Medium,' by Francis B. Hornbrooke; 'Sordello,' by Charles Carroll Everett. While there is not a paper which does not give its bit of pregnant criticism or penetrating analysis of some one of Browning's characters, perhaps the most suggestive in the volume are the papers dealing with comparisons between Greek thought and art and Browning's. George Willis Cooke points out the differences between such con-

ceptions of love as appear in Plato's 'Symposium,' and the developed ideals of romantic love in Browning. Miss Scudder has a fine paper on the 'Greek Spirit in Shelley and Browning,' in which she takes the ground that Shelley's classicism reflects the mythopœic artistic tendencies of the Greek mind, while Browning's reflects the spirit of actual Greek life. Her contention is well taken, and the thorough way in which she has marshalled her arguments carries conviction as to the justice of her criticisms. In the same line are Wm. Cranston Lawton's 'Classical Element in Browning's Poetry,' Prentiss Cummings's 'Homer and Browning,' Dr. Moxom's 'Balaustion's Opinion of Euripides,' in which an enthusiastic and sympathetic appreciation of Balaustion as a woman, as well as her criticism of Euripides, is given. Mrs. Marean has an exhaustive study of the 'Nature Element in Browning,' showing careful consideration and poetic insight.

Where there is so much that is good, it is impossible to do adequate justice to all. Suffice it to say, that a volume of this excellence, containing such delightful excursions into many and various realms of literature and art, all clustered about Browning as the moving centre, should prove once for all that the work of Literary Societies is not only worth while, but is actually giving birth to a new sort of literary criticism, in which the critic becomes the appreciative student and interpreter through the medium of his own personal equation rather than the judge who labels.

The volume was prepared under the editorial supervision of Philip S. Moxom, George D. Latimer, Joshua Kendall, Emma E. Marean, and Charlotte Porter, and is all that could be desired in print and make-up. *C.*

(The Boston Browning Society Papers: Selected to Represent the Work of the Society from 1886–1897. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1897. $3.00.)

BOOK INKLINGS.

——QUITE out of the beaten ways of text-books on English is Professor Palmer's suggestive little treatise 'Self-cultivation in English,' that in less than three dozen pages seeks to supply some

aims "by following which he who holds them fast may become superior to linguistic fortune and be the wise director of his sluggish and obstinate tongue." No need of a learned apparatus of rhetorics to appall the learned, for the material wherewith to uprear this wonderful structure of words lies ready-made to hand in the daily speech and in the opportunities for writing that come to every one now and again. Curiously enough for a book born under the very walls of the venerable institution that by its insistence on theme-work is revolutionizing the teaching of English in our secondary schools, the first precept of this little book is, "Look well to your speech," since "we speak a hundred times for every once we write." The man who is forceful and exact in his daily speech will carry the same qualities over into his written work. On this assumption, just one half of the book is devoted to the discussion of the excellences of speech, accuracy, audacity, and range, and how to acquire them. As vocal utterance alone, however, cannot give complete mastery of a subject, nor develop the sense of form, writing early and often is insisted upon as an important adjunct. A most timely suggestion to a generation of writers often in danger of missing the substance in their search after form, is the last suggestion, "Lean upon your subject." And herein lies the secret of real power in speaking or writing. As was to be expected from a book that lays so much stress on diction, the style is forceful and convincing, and the illustrations at times most refreshing in their audacity. *Helena Knorr.*

(Self-cultivation in English. By George Herbert Palmer, LL.D. Boston: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 35 cents.)

——One of the most desirable recent additions to a series of little books which have a good habit of being true to their name, the "Golden Treasury Series," is a volume of selections from Heine's 'Lieder und Gedichte,' giving the German text and good English notes, and an appreciative and judicious introduction, also in English, by Professor Buchheim, of King's College, London.

(Heinrich Heine's Lieder und Gedichte. Selected and arranged with notes and a literary introduction by C. A. Buchheim. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1897. $1.00.)

—— If a child cannot tumble about by himself in a library, or does not want to, he could scarcely get a choicer range of verse to roll over in his mind, or be coaxed to it by a prettier volume, all in white and red and gold, than Edward Verrall Lucas's 'Book of Verses for Children.' And it must be confessed that it would take very intelligent tumbling to equal the discrimination and delight combined of a collection which includes, along with all sorts of delicious nonsense by Lewis Carroll and the elder nursery poets and anonymous old English Christmas-glee writers, such provision for "jam every other day" as Browning's 'Pied Piper,' and Eugene Field's 'Wynken, Blynken, and Nod,' Allingham's 'Fairies,' and Blake's 'Infant Joy,' Herrick's 'Ternarie of Littles upon a Pipkin of Jellie,' Scott's 'Young Lochinvar,' and Emerson's 'Mountain and Squirrel,' have ready to provide their happy young readers. This is a book to take note of against Christmas and all the birthday gift times of the whole year round.

(A Book of Verses for Children. Compiled by Edward Verrall Lucas. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1898.)

—— Not long ago one could read a little sign at the corner of the Common on Beacon Hill, opposite the State House in Boston, where the Shaw Monument now stands. This sign bore a legend as persuasive as the old kodak catchword, "You press the button, and we do the rest;" and it was very much more — Bostonian! It was, "See Boston intelligently." To do that, you were to get the services of a certain guide. It is just the right sort of legend for Mr. Freese's little book, 'Historic Houses and Spots' in Cambridge and other towns near Boston. It is full of pictures of old houses and landmarks which not only the visiting tourist, but the New Englander himself, whether a child or an adult, is interested in identifying, and the accompanying descriptions give all needful dates and other information.

(Historic Houses and Spots in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and near by towns. By J. W. Freese. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1897.)

NOTES AND NEWS.

William Morris never wrote a lovelier romance, we think, than 'Gertha's Lovers,' which we give in this number (with an excision of an episode in the story) from the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* of 1848, where it originally appeared, as transcribed from a copy in the Bodleian Library. One of the sources of the charm of the tale is the nobility of Leuchnar. In this kind of a plot the King's friend usually plays him false when sent to woo his bride for him. Here the hopeless love and steadfast loyalty of the knight contrast well with the perfidy of the Launcelots to the King Arthurs of ancient story, and the perfect devotion of the King and Gertha in life and in death, added to the beauty of Leuchnar's spiritual triumph seems to animate and mellow the poet's sweet-flowing wall-cadenced prose to a very noble sadness.

To the Editors: Mr. Gascoigne Mackie in *Literature* of February 26, finds fault with Mr. Stephen Phillips's blank verse because he uses occasional rhymes. Thus on page 106 of his new volume he discovers five rhymes in nine consecutive lines. I think Milton himself sins in this respect — if sin it be. I subjoin a few interesting examples: —

"There rest, if any rest can harbor *there;*
And reassembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how *repair,*
What reinforcement we may gain from hope
If not, what resolution from *despair.*
('Paradise Lost.' i. 185–191.)

Again: —

"All una*wares,*
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb-down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not, by ill chance,

The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft. That fury stayed —
Quenched in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land — nigh foundered, on he *fares*,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and *sail*.
As when a gryphon through the wilderness
With wingèd course, o'er hill or moory *dale*,
Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloined
The guarded gold; so eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or *rare*,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or *flies*.
At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence. Thither he *plies*
Undaunted, to meet there whatever Power
Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness *lies*
Bordering on light; when straight behold the throne
Of *Chaos*, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful Deep!"

('Paradise Lost,' ii. 932–961).

Again:—

"To whom the great Creator thus replied: —
O Son, in whom my soul hath chief de*light*,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual *might*,
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed.
Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will;
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchsafed. Once more I will renew
His lapsèd powers, though forfeit, and enthralled

By sin to foul exorbitant desires:
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal *foe* —
By me upheld, that he may *know* how frail
His fallen condition is, and to me *owe*
All his deliverance, and to none but me.
('Paradise Lost,' iii. 167–183.)

Here are two successive rhymes: —

"By change of place. Now conscience wakes despair
That slumbered; wakes the bitter memo*ry*
Of what he was, what is, and what must *be*
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must en*sue!*
Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his *view*
Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixes sad;"
('Paradise Lost,' iv. 23–28.)

Again from the same book: —

"and next to life,
Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by —
Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing *ill.*
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy *hill*
Passed underneath ingulfed:" iv. 220–225.

"Two of far nobler shape, erect and *tall*,
God-like erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty, seemed lords of *all*," iv. 288–290.

I skip a dozen more examples in books iv. and v. Here is a double one from book vi., 703–710: —

"Into thee such virtue and grace
Immense I have transfused, that all may know
In Heaven and Hell thy power above com*pare*,
And this perverse commotion governed thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be *Heir*
Of all things — to be Heir, and to be King
By sacred unction, thy deserved *right*.
Go, then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's *might*;"

I have in my note-book dozens of other examples: rhymed couplets, internal rhymes, triple rhymes, and even double rhymes; so that it is evident to me that the greatest master of blank verse that ever wrote in English deliberately varied and enriched his work with these "faults," just as he employed all sorts of rhythms to avoid the monotony of the formal iambic.

I may add, with reference to a discussion of not long ago in the columns of the New York *Nation*, that there is no rhyme so bad that it will not find justification in the work of the greatest poets of our language.

Wordsworth rhymes *dizzy* and *uneasy*, *omen* and *coming*, *July* and *duly*, *thoughts* and *notes*, *girl* and *squirrel*, al*so* and *saw*, *on* and *one*; Longfellow rhymes *transparent* and *current*, *water* and *quarter*, *orders* and *marauders*; Lowell rhymes *murmur* and *summer*; Shelley, *dew*, *due*, and *do* (in one verse!), eleph*ant*, *gaunt*, and *fount*; untam*able* and *skill*, in*tense* and omni*presence*, *full* and imperish*able*, intersti*ces* and wilder*nesses*, uni*verse* and *verse*, *there* and woodpeck*er*. Keats rhymes *valley* and melan*choly*, *wrath* and hence*forth*, *rose* and odor*ous*. There is no end to the sins thus committed. I have hundreds of other examples ready to produce.

Yours faithfully,

Nathan Haskell Dole.

To THE EDITORS: The parallelism between this word-picture by Walt Whitman and the following one by Robert Burns has interested me, and may interest others: —

"There by the furnace, and there by the anvil,
Behold thy sturdy blacksmiths swinging their sledges,
Overhand so steady, overhand they turn and fall with joyous clank,
Like a tumult of laughter." Whitman, *Song of the Exposition.*

"The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel,
Brings hard owrehip, with sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer,
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
Wi dinsome clamor."
Burns, *Scotch Drink.*

Whitman's lines are in no sense an imitation of Burns's, nor were they influenced by them (probably). It is hard to tell which poet excels in the description. Whitman's image (" tumult of laughter ") is strikingly original, but lacks perfect verisimilitude. Burns's line, " Brings hard owrehip with sturdy wheel," is magnificently conceived, and has vitascopic realism of the finest kind. There is no more to be said: the thing is done once for all; you *see* the muscular arms playing, and the sparks spraying and sprangling into the dusky recesses of the stithy. But in reading Whitman's lines you only think, " What an original image, how marvellous ! "

William Sloane Kennedy.

ANOTHER INTERPRETATION OF 'THE SUNKEN BELL.'

RAYS emanating from a genius so brilliant as that of Hauptmann must of necessity be modified by each medium which attempts to transmit their light. The very perfection of this great dramatist's art is shown in the fine poetic suggestion of 'The Submerged Bell,' which presents no hardness of outline, and which imparts to each seeker after the truth an impression as different from all others as are his own experiences and needs. This is the method of Nature also: to every beholder she speaks a different language. To every student of Hauptmann, his own view of the great German's work must be the true one; and opposite opinions must have all the interest which lies in the variety abounding in human nature. No spirit of criticism or of controversy can, therefore, enter into this interpretation of a drama which has received the attention not only of all Germany, but also of the entire intellectual world, and which has been so delightfully treated in the last issue of *Poet-lore.* But no bonds of tradition or convention conspire to bring about the conservative impression here presented.

In 'The Submerged Bell,' the remorse of a bell-maker, who deserts wife and children to follow a free happy love-life with a wood-sprite, furnishes the motive. Of plot there is little or none.

Psychological effects are depicted and make the play. First, the sympathy existing between the wood-sprite, Rautendelein, and the conscienceless animal natures of the elves and nixies is shown: one of these unseen elves — typifying fate — grasps and breaks the wheel of the wagon bearing the bell-maker, Heinrich, and his newly finished bell; the bell falls down into the sea, the man into the dell where dwells the wood-sprite; he becomes enamoured, forsakes all else for her, and, in thought, hears only notes of joy and love continually. Finally, conscience awakes; the submerged bell strikes notes of doom and woe; remorseful thoughts, personified by imps and elves, make torture of day and night; visions of his neglected children bearing in vials their mother's tears, visions of his drowned wife, Magda, lying dead among the lilies, add to his torment. In despair he casts the wood-sprite from him and returns to his former life in the world, only to forsake it again in utter disappointment. Nothing then remains to him. The wood-sprite, deserted, has descended into a well to become the bride of an aged water-spirit. That very night Heinrich totters feebly to the well, where Rautendelein joins him, but disclaims all previous knowledge of him. Just as death claims him there, however, their dual love-flame leaps up once more, and casts its radiance over both; then the sun appears; there is heard the sun-bells' ringing sound; and Heinrich sinks into that other night, — the night of death, — while about them glows the rosy light of dawn.

As a study, this drama is wonderful, moral, and impressive. First of all, 'The Submerged Bell' represents the struggle of the human soul toward the ideal, which enfranchises, and against the conventional, which fetters: it depicts the pain which must inevitably result from such a conflict. The beauty and freedom to be found in the love tie of nature and their power to enlarge the powers of mind and soul are set over against the narrowing and benumbing influence of the more sordid marriage relation; but the impossibility of attaining to any permanent expansion of the higher faculties through a love which conflicts with irrefragable bonds is clearly insisted upon. Hauptmann presents the case as it must inevitably be in the experience of a man of conscience. The dramatist ren-

ders us thoughtful. He leaves us with a deeper sense of the beauty and value of natural love; but he leaves us also with a fuller conviction that the serious man who, simply for such a love, would reject all marital and paternal ties, may first rise on the wave of a joyous romantic passion, and yet must as surely sink at last into an abyss of sorrow and remorse. The man, bound by a marriage of mere convention, and awakened to the greater rapture and value of a true love-life, must of necessity tread a path of thorns, whichever way he may elect to follow; nor will they press less sharply if the road chosen be that of love.

That the sunrise, the sun-bells, and the love-glow should glorify the last moments of Heinrich well emphasizes the beauty of the true love relation, but does not lessen our memories of the tragedy it wrought. 'The Submerged Bell' stands for much more than the travail in a single soul. It embodies that phase in the evolution of society when the traditions of the past reach forward and lay their weight upon the budding ideals of humanity's future. It speaks also of a day when such a wife as Magda will voluntarily grant the freedom which Heinrich may not himself so justly assert. Already upon the horizon of modern society gleam notable instances of this sort, with their power to illumine otherwise tragic situations. But Hauptmann's art, however idealistic, is essentially realistic also. He portrays the facts of the present. Had he desired to alter the impression of a great and inevitable disaster, as it is here conveyed, he would not have made Magda so faithful and so blameless; nor would he have permitted Heinrich to be so wholly consumed with remorse. We can easily imagine what the effect upon us would have been, had Heinrich never known those regrets which proved his conscience and altruism rather than his weakness. His hardihood would have been revolting to us. So also the guilt might have been made to rest only in part upon the bell-maker; but by making the object of his love a conscienceless child of nature, the responsibility of decision is, by a master stroke, placed solely and heavily upon Heinrich.

In the very beginning, the atmosphere of this drama is charged with a sense of coming doom: Rautendelein's kinship with the

creatures of wood and field, her pretty babbling to bee and sprite, give warning of the danger to mankind in venturing too far into her world. Listen to her prattle to the bee : —

"Thou little sun-bird, bother me not! Am I a flower? is my mouth a blossom? Fly across the brook to the edge of the woods, little bee; there are crocuses, violets, primroses, creep into them, and drink until thou reelest!"

Listen as she amuses herself with her reflection in the water : —

"Good day, dear maid of the well! What is your name? . . . What are you doing down there? . . . You claim to be the most beautiful of maidens? Did you say yes?"

Was ever creature more childlike, alluring, and truly unattainable? Hear the wicked little hobgoblin, that caused Heinrich's fall, recounting his meeting with a butterfly : —

"Truly! I see before me a little blood red butterfly, clinging to a stone. I notice how it tips and sways timidly and pretends to be sipping from a little blue hepatica. I call to it and it flutters hither on my hand. . . . At last it weeps bitterly. — I comfort it as best I can."

Ah, how could mortal hope to blend his experiences into content with these charming, naïve, but soulless children of Nature? After all, they but typify his own leanings toward natural things, but hint nothing of his bent toward spiritual things save as they help or thwart him in his aspirations. The highest order of love can never be entertained toward one of these woodland beings; love they may excite, but the highest spiritual element must be forever lacking. In this fact alone is written the promise of Heinrich's ultimate tragedy. Had Hauptmann meant to prove the wisdom of Heinrich's course, he would have made the object of his love a woman of highest attributes and would have altered all the after results. The dramatist's purpose is the better served in the contrast between convention and elemental love.

Rautendelein herself unwittingly accuses the bewildered bell-maker when in her first meeting with him she explains his fall by saying : —

"You spring from those beings who dwell in the valley, and you climbed too high, like a hunter who plunged to his death on our hill while on the track of a fleeing wild mountain creature. Yet it seems to me he was a man of a different kind from you."

Heinrich's distress is plainly discernible in his musing reply: —

"A man of a different kind, of a better kind. They also fall. Speak again, child."

Here also is set forth man's certain drawing toward this love of nature, and the part it is destined to play in his career.

The symbolism of 'The Submerged Bell' makes Heinrich's physical fall and the fall of his bell plainly represent his departure from his former ideals and the consequent blighting of his life-work. How pathetically the natural inability to decide whether one's failure is the result of one's own fault, or of some unavoidable chance or fate, is shown in Heinrich's feverish and troubled words:

"I fell. I know not how it happened. Did the path I was walking on give way? Did I fall willingly or against my will? I know not. Briefly: I fell, dust, stones and turf with me, into the depths."

Yet how touchingly also Rautendelein's resemblance to his manhood's ideal is disclosed in his words during their first meeting:

"How sweet you are! . . . I have seen you before. Where did I see you? I wrestled, I served for you . . . how long? I longed to conjure your voice into the bell-metal, to wed it with the gold of the sun; but I always failed to make this masterpiece, and I wept bitter tears!"

The promise which life now gave, that, when the new love was at its zenith, he might hope to express in his work his artistic ideal is but the writer's tribute to the power of love to stimulate and strengthen one's best faculties. The failure which ensued reveals the dramatist's recognition of the power of other strong ties when in conflict with passion.

So subtle and illusive are the allegorical elements in this story, so simply told, that the study of them has a perpetual and inex-

haustible fascination. What seems the last veil of symbolism will ever be found to cover another veil. Those little spirits of the woods, imps and elves, but personify the mental processes of the bell-maker; their taunts and tormenting typify his remorse. In their first assaults he defies them, and in a brief period of victory exclaims: —

"I became their victim, and they tormented me, they strangled me. . . . But now it is all right again. . . . Now I stand firm once more."

But again during the very gayest dance of Rautendelein, the travail of spirit begins anew, with increased violence, in her lover; nor ever again ceases until death releases him from its torture. Its very height is reached when, in the midst of the woodsprite's merry dance, his neglected children come to him, in a vision, bringing to him their mother's tears; and the submerged bell, rung by the dead wife's hand, sounds its notes of woe.

Yet never are we allowed to lose sight of the beauty of the true love bond; over against the pain and distress of the drama it gleams like threads of golden light upon a dark ground. Thus, in the strong but delicate web of a German fairy drama, has the conflict between the conventional and the ideal been forever inwrought. The realism of Hauptmann has often been denounced; but in such a work as this under consideration he has indeed proved himself an idealist, who hopes to show, through powerful realistic efforts, the horrors resulting from evil.

Jane Long Boulden.

—— A WORD about Ruskin comes to us from London as follows: —

"Although Mr. Ruskin is now living in retirement, and nothing has come from his pen for some time, it is gratifying to record that the demand for his books is increasing. His influence is also extending. Not only is a Ruskin Society flourishing in Birmingham, but it has recently issued the first number of a new

quarterly journal, called the *Saint George*, — the Society, however, rejoicing in the more euphonious designation of 'The Society of the Rose.' The *brochure* is frontispieced by a photogravure of Mr. Herkomer's portrait of the Master.

Apropos of this, it may be mentioned that Mr. Wise has just issued another volume of his privately printed series of unpublished letters of Mr. Ruskin. Most of them were addressed to Dr. Furnivall, dated, for the main part, in the fifties, the more important of them discussing religious questions. Now and again, however, we come across a passage of more general interest, as, for instance: —

'Millais is painting a picture of a torrent among rocks, which will make a revolution in landscape painting if he can only get it finished. . . . I have stopped all this time to keep Millais company, to keep him up to the Pre-Raphaelite degree of finish — which I have done with a vengeance, as he has taken three months to do half a back ground two feet over, and perhaps won't finish it now. But I have got maps of all the lichens on the rocks, and the *bubbles* painted in the foam.'

This was written from Glenfinlas in the October of 1853, and is surely interesting in the light of subsequent events. Now and again, too, a bit of criticism is struck, — such as this, 'The "Biglow Papers" gain on me, they are wonderful.' Again, of Mrs. Gaskell's novel, 'I have been looking at "Ruth." It is indeed *very* beautiful, and must do infinite good, I should think.' Or this rather trenchant outburst (1855): —

'De Balzac is sensual, but he is an artist of the highest touch, and a philosopher even in his sensuality. Eugène Sue paints virtue as well as vice. Dumas is absurd and useless, but interesting. Béranger blasphemous, but witty. George Sand immoral, but elegant. But for pure, dull, virtueless, stupid, deadly poison, read Victor Hugo.'

Truly, this last caps all; but then it is John Ruskin, to whom we must needs forgive much. In a letter dated 1854, we have a truly Ruskinian utterance; prophetic enough, too: —

'You need not think it *great* in me to risk my reputation, such as it is, for young men. I don't risk my reputation at all. If I

don't know what is good and right, my reputation will not stand for ten years. If I do, I shall increase my reputation by defending the right in another's instance, and of another kind. But the fact is that I do not care at all for reputation in the matter. I *must* speak if I see people thinking what I know is wrong, and if there is any chance of my being listened to. I don't say I would n't care for reputation if I had it, but until people are ready to receive all I say about art as "unquestionable," just as they receive what Faraday tells them about chemistry, I don't consider myself to have any reputation at all worth caring about. I see I can do some good, when people are already partly of my mind. But I have no authority yet, such as I want to have, or such as that I feel I deserve to have. I shall get it, but, I fear, too late to do much good with it.'

And in somewhat the same strain we find, later on, 'If you should hear me spoken ill of, ask people to wait a little. If they will not wait, comfort yourself by thinking that time and tide will not wait either.' One more extract from a hitherto unpublished note in the Professor's handwriting, written for the benefit of the drawing-class at the Working Men's College:—

'The teacher of landscape drawing wishes it to be distinctly understood by all his pupils, that the instruction given in his class is not intended either to fit them for becoming artists, or in any direct manner to advance their skill in the occupations they at present follow. They are taught drawing primarily in order to direct their attention accurately to the beauty of God's work in the material universe; and secondarily, that they may be enabled to record with some degree of truth, the forms and colours of objects when such record is likely to be useful.'"

——'HAMLET,' as President Adams regarded it, in 1839 or so, is a curiosity of Shakespearian criticism, which comes to light in the following communication sent to us by Mr. Pence of Cincinnati:—

"There recently came into my possession newspaper clippings from the *New Orleans Picayune*, 1841, which give verbatim copies of letters which passed between John Quincy Adams, then ex-President and member of Congress, and James H. Hackett, the actor, manager, and gentleman of education and cultivation.

It seems that at a social gathering at the home of a friend of both gentlemen, Mr. Adams entered with such animation into a discussion of the play that, as he says in his letter, he 'came away ashamed of having engrossed an undue proportion of the conversation' to himself. That the host did not take the same view of the matter is shown by the fact that he spoke to Mr. Hackett of it in a manner that gave the actor a high opinion of Mr. Adams's judgment.

When Mr. Hackett afterward completed a study of the Prince of Denmark he sent the manuscript notes to the ex-President for his criticism. It is the return of these notes that occasions the first letter, dated from Washington, February 19, 1839. In it Mr. Adams says, — 'I look upon the tragedy of Hamlet as the masterpiece of the drama — the masterpiece of Shakespeare — I had almost said, the masterpiece of the human mind. . . . Hamlet is the personification of a *man,* in the prime of life, with a mind cultivated by the learning acquirable at an university, combining *intelligence* and *sensibility* in their highest degrees, . . . crushed to extinction by the pressure of calamities inflicted, not by nature, but against nature — not physical, but moral evil. . . . He is the heart and soul of man in all their perfection and all their frailty, in agonizing conflict with human crime. Hamlet is all heart and soul. His ruling passions are filial affection, youthful love, manly ambition. His commanding principles are filial duty, generous friendship, love disappointed and subdued, ambition and life sacrificed to avenge his father.'

He then reviews the events and comments upon the development of the theme until he reaches the famous meeting of Hamlet and Ophelia, in which, he candidly and boldly says — and in doing so detracts from the noble character he has drawn above — 'he treats her with a revolting mixture of ardent passion, of gross indelicacy and rudeness little short of brutality. At one moment he is worshipping at her feet — the next, insulting her with coarse indecency — the third, taunting her with sneering and sarcastic advice to go to a nunnery.'

Concerning this scene Mr. Hackett, in his reply, dated at London, December of the same year, takes an entirely different position and pictures Ophelia as a creature far different from the popular stage ideal of that character. Hamlet, he maintains, was not too harsh with her, for 'from his previous conduct he knows she esteems him mad and will not be offended at anything he may say.' He also claims that his love for her was not strong or he would not have made his promise to the ghost so readily. After

this promise he made love to her that he might have that as pretext for his feigned madness and thus not arouse the suspicions of the king. He also implies that Ophelia was probably socially ambitious, and was scheming for a title. He adds, 'Had Ophelia's love for Hamlet been strong she would naturally not have consented so readily to become the medium of assisting the espionage of her parasitical father and the complotting king. Further extenuation may be found in another, not unreasonable, supposition, that at the time Hamlet had some lurking suspicion of her unfair position (that she was to draw him into conversation while the king and her father listened). She inherited her father's courtier-like insincerity. . . . When asked, "Where is your father," she replied, "At home," knowing Polonius to be a covert listener at that moment.'

Concerning the madness of Hamlet the two gentlemen agree. It is 'sometimes feigned, and sometimes real. The feigned madness, Polonius, without seeing through it, perceives has method in it. His real madness is *towering passion*, transient, momentary. It overwhelms at once the brightest genius, the soundest reason, and the kindliest heart ever exhibited in combination on the stage.'

The underlined words are in italics in the original.

J. H. Pence.

EDITORS POET-LORE, — It is somewhat late to comment on "The Ethics of Robert Browning" in Boyesen's 'Literary and Social Silhouettes;' late because its author can no longer defend his utterances, and because its dicta have in all probability been thoroughly discussed. The essay, however, has only just come to my notice; I have seen no reference to it; and one of its assumptions I feel inclined to deny.

With the writer's main assertion I have here no special contention. Browning's philosophy as to the function of evil in the universe may easily have allied him at times, in a quizzical, intellectual way, with those who believe in sinning "in order that grace may abound." It is with an evident gusto of intellectual satisfaction that he puts in the mouth of Blougram that reference to the "blessed evil." In his love of strenuous action, whether within or without the pale of conventional morality, Browning shows kinship with Carlyle. If his point, though, as the essayist insists, can be

proved by twenty instances, it is hardly necessary that one which does not belong there should be included in the list; and I am very sure that what he says regarding 'A Light Woman' is based on a misconception.

Boyesen sets up Browning as the speaker in this monologue, — an indefensible assumption. Let me quote his statements, grounded on this fundamentally wrong notion. "The poet tells how he alienated the affections of his friend's mistress." He does nothing of the sort; the unknown speaker tells to Browning an episode in his own experience. "Browning has taken particular pains to identify himself with the story by affixing his sign-manual, as it were, — his full name in the last verse." He is identified with the story as the Wedding Guest was identified with the tale of the Ancient Mariner — he listened (though possibly not perforce) to the rehearsal of its details. "The manner in which it is told proves that moral obligations sit lightly on this poet." It certainly proves that they sit lightly on the teller; but that is another story. "I doubt if any one who reads the whole will contend that it could have been written by a moralist." Surely all of us will agree that if Browning is speaking in his own person, the taste descends to the level of the disgusting when he brazenly parades his name; but then he is n't, as can easily be shown.

Let us briefly examine the poem. To begin with, if the poet is the speaker, he proves himself an insufferable egotist; witness the complacent reference to his nobility and his fame. Unless the necessity is absolute, I decline, for one, to regard him as presenting in this fashion even an imaginary experience. But sentimental considerations are not all; the theory involves an absurdity in the closing stanza. The poet declares he has reached the end of his understanding; here, as far as he is concerned, "the story stays," and then in the next breath he turns it over to himself as a subject for a drama.

Take, now, the other view. Let the poet be the one addressed; let every "I" refer to the unknown speaker, and every "you" and "your" (except in the direct quotation of the thirteenth stanza) to Browning; bad taste and incongruity are eliminated at a stroke.

The closing stanza, moreover, is in full accord with this interpretation; the speaker confesses his inability to cope with the puzzling problem, and passes it on to Browning, a handler by profession of the exceptional and the obscure.

Looked at from this standpoint, the poem vindicates Browning from the charge that is brought against him. To adapt the words of Boyesen, "the manner in which it is told proves that moral obligations do *not* sit lightly on the poet." Twice during the recital he shows clearly how it strikes him. His curling lip extorts a plea for a brief suspending of judgment, and the teller cringes, as well he may, before the searching questions of the eleventh stanza. Whatever may be true in other poems, in 'A Light Woman' the Browning ethics are certainly above reproach.

Charles B. Wright.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

—— HOWELLS' recent consideration in *Literature* of the attitude of New York society toward literary art is not so flattering toward the "literary centre" as it might be. He says:—

"New York society has not taken to our literature. New York publishes it, criticises it, and circulates it, but I doubt if New York society much reads it or cares for it, and New York is therefore by no means the literary centre that Boston once was, though a large number of our literary men live in or about New York. Boston, in my time at least, had distinctly a literary atmosphere, which more or less pervaded society; but New York has distinctly nothing of the kind, in any pervasive sense. It is a vast mart, and literature is one of the things marketed here; but our good society cares no more for it than for some other products bought and sold here; it does not care nearly so much for books as for horses or for stocks, and I suppose it is not unlike the good society of any other metropolis in this."

But Boston, so far as we can see, still "cares." Its literary taste might be more penetrating and more open, above all, less sheepish; but the root of the matter is still here, and probably will stay. It does care. And where the literary heart is, there is the literary centre always. Hence these tears of Mr. Howells! It may be the flesh-pots of Egypt will not permit him to forget Israel.

—— It is easy to gird at one's own age,—the "friendless Present," as Emerson called it,—but however contrary to the essential truth it may be to depreciate that "Now" which enfolds all the glory of the Future, hits at it are not always so clever nor with so much truth hidden in them as these Riddles of the Modern:—

"When is a child not a child? Now.
When is a woman not a woman? Now.
When is a lady not a lady? Now.
When is society not society? Now.
When is a sovereign not a sovereign? Now.
When is a farmer not a farmer? Now.
When is a servant not a servant? Now.
When is art not art? Now.
When is life not life? Now.
When is everything nothing? Now."

—— It is said that Rudyard Kipling betrayed his real scorn of the "land of the free" in the following stanza, put in the mouth of the personified city of Quebec, in his 'Song of the English,' but which was judiciously expunged from the edition of his 'Seven Seas' made for the American market:—

"Quebec.

From my gray scarp I view with scornful eyes
Ignoble broil of freedom most unfree.
Fear nothing, mother; where the carrion lies
That Unclean Bird must be."

—— This may be a shock to some of the imperialist poet's American adherents; but, after all, there is nothing more in it or as much of the ordinary fogy prejudice against the democratic idea than exhales from the whole book, as was pointed out in the review in *Poet-lore* of 'The Seven Seas.' Whatever else Kipling may be, he is not a poet of the van-guard of progress.

—— The papyrus, dating from the middle of the first century, which was discovered several months ago in an Egyptian tomb, and found to contain Odes by Bacchylides, Pindar's rival, was torn in about two hundred pieces. To make out the twenty poems, six virtually complete, into which these fragments were resolved, was the task of Dr. F. G. Kenyon, whose work has now been published. The first fourteen odes in the new volume are in celebration of victories in the athletic games. The six remaining odes were probably written as pæans to be sung by choirs at festivals of Apollo or Dionysus. In effect, they are lyrical idyls in which the literary interest is predominant, brief studies of moments in legends which had been the subjects of previous epical treatment. Of the eighteenth ode *The Academy* gives the following version: The dialogue is between Ægeus, king of Athens, and his wife, Medea, who speak alternate strophes. Theseus, the son of Ægeus, who has been brought up at Troezen, is coming to Athens, doing deeds of heroism on his way. A herald has announced the advent of a formidable stranger: —

Medea. "King of Sacred Athens! Lord of the Ionians who live delicately! Why has the trumpet's brazen note even now blared forth its warlike message? Is it that some foeman with his host besets the frontiers of our land? Or do raiders of evil intent harry the herds by force, hungry for fat cattle! Or of what does thy heart misgive thee? Speak; for of all men thou, I ween, hast brave young hearts at need, thou, a king sprung from Pandion and Creusa."

Ægeus. "But even now came a herald, footing it over the long Isthmian way; and unheard deeds of a mighty doer he tells. The insolent Sinis he has slain, strongest among men, the child of Kronos's son who split the ravine and shakes the earth. He has slain the man-eater in the glens of Krommyon, and slain Skiron who lorded it in might. He has stayed the wrestling-school of Kerkyon, and the dread club of Polypemon has Prokoptes dropped, for he met with the better man. My heart misgives me how these things shall end."

Medea. "Whom reports he the man to be, and whence coming? What his garb? Brings he a great array in harness of war, or comes he alone and unarmed, like some wandering merchant to an alien land, this man who is so strong and brave and bold, that he

has quelled the strength of mighty champions? Surely some god impels him that he may wreak justice on the unjust. How else should one be doing always and light on no mischance? But of all this will time see the issue."

Ægeus. "Two squires and no more he tells of, and a sword on the gleaming shoulders, and in the hands two polished darts. Upon his auburn hair is a cunning helm of Lacedæmon, and for raiment he has a purple shirt and a wooly mantle of Thessalian weft. The light in his eyes is as the fires of Lemnos. Only a lad is he, in the morning of life. His heart is set on the joys of Ares — war and the clash of bronze in battle. And his questing is for the splendors of Athens town."

—— Of the poetic style of Bacchylides in comparison with Pindar's, and as these newly discovered poems reveal it, Dr. Kenyon says, in his Introduction to the volume in which he gives the Greek text, that although circumstances have brought them into competition, the characteristics of the two poets are, in fact, "Wholly dissimilar. In Pindar (orthodox though his sentiments are in substance) the note of individuality is prominent. Like Æschylus, like Dante, like Shakespeare even, at times, like Shelley, like Browning, his fertility of imagination and expression throws stumbling-blocks in the way of the reader's understanding, and he is at once strikingly impressive and markedly difficult. Bacchylides is the negation of all this. He is conventional in the forms of his poems and restrained in the expression of his sentiments. His merits are merits rather of art than of invention. He has lucidity, grace, picturesqueness, and an easy command of rhythm. He is an artist in verse, rather than an original genius."

—— The most recent addition to the picture gallery of the Shakespeare Memorial is a beautiful oil painting, a portrait of Lady Gregory, better known by her stage name, Mrs. Stirling, in character as the Nurse in 'Romeo and Juliet.' The portrait, which is the work of Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, represents Mrs. Stirling as an old

lady dressed in a brocade gown, in which the prevailing colors are green and rich browns and reds. This picture was bequeathed to the Memorial Association by Sir Charles Hutton Gregory, K. C. M. G. An earlier portrait of Mrs. Stirling as Peg Woffington was presented to the gallery some years ago. A portrait of the late Mr. Henry Graves, one of the first governors of the Shakespeare Memorial, and donor of a fine collection of Shakespearian paintings, has also been presented by his son, Mr. Algernon Graves.

—— ALL students of Shakespeare know that the quarto editions of the plays, published many of them during Shakespeare's life, were not authorized by him nor printed from his manuscripts, but from the actors' copy of their parts, and from stenographic copies stolen by the publishers during the performances of the plays. The actors' names occasionally appearing in the older texts (as also in the First Folio) are an evidence of the first way of getting hold of the text, which it was not to the interest of Shakespeare's company to have printed. Of the second way, the short-hand method, some curious facts have been brought out by Mr. Kurt Derwischeit, an authority on stenography, who has of late made the traces of stenography in the Plays the subject of special studies. He has found that the short-hand system used by these copyists was that of Timothy Bright (born 1550), the author of the first English book on short-hand, published in 1588. There are over five hundred different English short-hand alphabets; the first three English books on short-hand being Bright (1588), Willis (1602), and Shelton (1650). The system of Shelton is the one in which Samuel Pepys wrote his "Diary."

—— WHITMAN'S note-books were a curiosity, as those who have had a chance to see some of these home-made paper booklets now in the possession of his literary executors know. It was his habit to classify his topics, and keep generally to an assigned subject, or various phases of it, throughout each booklet. Among these note-

books are a series solely upon words, in which he rings the changes upon a string of synonyms, notices little shades of difference, and shows in fact that his extraordinary diction was carefully pondered and aimed toward designed effects.

Among the memoranda in a little book on poetry and suggestions for poems, the following struck our eyes, and we give it here with Mr. Traubel's permission, who owns the tiny brochure from which it was taken: —

> ☞ Every Poem of any thing must enclose and express the SPIRITUALITY and JOY of that thing — (of the train of that thing) — (of those things) — not to be a mere didactic
>
> All poems, or any other expressions of literature that do not tally with their writer's actual life and knowledge are lies.
>
> I must not fail to SATURATE my poems with ☞ *things substantial.*
>
> (?) *Poem of Large* (?) *Personality.*
>
> (make this poem for women just as much as men)
>
> personality { pride / self-esteem / self-appreciation / egotism / elevatedness

The question-marks are frequently prefixed to special words in these memoranda to denote hesitancy in Whitman's mind as to whether these are the right words. Apparently he had his favorite words "Song" and "Chant" in mind instead of "Poem," and was turning over various alternatives and clews to the right word for "Personality," as the little list below it indicates.

—— IT may be said that the Americans are not all *American*; and there is truth in that. But often enough, too, they are what they forswear. Like a microbe in the air, the "time-spirit" infects them, and the most conservative may bear to the eyes of the stranger the brand of an honorable difference from the old-world

quality. For example, it is a hopeful sign of the American distinctiveness happily growing upon us that the *Edinburgh Review* for April, in a review of recent American novels, recognizes it in this way: —

"The American people are above all nonconformist; one feels that in Mr. Harold Frederic's merciless study of their religious phases; one feels it in Mr. Fuller's sketches of Chicago, with its riches won since yesterday, conscientiously endeavoring to invent social forms and adopt luxuries, yet ill at ease among them. The old Puritan breaks out in spite of deep carpets piled over him and butlers sitting on his head. One sees nonconformity even in Mr. Stephen Crane's sketches of American war, where every soldier in the ranks is a critic; but one sees it most of all in Miss Wilkins, and one realizes from her that New England is the true matrix of the American type. Americans may have got from elsewhere their versatility, their calculating power, and their passion for novelty; but they took from New England the quality which they themselves call grit."

—— THE original of Rochester in Charlotte Brontë's 'Jane Eyre,' says Mr. Wemyss Reid in *The Speaker,* "was the brother of Ellen Nussey — a West Riding merchant who had all the unpolished force and dogged egotism which sometimes marked the Yorkshire magnate in those days. Charlotte idealized him into Rochester, and planted him in the midst of circumstances of which his own life knew nothing."

—— CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S old friend, Ellen Nussey it is, who told Mr. Reid the following story: —

"Charlotte and her husband went for a walk on the moors with their guest. 'Are you not going to write anything more?' asked Miss Nussey of Charlotte. 'Oh,' was the reply, 'I have got a story in my head, but Arthur does not wish me to write it. He thinks I should attend to other things now.' Miss Nussey thereupon contended with Mr. Nicholls against his idea that a clergyman's wife ought not to engage in literary work. 'I married Charlotte Brontë, not Currer Bell,' was the husband's rejoinder."

—— LET the minor poets take comfort! The *London Academy* makes this unexpected admission in a recent issue: —

"In major poetry England easily leads, but American minor poetry is perhaps a few degrees better than our own. There is a crisper manner across the Atlantic, a clearer sense of what is to be said, a gayer movement."

Yet let them still beware of authoritativeness, and remember that it is just possible *The Academy* does not know.

—— APROPOS, however, of the superior "crispness" of the American minor poet, it bestows an adjective of praise on Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson's 'Children of the Night,' which it is pleasant to record here, if our readers remember the *Poet-lore* review of his earlier pamphlet collection of verse.

—— THE following good illustration of the dependence of literary criticism upon the point of view is given in the Tennyson Memoir: —

"'Read the exquisite songs of Burns,' Tennyson once besought De Vere. 'In shape each of them has the perfection of the berry, in light the radiance of the dew-drop: you forget for its sake those stupid things, his serious pieces.' On the same day Mr. De Vere met Wordsworth, who praised Burns as a great genius who had brought poetry back to Nature, adding: 'Of course, I refer to his serious efforts, such as "The Cotter's Saturday Night" — those foolish little amatory songs of his one has to forget.' This story of contrariety was told by Mr. De Vere that evening to Sir Henry Taylor, whose comment was: 'Burns's exquisite songs and Burns's serious efforts are to me alike tedious and disagreeable reading.'"

—— READERS of Browning know that in spite of his boyish enthusiasm for Byron, he criticised him in later life, recurring with displeasure from time to time, in 'Fifine' and elsewhere, to the bathos and *blague* of his apostrophe to the ocean and also to its bad grammar. Concerning this famous stanza of Byron's ("Roll

on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll," etc.) which ends with the baldly ungrammatical expression, "there let him lay," it is said that some one wrote to the publisher, when a new edition of Byron appeared recently in England, insisting that Byron must have meant to have no mark at all after the word "lay," but that the sentence ran on to the next stanza, as follows : —

> There let him lay
> The armaments which thunderstrike the walls, etc.

In reply the publisher, Murray, wrote as follows : —

"In answer to your inquiry, I write to inform you that the well-known passage in the fourth canto of 'Childe Harold,' 'There let him lay,' is no misprint. I have the original in my possession, and the word and the full stop are as clear as can possibly be.

"Moreover, the stanza beginning 'The armaments which thunderstrike the walls,' etc., was not in the original draft, but was added last of all.

"As originally written, the word 'lay' was followed by 'Thou glorious mirror,' etc., so that it could not have been Byron's intention to run on the sense from one stanza to the next.

"He uses the word 'lay' in a similar incorrect way elsewhere."

—— "WHAT programmes have you that have not yet been printed or advertised in *Poet-lore?* To this question recently put by several correspondents we reply here, for their benefit and that of others who may be interested, that the following have been prepared for various Literary and Patriotic societies, and may be had by sending to us : —

1. PRESENT-DAY POETS. 17 meetings devoted to an American and a British group of living poets, and giving Representative Readings, query for discussion, and book-list for each meeting. (Fee, $5.00.)

2. PRESENT CENTURY GERMAN LIFE AND LETTERS. 18 meetings arranged on same plan as preceding course. *This one will not be ready till September.* (Fee, $5.00.)

3. DISCOVERIES IN AMERICA. Including (1) Norse, (2) Spanish, (3) Portuguese, and (4) Dutch Discoveries. 18 meetings, giving topics, query for discussion, and book-lists. Prepared for Colonial Dames of Tennessee. (Fee, $8.00.)

4. THE ŒDIPUS STORY IN LITERATURE, including Plays of Sophokles, Æschylus, and Euripides, Shakespeare's 'Lear' and Ibsen's 'Borkman.' 21 meetings, giving topics for Papers, Hints for their preparation, and queries for discussion. (Fee, $8.00.)

5. BROWNING'S 'RING AND THE BOOK.' 15 meetings, giving topics for Papers and queries for discussion. (Fee, $3.00.)

—— IN a valuable paper on the Spanish sources of Dramatic Literature, especially of England in Shakespeare's day, by Leo Bahlsen, in the *Zeitschrift für vergleichende Litteraturgeschichte*, it is shown that, in spite of the political tension between Spain and England in the Elizabethan era, the influence of Spain on English literature was something astonishing. Spanish was widely spoken in London circles, and in an era remarkable for its activity in literary translation, no Spanish work of any significance escaped the treatment of English writers, who wrought up the material afresh. Beaumont and Fletcher availed themselves largely of the materials of Spanish literature; Shakespeare drew on it for his 'Twelfth Night;' the anonymous comedy of 'The Spaniard in Florence' was from the same source; Beaumont-Fletcher's 'Maid of the Mills' is indebted for its material to Lopes Quinta de Florence; Fletcher's 'Island Princess' to La Conquista de las Malaccas; Fletcher's 'Elder Brother' to Calderon's De una causa dos Effectos; Webster's 'Duchess of Malfi' to Lope de Vegas's Major domo de la Duquesa de Amalfi; and the list might be extended indefinitely, while the novels of Cervantes have afforded material for English poets to this day, as, for example, in Longfellow's 'Spanish Student.'

A NIGHT IN A CATHEDRAL.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

LATE in the summer, or you may call it early in the autumn, a few years ago, I was making, unaccompanied, a pedestrian tour in the northwest of France. One of the first places I visited was Amiens, where I arrived on the afternoon of a bright sunny day. I almost immediately went to the Cathedral, in which I spent an hour and a half before dinner at the *table d'hôte*. Knowing very little about the technicalities of architecture, I will not attempt to give a description of the church, but will only say that I had never seen such entire loveliness in all my life. Since that time I have seen many cathedrals, in Germany and Italy, as well as in France, some of which are perhaps to be placed before this at Amiens; but it still remains in my memory with a peculiar tenderness, — something like the first love of childhood, which the loves of manhood can never efface.

Almost immediately after the *table d'hôte* I returned to it. By this time the sun had set, and the short twilight rapidly died away. The cathedral was to me now a totally different place from

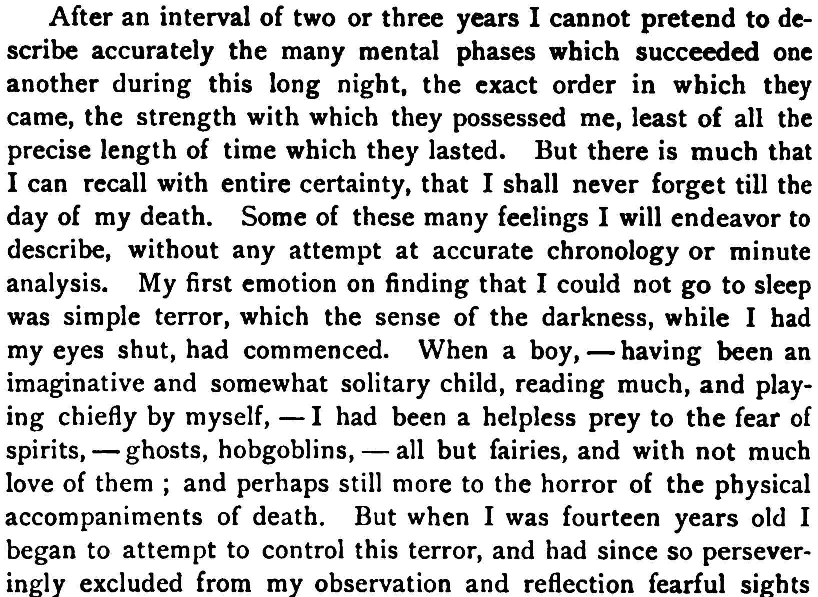
what it had been in the broad sunshine. I had examined it carefully and minutely before dinner, and thus I now had a considerable knowledge of its details, which were every moment becoming dimmer and dimmer, one after another fading altogether out of my sight. And now the influence of the place stole over me, growing stronger and stronger as the darkness increased. While I could see the rose windows, and could make out distinctly the tracery and the stained glass, the exquisite figures of the stone carvings in the choir aisles, the stilted arches of the apse, and the carving of the stalls, the building had been so beautiful that I felt no awe of it, nothing graver than love. I even took pride in it as a glorious work of man, nay, felt vain myself that I was a man also like those who had planned and built this miracle of beauty. But in the solemn twilight, in the deepening darkness, I saw farther and more truly; I saw it as a house of God, and all my pride was bowed down, and I was filled full of awe and humility. I paced up and down the aisles; I passed chapel after chapel, kneeling before which I could dimly see hundreds of people, scattered throughout the vast space. I walked softly, almost on tiptoe, fearing to disturb them, and feeling some shame, or, at the least, regret that I was not praying with them. I passed the awful light in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament; the painted glass was faintly illumined, adding to the solemnity, with its pure holy color. Light after light came out in the immense expanse; the feet of French people, walking with more familiarity in their own accustomed church than I, a stranger, echoed from time to time. Every now and then the shutting of a door reverberated with a hollow but musical sound, and, scattering the stillness for a moment, the next moment made it still deeper. And for a few minutes I heard voices chanting, far off, I knew not where; perhaps in a Lady chapel attached to the Cathedral. They were scarcely audible; heard, even so faintly, only because of the depth of the silence. The magic of their sweetness is beyond all power of words to tell. In the hope of hearing them better, I sat down on one of the many rush-bottomed chairs in the nave, looking up towards the choir. They soon ceased, but I still sat, looking through the rood-screen, at the apse, of which

I could see very little distinctly now. I did not care much for that; so well had its details been impressed on my memory, though at times it was painful to distinguish so little, the grandeur and extent so overpowered me and weighed me down.

The night darkened, and still I sat or walked. The people present went away gradually, and fewer and fewer came in their stead, till at length I could see no one in the whole church. I did not know what time it was, having no watch with me, and not having heard a clock strike. I guessed it was about nine, and I expected that the cathedral would soon be closed ; but I was loath to leave it until the very moment when the doors should be shut. I waited, as it seemed, about a quarter of an hour, without seeing any one, or hearing any human sound. So, comforting myself with the intention of returning in the morning, and going into the choir, and up into the triforium, and the tower and spire, I walked with reluctant steps to the south door, by which I had entered. It was fast ; so I went to the door at the west end, but found that closed too. Upon this I walked to the north, but was greatly disconcerted to find the entrance there blocked up. With much quicker steps I went back to the west door and tried it again ; shook it, pushed it, examined it as minutely as I could in the darkness, but all in vain. With increased trepidation I returned to the south door, trying to calm myself by the thought that it was the one most likely to be open, and that I had tried it at first somewhat carelessly. I examined it more carefully than even the west door, but equally in vain. I was now really alarmed, so I walked somewhat slowly round the whole church, looking out keenly and anxiously for another door. I walked completely round twice, but found no exit; there were only the doors leading to the towers. There was no longer room for doubt; I was shut up in the church by myself. I can scarcely tell what was my first feeling on this discovery. Often the first emotion on the reception of startling news is almost the very worst representative of the multiplicity of feelings which it will afterwards from time to time occasion. Intelligence, the effect of which has been strong upon one for years afterwards, in the various phases of anger, grief, remorse, regret, at the time of

receiving it, has left me almost as it found me — with the mind doubtless stunned by the suddenness of the blow — only a little flurried, and unable to think consecutively, and this excitement rather giving pleasure than pain.

And so this night I cannot say what feeling was predominant when I first discovered that I was shut up alone in so awful a place. Which came first? Was it terror, or a sort of sentimental pleasure, or resolution, or simple regret? I cannot tell; for a few seconds perhaps none at all very strongly or decidedly; or rather, all were absorbed in, or more or less mixed with, surprise. But very soon they came, and for many long hours they stayed, feelings of such strength and acuteness as I have rarely experienced at other times even for a few minutes. My first thought was to try to sleep, both in the hope of thus passing the time in unconsciousness, and because I was very much tired. I placed three chairs side by side and lay down upon them. I had slept soundly many a time on a bed as hard; but I had not calculated upon the cold, which, when I came to keep still, I found intense.



After an interval of two or three years I cannot pretend to describe accurately the many mental phases which succeeded one another during this long night, the exact order in which they came, the strength with which they possessed me, least of all the precise length of time which they lasted. But there is much that I can recall with entire certainty, that I shall never forget till the day of my death. Some of these many feelings I will endeavor to describe, without any attempt at accurate chronology or minute analysis. My first emotion on finding that I could not go to sleep was simple terror, which the sense of the darkness, while I had my eyes shut, had commenced. When a boy, — having been an imaginative and somewhat solitary child, reading much, and playing chiefly by myself, — I had been a helpless prey to the fear of spirits, — ghosts, hobgoblins, — all but fairies, and with not much love of them; and perhaps still more to the horror of the physical accompaniments of death. But when I was fourteen years old I began to attempt to control this terror, and had since so perseveringly excluded from my observation and reflection fearful sights

and thoughts, that for the most part I held it in complete abeyance. But it was the safety rather of one who flies, and escapes for the time, than of one who fights and overcomes once and forever. I felt, I feel even now, that if I were suddenly brought before some very terrible thing, — I say it with full belief, — I even fear I should go mad. So now, all alone in darkness, in what seemed the dead of night, though probably it was not ten o'clock, in a place so fearful as a church, with the dead beneath my feet, and with spirits appearing to hover all round me, all the old fear and horror rushed back upon me, and seized me wholly, utterly powerless against them. The skeletons rose from beneath the stones; thin white ghosts glided before me; the fiends in the tympanum, and from under the feet of the saints, thronged into the church and menaced me; the gargoyles followed them, and played uncouth antics all about me, on the floor, in the triforium, in the stalls — mowing and grimacing at me. I heard their hideous, half-human cries distinctly, mingled with the rattling of the bones of the skeletons. In a few minutes after the first shock Reason came to my aid. I need not record her arguments, everybody could guess them, and everybody, like myself, would have found no relief from them. Presently Imagination succeeded her, with a little more success, telling me that I was not in a common church, with a graveyard round it, but in a glorious Cathedral, the centre, as it were, of the living town; that the dead who lay beneath my feet were not ordinary men, but heroes and saints, buried here as a great honor and privilege, sanctified themselves and adding sanctity to their resting-place; that above the fiends stood angels and holy men treading upon them in triumph. These thoughts somewhat mitigated my fear, but were far from charming it altogether away.

But now that it had once been checked I summoned up all my resolution to keep it down. I looked out boldly into the darkness, and tried to fill up the details of the architecture as I had seen them in the daylight. In such a multitude of beauties it is hazardous to say what had most impressed and delighted me; but if I were to select anything it would be the stone carvings in the aisles of the

choir, representing on one side the history of St. John the Baptist, on the other the history of a bishop, I presume a Bishop of Amiens. I had been particularly struck by the calm, pure beauty of some of the faces; and now standing before these carvings in the darkness I tried to recall those countenances, to still the tumult of my dread by their heavenly repose. They came out from the blankness, but with partial distinctness, after a little while passing off into foul and ugly faces of demons and wicked men, which increased my fright.

Upon this I attempted to realize the performance of Mass in the Cathedral. I had not yet heard Divine service in France, and had but a very vague conception of the grand and beautiful music which in a little while I heard in the Cathedrals of Beauvais, Chartres, and Rouen. I had heard the Roman Catholic service performed a few times in England, and had been greatly impressed by its splendor and pathos; but I had no idea how the Mass and Vespers, as celebrated in these French churches, range rapidly through every variety of feeling, — now a solemn, simple Gregorian chant, presently a solo on the organ, bowing the hearer prostrate with its pathos; now organ and choir bursting out in a loud song of triumph, as if for some victory just won over the powers of evil, which anon subsides into a strong but melodious strain of calm joy, like the angels singing in their undisturbed bliss of eternity. Accordingly, I guided myself chiefly by the remembrance of Mozart's Requiem, which I had heard performed at Exeter Hall; but both from this circumstance and from the influence of the darkness, my Mass became a service for the dead: the organ played a mournful prelude; I heard the sorrowful "De Profundis" sung by bass voices to a Gregorian chant, then a priest intoned words which I could not understand, till suddenly it seemed that the whole choir of the church was filled with a huge orchestra and chorus, which thundered forth with stern sublimity, as I had actually heard in the "Dies Iræ" of the Requiem, that fearful cry of self-condemned humanity: —

> "Quantus tremor est futurus,
> Quando Judex est venturus,
> Cuncta stricte discussurus!"

As I have said before, I cannot pretend to accuracy in this account, and accordingly I do not know whether what I am about to describe came next in order or not. I set myself to work to call back the times in which the Cathedral was built, and to summon up before me its builders and its earliest congregations. I knew nothing of its history, except that its date might be placed generally in the thirteenth century. I knew also very little of the Middle Ages; but I could not help knowing enough to picture vague figures of bishops and priests in rochet and cope, knights in chain armor, crusaders with the cross on their left shoulder, among them the holy Louis, with his beautiful, devoted face, and his companion-in-arms, our own Edward, with his loving, brave wife, Eleanor, and by association, the lion-hearted king, the most stalwart of them all, whose very name passed into a word of terror among the Saracens.

I saw also the masons at work on the statues, while others of the guild painted the frescos; and in the midst of them the architect himself, whose name I knew not, whose name, it may be, the world is equally ignorant of, such is the caprice of fame, — the chief designer of this grandeur and beauty, but himself a workman like the rest, a master mason. I saw him carving a statue in the tympanum, — the Virgin Mary, whose face grew beneath his hands with such pure loveliness as I had never seen in face before, either in art or in actual life. And next him was a young man, who perhaps was his favorite pupil, placing a female saint on the back of a devil, which was already fixed up in the porch, crouching down helplessly, though with defiance in his looks; but before the saint's feet could be set upon him he leaped down from his place and gambolled into the church; and, oh horror! he was followed by a host of devils and gargoyles; and the stern knights and sad priests rose from their graves, skeletons with armor and robes dangling and folding about them, making the night hideous beyond endurance.

All my courage was beaten down. I rushed to the west door; I shook it with all my force, I struck it with both my fists, I hurled my weight frantically against it, but no answer came except hollow

reverberations, after which the stillness deepened tenfold. It was beyond the power of man to bear; I shrieked aloud! Fool, fool, that I was, who could hear me? Only frightful echoes of my own voice mocked the wild cries of my senseless anguish.

Then my frantic violence suddenly gave way, but only to a quieter kind of despair, and I burst into tears, sitting down on a tomb of a knight that is placed at the west end. But by this time, fortunately, I had become very sleepy, and despite the cold I fell into a doze, which came to me at first as a most welcome relief. But soon my terror pursued me into my sleep, and brought up before me visions which I had not seen since I was a boy, lying ill of sick headache. It seemed that I was in some place unutterably vast, which at one time appeared the Cathedral, at another time vaster even than the earth itself. But huge as it was, it kept pitilessly growing on every side, higher, deeper, wider; I say pitilessly, for there was a personality in the inanimate objects of my dreams, which was perhaps their greatest torment. Then I felt myself in the presence of awful, cold beauty, — inexpressibly lovely, but with no love for me. It was as if some old friend had proved false, or as if I had hitherto mistaken my own nature, and aimed at that which was too high for me. How miserable, how degraded I felt! I could see the beauty but could not feel it, — at least not as I had felt it of old, when it was almost unmixed delight to me; but now I could only feel fear, not mere awe, of it, and I had lost a power which I had thought would never leave me, which seemed my life, my essence, my very self.

Then I was standing in the midst of friends, and we were together, talking softly and tenderly; but suddenly, in a second, I stood, I know not how carried thither, on an island alone; of immense size it seemed, with a limitless ocean rolling round it, — yet far off at an infinite distance I could see myriads of men and women in the world, and could catch, how faintly and mournfully, the hum of their voices as they talked together. What agony of desolation! Separated from all forever, to be a far-off spectator of men, a listener to the sound, the sound only, of their voices! I awoke starting, and opened my eyes, but only upon the intolerable

blackness. Like a solid wall it stood round me on every side. I seemed in the heart of a rock, a mountain; buried, but in worse than a tomb, with its cold obstruction of earth; buried in darkness, in darkness which might be felt, which closed me in, and would not let me stir. I lay motionless in an agony of stillness, for I felt myself for a few seconds literally unable to move.

I was still very sleepy, and probably passed great part of the night in a state of drowsiness; but the cold, which, while it cruelly ate into my body, yet in some measure befriended me by drawing off my attention from my mental suffering, would not permit me to sleep, or even to stand still long together. Motion on the one hand diverted my fear, but on the other hand it had its peculiar terrors. It was while I was moving that the fear of the darkness was the greatest. It seemed to present an impassable barrier to my advance; sometimes it seemed itself to advance against me, threatening to devour me; at times it was full of all horrible things, but generally it was mere void blankness, more fearful, I think, than even when it seemed alive with demons and foul beasts. But yet greater was the dread of passing the doors that lead to the towers. The terror, yet fascination of these was beyond description. I had rarely gone up into towers, and they were as yet a mystery to me; a belfry was as strange and dreadful a place to me as a vault. But to this was now added the immense height of the Cathedral; I felt the well-known longing to throw myself down from it, and it seemed as if, in the utter darkness, could I have ascended the tower and got on to one of the parapets I could not have resisted the spell. I say as I walked by those doors I was in positive alarm for my life; my will was thoroughly weakened, quite broken by terror, agitation, and want of sleep. I had no power to prevent myself from passing by the doors, neither could I make head against the desire of entering one of them and mounting to the parapet. In this agony one thought alone comforted me, the belief, the almost certain assurance that the doors would be locked. So, half with this expectation, to put an end to my fascination, half in obedience to it, I tried the locks.

Thank God! it was as I had expected; they were fast. And thus the long hours went on, and still the darkness continued.

I could stretch my account to much greater length by waiting till memory should give substance and continuity to those shadowy fragments which are now floating in my mind. I might tell how strangely the symbolical character of the Gothic architecture affected me, though I knew little of the symbolism; at one time relieving me by engaging my mind in an attempt to understand its meaning; at another time deepening my fear by its mysteriousness. Or I might attempt to describe more at length and with more accuracy my physical sensations, the effects of the cold, of the dampness, of the fatigue, of the want of sleep, of the faint hunger that every now and then reminded me that I had eaten nothing since six o'clock the preceding evening. But I must draw to a close, telling only of the last stage of my sufferings, when the morning came at length to end them.

Gray and dreary, it broke very slowly; for some time only darkness visible, and little by little the tracery of the windows, and the stone carvings, and the capitals of the pillars, were given back from the gloom. How different they seemed now, in this desolate dawn, and yesterday, when I first beheld them, in the brightness of the afternoon sun. For the morning, a little while back so eagerly longed for, now, when it was come, was almost as unwelcome as the night. I have never in all my life besides felt such profound sadness as now while this dawn was slowly brightening. Alone in a foreign country, shut up in a church, the ghostly twilight shimmering in through stained glass, I was prostrated in utter dejection. It seemed that all the sorrows of my life rose to my mind, which, by its very weariness, was unable to control its thoughts, — sorrows which in the active day had not risen from their tombs for months and years; above all, the great sorrow which for a time had made the earth, a garden before, a very wilderness to me. I saw faces which I had not looked upon for years, — faces of the dead, and sadder still, faces of the changed; these last coming sometimes with the smile of the kinder, earlier time, sometimes with the cold look of estrangement.

My living friends also passed before me, but with looks how different from their own! None laughing, — a few smiling, but sorrowful smiles, — and one or two were weeping; and I listened, and the voices were changed; and it seemed a voice, once heard how often, and still remembered how vividly, sobbing, and, amid its sobs, brokenly uttering my name, a voice which I had never heard weep, but which I had often thought must have wept bitterly many times over lost love.

At last, at last, the key turned in the lock of the south door, and the world was open to me again; but I walked to the entrance leisurely, almost listlessly, too far exhausted to feel much joy at my deliverance.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

BY ÉDOUARD ROD.

THEY had been living for five or six years at the end of Lafontaine Street in Auteuil, coming from no one knew where. Their name was Walter, — one of those cosmopolitan names which do not betray their origin; and curious persons dwelt in that peaceful corner, and everybody there gossiped a little, in country fashion.

Twice a day, at eleven and at five o'clock, Monsieur Walter went out for his constitutional walks, very erect, and stepping briskly in spite of his seventy-five years; his figure, wearing the artificial freshness of a preserved apple, was pressed snugly into an overcoat of correct cut with a foreign order in the button-hole. On rainy days he cut short his walk, entered a *café*, skimmed the newspaper, and exchanged a word or two with the frequenters of the place. He had a curt voice, with an accent of as reticent a sort as his name, in which almost imperceptibly appeared slightly guttural tones which might be German, diphthongs which might be English, and aspirates which were perhaps Russian. "Where the devil did he come from?" people asked behind his back.

And guesses went their course: he was a German, for sure, who was hiding his nationality; or he was more probably an Englishman who did not say so because "it was nobody's business;" or most likely a Russian, after all, who made himself a mystery because he had a taste for mystery.

As for Madame Walter, she only went out on household errands, and never forgot herself so far as to gossip with the tradesmen. Several years younger than her husband, she was more broken, her hair quite white, her skin lacking freshness, her back bent, her eyes lustreless; and in her look, her walk, her air, that indescribable something of sadness belonging to persons grown old in suffering. She had only a charwoman to assist her in her housekeeping, Marianne by name, the wife of a carpet weaver, who came in the morning and left at noon, the moment Monsieur Walter returned from his constitutional promenade to sit down at the table. Marianne occupied herself only with the rooms and the coarser work; for Madame Walter herself attended to the table: a modest table, but very daintily cared for with unusual dishes, — "*risettos*" *à la Milanaise*, with chicken livers; curry; morsels of lamb *en brochettes*, as they eat them in Constantinople, calling them "chepskebas;" anchovy *fritures* and the white cheese they call "sphinx" in Sicily; all cosmopolitan dishes which no more betrayed than anything else did the origin of the pair. Of their life, Marianne saw nothing; once, having gone upstairs to look for something forgotten, she heard Monsieur Walter's angry voice in the dining-room. Two or three days afterward, she went up to try her fortune again under some pretext or other, and again heard his voice scolding. Madame Walter having intimated thereupon that if she ever re-entered their apartment outside of her "hours" she would be dismissed, she repressed her curiosity. From the little she had seen, she concluded, however, that Monsieur Walter was an exacting *gourmand*, and that his wife sentenced herself to remain alone with him in order to conceal the quarrels of their household from strangers. So she was very much astonished when Madame Walter said to her one day, —

"Can you stay all day to-morrow, Marianne? I have a dinner on hand, and shall need you."

Marianne had learned that her questions would be left unanswered; nevertheless, she asked, in a sudden paroxysm of curiosity, "Madame will have guests?" but instead of confounding her with a look imposing silence, Madame Walter explained, —

"No, but we are going to celebrate our golden wedding to-morrow, and shall give ourselves a little feast. I should like to dine on that day without having to rise from the table. You understand?"

Marianne understood: her penetration intuitively threaded the complications of the next day's programme and warned her at once that there was some mystery here, and that this golden wedding would be original.

* * *

This idea of the golden wedding arose naturally from Monsieur Walter. One day, after some disagreeable remarks upon a certain *goulasch* that he found not spiced enough, he said to his wife:

"By the way, do you know that it will be the 14th of October soon?"

For a long time she had celebrated no anniversary of any sort; even Christmas, Easter, and New Year's were scarcely separated from the monotony of every day.

"What of that?" she rejoined without understanding.

"How! 'What of that!' That date means nothing to you? That is like you, who have as little heart as head! The 14th of October is the anniversary of our marriage, — the fiftieth, my dear — the golden wedding — we ought to commemorate it, hey? A good little dinner such as you used to know how to make in your better days, with a bottle of champagne at dessert. Ah, ha! that will make us young again."

A good little dinner with champagne at dessert was all Monsieur Walter saw in the date that his gourmandism had suddenly recalled to him. As he never concerned himself about his wife, he did not notice that she grew pale and ate nothing more. And he tranquilly awaited the "great day."

Madame Walter herself was utterly upset. Fifty years! Was it possible? Had she been dragging about this slow martyrdom of her life for fifty years, — half a century, two generations? Had she been growing old these fifty years, waiting vainly for some gleam of pleasure or affection which never appeared; fifty years, during which ideas of revolt had dumbly surged up and then sunk back into the depths of her being. Fifty years ago, young, blond, pretty, the mind so alert, the heart so open, she had put her hand in the hand of this man. It happened far hence, no matter where, in a southern country, on a sunshiny day, a day of heat, amid the sighs of swooning nature, with song, laughter, gayety, and dancing. He was young. She loved him, believed in him; a fair future spread its blue horizon lightly before them. But disillusion began the morning after the wedding, when she saw in the heart of this man, adorned by her with all delicacy, a monstrous egotism expanding, reigning, and spreading; and that disillusion increased daily, monthly, yearly, above the ruins where the self-sufficiency of this man who believed only in himself hurled them both, above the travels upon which he dragged her from one end of the world to the other, above their common griefs in which he did not share, for he was well able to brush from his path every obstacle to his well-being. Nevertheless, in spite of the anguish which lengthened the hours; in spite of tears, slow to fall, — time had passed, passed so effectively that life, already done, seemed able to hide nothing more of the little of the unknown that remained to be revealed, and held only the hopes belonging to the mysterious beyond. Even those supreme hopes, had not the egotistic dryness of this man destroyed them with the rest? Had he not befouled her faith with the same railing with which he buffeted her maiden dreams? And now, standing in the ashes, disdaining the search for any fair recollection out of all those fifty dead years, turning away his glance from those that remained to be lived through, indifferent both to past regrets and future fears, he asked for a good dinner with champagne at dessert. Ah, that dinner! If it could but be a vengeance! If the poor wife could serve up all the bitterness, all the poison, absorbed drop by drop! If

it could but be the last of their life together! If she could but have the courage belatedly to realize the prospect she had so often sketched dimly, — to shake off her chains and go away and leave him alone, and live her last days free from him!

* * *

All day on his golden wedding anniversary, while awaiting the little dinner "such as his wife knew how to make," and he to like, Monsieur Walter was in a fine humor.

To tell the truth, his good humor was little better than his bad humor; it found vent in jokes of a peculiar flavor, bitter, ironical, emphasized with a little harsh, rattling laugh, the exact expression of his soul. Three or four times in the course of the day, he said to his wife, in a strain he thought subtle and witty, that he had scarcely ever had any real love for her, that all she was good for was to watch the simmering pot, and other such pretty speeches, which stung like gross insults. As usual, she made no reply save by her heartbroken look, whose sad reproach he had never understood; and the hours flew by.

Finally, the old clock of the time of the Empire, which had followed them everywhere, measuring off their travels with its antiquated bell, struck six. With the last stroke, Monsieur Walter, who re-entered from his hygienic promenade with the regularity of an enemy of burned sauces, opened the door of the dining-room. The table was not set.

There is nothing more dreary than to see that the waiting for a long-anticipated pleasure will be prolonged, and at the look of the empty room, promising endless delay, Monsieur Walter promptly fell into a rage. Exasperated, the blood flushing his face, ready for high words, he ran to the kitchen and stood stupefied when he found Marianne there and no one else.

"— And Madame? —"

"Madame has gone out."

"What? Gone out! Where? What did she say?"

"Madame said that to-day dinner would be at seven."

"Seven! An hour to wait! And gone out! Why?"

The hour was long. M. Walter never had anything cross him more painfully. He measured his study from end to end in every

sense of the word, racking his mind over the insoluble enigma which had taken possession of him: why his wife had gone out on this particular day, after changing the dinner hour? The puzzle grew, and was aggravated to such an extent that he, the least imaginative of men, ended by fancying silly fears: the idea came to him that his wife had suddenly lost her reason, and he foresaw the troublesome consequences of such an accident.

When the clock struck seven, and the hands continued to revolve, his study was too narrow to hold him; he marched through every room in the apartment, opening and shutting doors, counting his steps in order to divert his thoughts. He drew up at the kitchen; he expected that Marianne would say something. She was on her guard. She regarded him with an air somewhat malicious, which happily escaped him, for he was too self-absorbed to be observing. Finally he questioned her:—

"Well, then, she has not come back?"

"Ah! I forgot to say to Monsieur — Madame told me to say to Monsieur that Monsieur was not to feel disturbed if Madame was a little late."

A little late! An hour beyond the regular hour, and more than twenty minutes already past the hour set! And this dinner, a festival dinner, a dinner for their golden wedding, entrusted to a charwoman whose productions he had never tasted! He demanded, stifling with rage, —

"What's there to be for dinner?"

Marianne, still slyly, replied, —

"Madame said I should say nothing about it to Monsieur, as there were to be surprises."

Surprises — the word was a revelation: doubtless his wife had gone out to get something choice, rare, coming from a distance, arriving by an afternoon train, and not to be procured sooner. Good wife, all the same! and his wrath fell with a vague softening, which increased his great appetite.

* * *

A step on the stairs. The door opens. Madame Walter is there, a little pale, breathless from the four flights. Her hands are empty; there is no surprise.

"Ah! it is you, at last! It is nearly eight o'clock. What does this mean?"

"Nothing. I prefer dining late to-day. You can serve dinner, Marianne."

He had resumed his great air of the despot in his wrath; the unaccustomed calm of the reply disconcerted him. They took their places at the table silently. Marianne brought in the soup, smoking.

"Soup *au potiron — au potiron!* And you know I detest it!"

"But I, I like it very much, and it is more than thirty years since I have tasted any."

This is said in the same deliberate, intentional tone, admitting no reply; and Monsieur Walter, abashed, is left, mouth open, without a word to say, while his wife swallows slowly, with effort, several spoonfuls.

"And here is the fish!"

"Ah, that! you are teasing me. *À brochet*, and with *sauce hollandaise*, besides! As if you did not know that I like only sea fish!"

"But I, I like only fresh-water fish."

Nevertheless, she scarcely touches the portion she is served with. She looks into space with vague eyes, — the wide space behind her; the space which has engulfed her youth, her beauty, her soul, her heart, and her strength; the space of those fifty years of slavery which are all her life. Her heart is full of hatred; and when her glance falls again upon her husband, dumfounded over his plate, humiliated, frightened with a vague fright, she plays with him, with that childish mischief-making which is her sole revolt and vengeance.

"It is gay, golden weddings," Marianne said to her, as she brought in the *ragoût* of hare.

This time Monsieur Walter said to her: —

"But this is a wager! You have hunted out everything I detest."

"Everything that I love."

"One would say you had done this on purpose."

"You perceive that? Yes, I have done it on purpose."

He rises, his face purple, his fist raised, while she repeats, in her null voice: —

"Yes; I have done it on purpose."

The rebellion and the calmness seem to him so enormous that he sits down again, appeased, terrified.

"Let us see, tell me, explain to me, — I don't understand, — have you gone crazy? Do you know what you are saying to me? Is this not my golden wedding?"

"Mine, also, alas! I am not crazy. And if you wish to know what I have thought, I am going to tell you. For fifty years you have bent me to every whim of yours, you have imposed your wishes on me, without ever supposing that I could ever have any idea of my own, any sentiment that you could not wound. For fifty years I have been your slave. Well, then, I wished you to be mine, — for one hour, only one hour, and in the pettiest matters of life. Afterward, take back your liberty, and I, — I will take up my chains. I did desire to shake them off altogether, to go away, to leave you alone. I cannot do it! I am too old; I should be afraid. You understand it now?"

She trembled in every limb, and her eyes already asked pardon for her boldness. Monsieur Walter's face cleared up. Ah! it was only that! a crisis to pass through, which would not be for long; he had even an intuition that it was already past, that he could fret, scold, rage, and that his wife would ask his pardon; and for the first time in his life, no doubt because of the tension of his nerves, irritated by vague fears, he was generous: his smile was almost good-natured; he muttered, with a shrug of the shoulders, "Women will be women, after all!"

A few tears rolled from Madame Walter's eyes upon her empty plate. She wiped her eyes, and asked timidly, —

"Shall the next course be brought in? It is something that will not displease you, — a *pâté* of duck."

Monsieur Walter's eyes sparkled.

"*D'Amiens?*" he asked, and upon her sign in the affirmative added: "You had taken away my appetite, — but it will return I think. And the champagne, — did you give that up?"

"No, it is here, — *frappé*."

His face beamed. "*Frappé!*" he cried joyously. "Now I recognize you again, — and I would not wish you otherwise. I forgive you." *Translated by the Editors.*

THE STRONGHOLD.

CAME Death, and said, "Now is thy cup deep drained;"
Came Death, and said, "I touch with blasting hand
Thy love, thy hope, thyself, too weak to stand
Since Care, my stealthy slave, long in thy heart hath reigned.
And dost thou live, thy soul's star long since waned?
Its light evanished, and from that far land
No gleam to thee? Come! Now at my command
Despair and die! Thus hath thy fate ordained!"
Ah, ill-provided Death, thou and thy henchman Care
Have failed to find, deep hidden in my heart,
A little room alight with mystic glow!
The treasures of my Past enshrined there!
My changeless love, my youth, that have no part
With grief or loss, or aught that thou canst know!

Susan Whalley Allison.

TO LEUCONOË.

SEEK not to learn, Leuconoë, — a mortal may not know, —
What term of life on you or me our deities bestow.
The Babylonian soothsayers consult not, better bear
Whatever comes, — whether to you more winters Jove shall spare,
Or whether this may be the last, grinding the Tuscan Sea
On yonder rocks. Even as we talk Time envious shall flee.
Filter your wine, be wise, and clip your hope to life's brief span,
Then seize to-day, to-morrow trust as little as you can.

(Translated from Horace, Book I. xi.)
Helen Leah Reed.

ON SPENSER'S 'FAERY QUEENE.'

WHEN weary of this Mammon-ridden age,
And clutching avarices ever-keen,
How pleasant 't is, beneath the leafy screen
Of some far forest's green-arched arborage,
To muse, full-stretcht, on Spenser's charmèd page,
With all its wealth of fairy knight and queen!
Anon to half-closed eyes the woodland green
Grows animate: brave champions engage;
Dragons flame fire at some poor wight unwary,
And Red Cross knights go pricking o'er the sward;
Beside his fair-haired Una solitary,
The faithful " lion keeps both watch and ward":
And all the rainbow fantasies of Faery
Unfold before the Dreamer's rapt regard.

James Duncan Smith.

TENNYSON AND OTHER DEBTORS TO SPENSER'S 'FAERIE QUEENE.'

THE touchstone of truth old Merlin made for King Arthur, — a shield of dazzling diamond, of such virtue that,

> "All that was not such as seemd in sight
> Before that shield did fade and suddeine fall," —

has its counterpart in the tests of recent science and criticism. The imagination has become so virilized, the range of vision so lengthened, the complex of truths in the real world so vast and enchanting, that we of the latest brood of time find the old didactic epic or allegorical poetry of the world of fancy unreadable.

Considered as a whole, even such a production as Spenser's 'Faerie Queene' — which title Gifford aptly calls "one of the

grossest misnomers in romance or history" — is now tiresome in the extreme to most readers. Its allegory kills it. We are either frightened by this from a half-formed purpose to read it sometime, or, if we do resolutely go through it, we yawn and pish and pooh and smile over its machinery of abstract qualities and its homilies, as over the playthings of childhood or the ancestral hats and bonnets in the garret. That fine critic, Mr. George Saintsbury, who is an enthusiastic Spenserian, feels pity for those who can only enjoy the great "show passages" of the poem, as he aptly calls them, and says we must read our Spenser continuously and constantly. Excuse us, but we really don't care for lead pipe, or caviare either, as a steady diet. Yet beware of thinking that a judicious skimming perusal and reperusal of the best books of Spenser is not well rewarded. Just as a colorist and a landscapist he richly guerdons you. The wondrous melody and beauty of his rhythm soothes and refines. And the boundless inventions of his teeming poetic imagination gratify the fancy. All this applies chiefly to the first three books. On these huge tapestries are inwrought an endless complex of scenes in the world of chivalry, — giants' enchanted castles in the depths of mossy antique forests; knights in flashing armor, rushing with lance in rest to the rescue of ladies fair; dwarfs, pages, monsters, nymphs; high-walled gardens; pellucid, flower-bordered fountains inlaid with sandy graile; and mysterious in the background the "flos regum Arthurus" and the gracious fairy queen. There is nothing more pleasing in the poem than the continual introduction of fountains and streams, and especially the delicious bowers, and pleasaunces, or walled gardens. There is the island paradise of Phædria, set like a little nest amid the wide waves, "as if it had by Nature's cunning hand been choycely picked out from all the rest," with its dainty flowers and arbors dressed with painted blossoms. There, too, is the Garden of Proserpina, gloomy-fair, in which flaunt the "dead sleeping poppy" and wave the sombre cypresses, and in the dark streams the tree of golden apples drops its fruit close by the arbor of the queen. Then the Garden of Adonis, its shady arbors covered with eglantine and caprifole, its trees decked with blossoms and fruit at the

same time, the soil covered with flowers and trees that grow without any gardener's care, and the whole surrounded by a double wall, one of gold and the other of iron, with Genius porter at the gate. And, most superbly pictured of all, Acrasia's Bower of Bliss, with its fountain of the bathing damsels, — a work of cunningest art overtrailed by ivy of green-tinted gold, its substance of marble so translucent that "the silver flood through every channell running one might see," and an ample laver paved with jasper; over all is shed the influence of enchanting music, the voices of maidens, birds, wind, and waterfall, blending in one soothing strain to lull the senses, while the wanton mistress of the garden reclines on a bed of roses, draped in robes transparent as the silk of Cos. No English poet need imitate, or ever has imitated, another in his description of gardens. The fertile island is full of them, and they have been the delight of all the poets. Chaucer loved them, and introduces them into 'The Knightes Tale,' 'The Marchaundes Tale,' 'The Schipmannes Tale,' and elsewhere. In Tennyson lawns and walled pleasaunces appear everywhere, — in 'Recollections of the Arabian Nights,' 'The Princess,' 'In Memoriam,' 'Audley Court,' 'The Gardener's Daughter,' 'The Blackbird,' 'Maud.' In a suppressed stanza of the first, or 1833, edition of 'The Lady of Shalott,' Tennyson illustrates this English love of secluded gardens by prettily saying of the home of his mysterious lady: —

> "The little isle is all inrailed
> With a rose fence, and overtrailed
> With roses."

But, however shy the general reader has fought of Spenser, the poets have not failed to visit his fairyland, and all have come forth laden with branches of his blossoms and fruit. Among these is Tennyson. Yet in the whole mass of literature on Tennyson and Spenser I can find only a few vague references that indicate a knowledge of Tennyson's debt to Spenser. Some twenty years ago, lovers of Tennyson may remember being rather startled by an article in the *Cornhill Magazine* on 'Tennyson's Creditors,' in which "J. C. C." showed, by a surprisingly exhaustive survey of

the field of ancient and modern poetry, how the laureate had unravelled and woven into his work the beautiful threads of his predecessors. But neither that writer, nor Mr. E. C. Stedman, nor Dean Kitchin, in his excellent edition of the first two books of the 'Faerie Queene,' — further, no editor of Tennyson, — has touched upon that poet's indebtedness to Spenser, which is tolerably marked. Most of the coincidences are undoubtedly but unconscious memories of the poet's reading. The picture of Haroun Alraschid,[1] sitting on a "rich throne" with its down-floating cloth of gold, recalls Spenser's description (i. 4. 8) of Lucifera in the House of Pryde: —

> "High above all a cloth of State was spred,
> And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
> On which there sate, most brave embellished
> With royall robes and gorgeous array,
> A mayden Queene."

Milton's "High on a throne of royal state" comes to mind, of course, also.

Spenser's line "On top of greene Selinis all alone" clearly gave form to that in 'Œnone,' "Came up from reedy Simois all alone." And, by the way, the whole passage in Spenser (i. 7. 32) in which this line is found was most shamelessly stolen almost verbatim by the author of 'Tamburlaine' (known from internal evidence to be Marlowe). Both 'The Faerie Queene' and 'Tamburlaine' appeared in 1590 (the latter licensed in August), but it is incredible that Spenser should have stolen so openly from young Marlowe. Spenser says of the helmet's crest of his knight that it was

> "Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
> On top of greene Selinis all alone,
> With blossoms brave bedeckèd daintily;
> Whose tender locks do tremble every one
> At everie little breath that under heaven is blowne."

[1] What a dreadful blow to our love of this good Aaron the Just of our childhood Burton gives us in his 'Arabian Nights,' as he paints with ruthless realism the actual man as seen in the execution of his life-long friend Jaffier!

The author of 'Tamburlaine' sings of a helm-plume spangled with diamonds, saying that it was

> "Like to an almond tree ymounted high
> Upon the lofty and celestial mount
> Of ever-green Selinus quaintly decked
> With blooms more white than Erycina's brows,
> Whose tender blossoms tremble every one
> At every little breath through Heaven is blown."

Other early imitators of Spenser's 'Faerie Queene' are Drayton, Phineas Fletcher in his whimsical and stupid poem, 'The Purple Island,' and Milton. The Harvard College Library owns J. Payne Collier's personal set of his superb five-volume edition of Spenser's works; and I observe that at ii. 12. 71, of the 'Faerie Queene' Collier has pasted in a manuscript note calling attention to "a barefaced and impudent imitation" and "theft" from Spenser to be found in R. Niccol's 'Cuckow' (1607). Mr. Collier quotes the passage.

I have elsewhere called attention to Spenser's pathetic story of the murdered Claribell in 'Faerie Queene,' ii. 4, as the undoubted source of Tennyson's melody, 'Claribel.' Tennyson's "Persian girl" in the 'Recollections of the Arabian Nights' is painted with the same palette used by Spenser in his portrait of the fair Belphœbe (ii. 3. 22–30), the eyelashes, brow of pearl, curls reaching to the waist, and rose-hued zone of Tennyson matching the eyelids, "even browes," "yvorie forehead," dishevelled locks, and "vermeil red" of Spenser. There is a passage in Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence' (1784), not noticed by Tennysonian editors, which seems to me, by the way, to have suggested, not any details of Tennyson's immortal Arabian Nights poem, unless it be the midnight song of the bulbul, but rather furnished the fire for his imagination, suggested the idea of the whole poem. I refer to the forty-second stanza in Thomson: —

> "Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,
> Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,
> In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
> Held their bright court, where was of ladies store;

And verse, love, music still the garland wore:
When sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there,
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the muse's lore;
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air."

The whole beautiful 'Choric Song' in 'The Lotos-Eaters' is, in my opinion, but an expansion or paraphrase of these four lines sung by the mermaids in ii. 12. 32, of the 'Faerie Queene': —

"O turne thy rudder hitherward awhile,
Here may thy storm-bett vessell safely ryde,
This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worldes sweet In from paine and wearisome turmoyle."

In his 'Sea-Fairies' Tennyson had earlier touched the same subject of the Sirens: —

"O hither, come hither and furl your sails,
. . . .
For here are the blissful downs and glades," etc.

But in 'The Lotos-Eaters' you get the very swing and metre of Spenser's lines: —

"There is sweet music here that softer falls," etc.
. . . .
"Here are cool mosses deep," etc.

Stedman, in that early *Atlantic Monthly* article of his, later embodied, I believe, in his 'Victorian Poets,' cites (apropos of 'The Lotos-Eaters') as a source of Tennyson's inspiration, or unconscious memory, Moschus ("sleep that sweeter on the eyelids lies than honey") and Theocritus ("Here are the oaks, and here is galingale, . . . here are twin fountains of cool water," etc.). It is quite probable that these classic passages were in Tennyson's mind; but they furnished little more than a phrase or so, or a mere turn of expression. The whole poem of 'The Lotos-Eaters,' for that matter, is a mosaic of selected expressions, Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,' for example, furnishing a good many.

Perhaps Tennyson's close study of Spenser led him to introduce (as an afterthought) the lyrics into 'The Princess.' In Spenser's

second book, twelfth canto, is the famous description of the bower of Acrasia, or lustful intemperance. Amid the murmur of the falling waters that blended harmoniously with the "silver-sounding instruments," Acrasia and her lover and attendants toyed and wantoned: —

> "The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay:
> Ah! see, whoso fayre thing doest faine to see,
> In springing flowre the image of thy day.
> Ah! see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee
> Doth first peepe foorth with bashfull modestee.
> . . . .
> Lo! see soone after how she fades and falls away.
>
> So passeth in the passing of a day
> . . . .
> Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre.
> . . . .
> Gather therefore the Rose whilest yet is prime," etc.

Now all this is just in the style of the lyrics of 'The Princess,' and the very manner of the introduction of many of them. The very metre is that of four of those in Tennyson's poem; namely, "Tears, idle tears," "O Swallow, Swallow," "Ask me no more," and "Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white." Another instance of a lyric in the narrative occurs in Spenser, ii. 6. 15 and 16. I cannot help but suspect, also, that the splendid fragment in the Prologue to 'The Princess,' "O miracle of women," feigned to be read by Walter Vivian from an old chronicle, was suggested in part by Spenser's iii. 4. 1: —

> "Where is the Antique glory now become
> That whylome wont in wemen to appeare?
> Where be the brave atchievements doen by some?
> Where be the batteilles, where the shield and speare,
> And all the conquests which them high did reare,
> That matter made for famous Poets verse?"

Spenser then speaks of Penthesilea, Deborah, and Camilla, and their achievements. Warton thinks Spenser himself borrowed this passage from Ariosto: —

"Le donne antiche hanno mirabil cose
Fatto ne l' arme," etc.

There is also another passage in Spenser which might well have suggested Tennyson's fragment on the warrior woman. I refer to iii. 2. 1, where the poet blames men's treatment of womankind in one respect, — that

"no share in arms and chivalrie
They do impart, ne maken memorie
Of their brave gests."

Shalott, Eschalotte, Escalot, and Astolat are but variants of one word (see Prof. John Rhys's scholarly work on 'The Arthurian Legends'), and the Fair Maid of Astolat and The Lady of Shalott are one and the same person. The poem on the latter is the work of Tennyson's youth, whilst 'Launcelot and Elaine' is the fruit of his maturer years. In each the theme is the same. The Boston editor of Bulfinch heads his version of the story "The Lady of Shalott," but I can find no ancient form of it with any such heading. The 'Morte d'Arthur' does not know the word "Shalott" at all, but has the story of Elaine of Astolat, which varies from the Bulfinch Lady of Shalott story in a few minor details. Whether Tennyson got the word "Shalott" from some modern variant of the Morte d'Arthur story or not, I can't discover.[1] But this we do know, that the feature of the mirror and the web is not in any known prose romance, Arthurian or other. So says, also, Mr. S. Cheetham in a valuable article in the *Contemporary Review* for April, 1868, and he thinks Tennyson invented the web and mirror element. Professor Rhys knows not where it came from. Palgrave thought it might

[1] Mr. Albert S. Cook, of Yale College, writes me: "Whether Tennyson was the first to modernize Escalot into Shalott I do not know, but should suspect not. . . . Littledale, 'Essays on Tennyson's Idylls of the King' (Macmillan), says, '"The Lady of Shalott" is grounded upon the story in the metrical romance of the Morte Arthur, in which Astolat is called Escalot, whence the form Shalott.'" As there are two metrical 'Morte Arthurs,' it may be well to say that the one referred to by Littledale is that which has as sub-head this: "The Adventures of Sir Launcelot du Lake." London, Shakspeare Printing Office, 1819. The spelling in this old book is Ascalote, not Escalot, as Littledale says.

have been from an Italian source, and Morton Luce, in his recent excellent 'Handbook to Tennyson,' gives the matter up, and says he does n't care to inquire farther. I don't think he needs to, as far as regards the mirror, for I can refer him to the fountain head. The laureate undoubtedly took the incident of the mirror from Spenser's third book, canto two, wherein is described the round "looking-glasse" made by Merlin. This mirror had the virtue of showing whatever in the wide world appertained to the looker. It

> "round and hollow shapèd was
> Like to the world itselfe, and seemed a world of glas."

One day "it fortuned fayre Britomart into her fathers closet to repayre," and there she found this old heirloom of a mirror. As she looked therein,

> "Eftsoones there was presented to her eye
> A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wize.
> . . . .
> His crest was covered with a couchant Hownd
> And all his armour seemd of antique mould,
> But wondrous massy and assured sownd
> And round about yfretted all with gold."

She falls so desperately in love with this image of the knight that she pines away and is at the point of death, until helped to find her lover by her old nurse. So the Lady of Shalott spies a knight in a magic mirror, and falls in love so tragically that she actually dies of her malady. Tennyson's poem, unlike Spenser's, is evidently an allegory or parable. He intimates that experience of the rough actual world forms a kind of curse ("the curse is come upon me, cried the Lady of Shalott"), or at any rate is nearly always fatal to the idealism of youth, its noble dreams. We tire of these mere dreams and rush into the world of action — and tarnish or destroy the lustre of our souls.

While finding the germ of 'The Lady of Shalott' in the story of Britomart's mirror, I do not of course overlook the circumstance that there are a good many other magic mirrors in literature, — "queynte mirours" and "prospectyves," as Chaucer calls

them in his 'Squieres Tale,' which itself describes the one given to Canace. Gower describes one made by Virgil in Rome in which one might behold his enemies; the Oriental Giamschid possessed a mirror of this kind; there was, too, the optic tube in which Roger Bacon pretended he could see future events; so with the glass globe in Camoëns, the mirror in the head of the fabulous bird of the Aztecs, and the mirror of Cornelius Agrippa. Only in all these cases there is none that at all tallies with Tennyson in details, as does the story of Britomart in Spenser.

The picture of the knight's accoutrements in 'The Lady of Shalott' is pretty closely imitated from another part of the 'Faerie Queene,' — i. 7. 29–31 (and I am aware that Spenser himself copied here from Tasso). It would almost seem as if when Tennyson wrote the words "redcross knight" in Part III. of his poem, it suggested Spenser, and he took down the volume and read Spenser's superb painting of Prince Arthur's armor, so close are the parallelisms. Sir Lancelot's whole armor, in 'The Lady of Shalott,' is "glowing," "flaming," "burning," "dazzling," "glittering," in the sunlight. So is it in Spenser. In both we have the blazoned baldric, supporting in the one case a bugle and in the other a sword in its ivory sheath. In both poems the helmet and the helmet's crest are dazzling with bright gold. In both the shield sparkles with light.

"His glitterand armour shinèd far away." — *Spenser.*

"His gemmy bridle glittered free
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden galaxy." — *Tennyson.*

"Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware
That shind like twinkling stars, with stones most pretious rare.

. . . .

Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
In yvory sheath, ycarved with curious slights." — *Spenser.*

"And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung." — *Tennyson.*

> "His haughty Helmet, horrid all with *gold*,
> *Both glorious brightnesse* and great terrour bredd,
> For all the crest a Dragon did enfold
> With greedie pawes, and over all did spredd
> His *golden* winges; his dreadfull hideous hedd
> Close couched on the bever, seemd to throw
> *From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd.*
>
> . . . .
>
> Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
> A bounch of heares discolourd diversly,
> With sprincled pearle and *gold* full richly drest
> Did shake." — *Spenser.*

All of which Tennyson, with masterly touch, condenses into a couplet: —

> "The helmet and the helmet-feather
> Burned like one burning flame together."

In the 'Morte d'Arthur' the carrying off in a ship of the wounded king by the three queens and their group of attendants and the chafing of his hands to bring him back to consciousness is matched in the 'Faerie Queene' by the removal of the wounded and unconscious Marinell to his home in the ocean by the sea-goddess Cymoënt and her band of nymphs, and their pouring of "soveraine balme and Nectar good" into his wound. In each case the loud lamentations of all the women are heard. But in the 'Morte d'Arthur' the dusky barge is manned by oars and sail; in Spenser, Cymoënt's chariot is drawn over the waves by dolphins, and she and her nymphs, when landed,

> "let their temed fishes softly swim
> Along the margent of the fomy shore."

Then there is the magic boat in Tennyson's 'Sir Galahad' and Phædria's magic barque in the 'Faerie Queene' (ii. 6. 1–5), — a little gondola "bedecked trim With boughes and arbours woven cunningly": —

"Eftsoones her shallow ship away did slide
More swift then swallow sheres the liquid skye,
Withouten oare or Pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to fly:
Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by[1]
It cut away upon the yielding wave."

This boat is, curiously, a precise anticipation of our electric launch, as the magic car in Moore's 'Epicurean' is of our electric car. The first two lines of Spenser come from Ariosto's 'Orlando,' being, as the reader of Italian will see, an almost literal translation of the verses (in 30. 11): —

"Per l' acqua il legno va con quella fretta
Che va per l' aria irondine che varca."

But the boat in Ariosto is a vessel with sails, and the instances given by Anna Robertson Brown, in her interesting article on 'The Lady of Shalott' in *Poet-lore* for Aug.–Sept. '92, are not strictly parallels; for the corpse-barges of Columbkille and of Sir Perceval's sister were ordinary boats, with no magical mechanism controlled by a pin (as in the case of Spenser's boat and of the horse of brass). That Tennyson has a "magic barque" that "no helmsman steers" in his 'Sir Galahad' poem does not necessarily indicate that he took the idea from Spenser, of course. Still, I recall no other instance like it in literature, unless, indeed, it be the barque in which (in Chaucer's 'Dream') the knight departs from the island, — a boat that "needed neither mast ne rother":

"Hie sayled by thought and pleasaunce
Without labor east and west."

In 'The Arabian Nights' the method of supernatural locomotion is a flying carpet, flying jinn, the roc, etc.; and, when the maidens wish to transport Habib over the sea, they construct a raft and

[1] Notice the old meaning of "by and by," *i.e. at once;* as in 'Hamlet,' iii. 2. 400; Tempest, ii. 1. 12; 2 Hen. VI. ii. 1. 142, etc. Notice also that Spenser characteristically forgets himself and afterwards, in stanza xix., speaks of Phædria as *rowing* the barque!

propel it by swimming at its side. But never do we have a magic boat.

Much might be said of the deep influence of the 'Faerie Queene' on Tennyson's style. The wondrous smoothness and melody of Spenser's verse even Tennyson has never excelled. He drank deep at this fount of music of his predecessor. The music of the vowels is the same in both. Keats was deeply influenced by the rich imagination and melody of Spenser, and some part of Tennyson's debt to Spenser comes through that divine poet, whose name was *not* writ in water.

But, after all, there is a deeper source of melody in a poet than a study of his predecessors' work. The growth of music in the souls of the poets has kept even step with the growth of symphonic music in the mind of man. Tennyson's poetry could not have been written by a Greek or Roman bard. They had not the souls for it then. No age but this has produced or could produce such perfect sublimation of melody as many lines of Swinburne, — his 'Off Shore' poem, for example, or such verses as these:

> "Fly, white butterflies, out to sea,
> Frail pale wings for the wind to try,
> Small white wings that we scarce can see,
>   Fly.
> Some fly light as a laugh of glee,
> Some fly soft as a low long sigh:
> All to the haven where each would be,
>   Fly."

Such music as this (and much of Tennyson's, equally wonderful) is born out of the soul of man. And by the death of each possessor of it, nature breaks the mould. Still, even these unique ones are not uninfluenced by the work of others. Every poet *is* made as well as born.

Although, during most of his twelve years' imprisonment, Bunyan had, it is said, only two books to read, — the Bible and Fox's 'Book of Martyrs,' — yet it seems clear that he remembered very vividly Spenser's 'Faerie Queene,' which he could not have

failed, as a preacher, to read for its wealth of homiletic treasures and moral allegories. For one of the most beautiful episodes of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is, it seems to me, directly "cribbed" from Spenser. I mean the scene at the Palace Beautiful which stood by "the highwayside," and was presided over by those demure damsels, Discretion, Prudence, Piety, and Charity, and whose table was always furnished with fat things and with wine that was well refined. So in Spenser's first book, canto ten, Una and the Redcross Knight visit the hospitable House of Holinesse kept by Cælia (that is, the heavenly one) and her pious daughters Fidelia, Speranza, and Charissa (faith, hope, and charity). Spenser gives us a porter at the gate named Humiltà, and Bunyan one named Watchful. It was difficult to get into the House of Holinesse, and it was difficult to get past the lions into the Palace Beautiful. The object of the House of Holinesse is to chasten, instruct, and beautify the life. So is that of the Palace Beautiful, as well as the Interpreter's House. Bunyan makes his Goodwill at the gate show Christian the straight and narrow way; at the Palace Beautiful they show him the Delectable Mountains whence they tell him may be descried the Celestial City. So in the 'Faerie Queene' the grave old father led the Redcross Knight up to a mountain.

> "From thence, far off he unto him did shew
> A little path that was both steepe and long,
> Which to a goodly Citty led his vew,
> Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong
> Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
> Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell."

This was "the Citty of the greate king," the "new Hierusalem."

I have enumerated a few of the steals from Spenser. Authors in the presence of other books are like bees before spilled honey or syrup: it is a shame to let it go to waste, and they fall to and appropriate with greedy fury. And who cares, so they make good honey and comb and bee-bread out of it?

The works of Ben Jonson are in large parts one tissue of direct verbatim thefts from the classics of Greece and Rome. Shake-

speare "conveyed" the warp of all his plays. Spenser himself indulged in the little game. He steals extensively, as is well known, from Ariosto, Tasso, and Chaucer. The description of Arthur's armor, for example, that has been cited in connection with 'The Lady of Shalott,' Spenser took from Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered' (ix. 25), and his picture of Arthur's shield of diamond from Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso' (ii. 55). His fine description of the House of Sleep in i. 1. 40, 41, of the 'Faerie Queene,' I find is taken almost word for word from Ovid, Metamorphoses, bk. xi. 590–617, and Ovid himself is thought to have "borrowed" his description from one of the Greek poets.

This borrowing by Spenser and Tennyson need not disturb us at all. As Emerson says, "The greatest genius is the most indebted man"; and again, "It has come to be practically a sort of rule in literature that a man having once shown himself capable of original writing is entitled thenceforth to steal from the writings of others at discretion." This is a bold and drastic statement, but one from which mediocre essayists and rhymesmiths are not authorized to extract comfort and sanction.

William Sloane Kennedy.

A SPANISH POET-LAUREATE: JOSÉ ZORILLA.

In January, 1893, the Spanish nation mourned the loss of a poet as well known and as well beloved in all Spanish-speaking countries as Alfred Tennyson among Anglo-Saxon peoples. The Spanish poet-laureate was born in 1817, and was therefore seven years younger than the English laureate, to whom he is often compared. José Zorilla was of gentle blood and was educated at the Royal Seminary of Nobles, but the rigorous university training to which Tennyson submitted was more irksome to him, and he escaped it to mingle familiarly with the people, in whose company he learned the legends and songs which he afterward transmuted to gold with his poetic touch.

Whatever his mortal parentage, he was, intellectually, born in the nest of the Phœnix, and his first public appearance so curiously illustrates this extravagant idea that it deserves to be immortalized by brush or pen, and, although it is an old story, it is worth relating again.

In the early eighteen-thirties there lived and wrote in Madrid a man of brilliant intellect and keenly sensitive heart, who, under the name of "Figaro," voiced the bitter-sweet yearnings of those romantic and suffering souls in Spain who were akin to Byron and Shelley, Victor Hugo and De Musset, Leopardi and Edgar Poe. The state of mind that prevailed among the poets of the early part of this century is almost incomprehensible to our latter-day public; but we, on the other hand, should consider it neither dignified nor decent to indulge in harsh and brutal criticism after the manner of the Reviews of those days. The sufferings of those poets, however, were undoubtedly very real, and, in the case of poor "Figaro" (José Mariano de Larra), finally led him to commit suicide in the month of February, 1837. Friends and enemies alike followed in his funeral train, smitten with grief and awe, convinced now that he was truly one of those "whom the gods loved." At the grave the eulogy was pronounced by one who became well known in later years as a poet and diplomat, the Marquis de Molins, and the mourners lingered long about the spot as though held by a spell, "an enthusiasm of sorrow," says Señor Pastor Diaz, in whose words let the rest of the scene be described: —

"Then in our midst, and as though he had stepped forth from that sepulchre, we beheld the appearance of a young man, almost a boy, unknown to us all. He raised his pale face, his sublime glance swept from that grave to the heaven above, and, uttering a voice which for the first time fell upon our ears, he read in modest and trembling accents the verses which now stand in the fore part of every collection of his poems, and which he who had spoken the funeral eulogy caught from the hand of the fainting poet, who could not finish them. Our astonishment equalled our enthusiasm, and when we knew the name of the favored mortal who had

caused us to listen to fresh and celestial harmonies, we saluted the new bard with the reverent admiration which already filled us; we blessed Providence which had so evidently made this genius to appear upon the tomb of the other; and we who had conducted with funereal pomp the illustrious Larra to the mansions of the dead, came forth from those precincts carrying in triumph another poet to the world of the living, and proclaiming wildly the name of Zorilla."

With such an awakening to intellectual life, — haloed by inspiration, nourished by praise, and welcomed to Parnassus, — what wonder that the young poet waxed strong in spirit; and the new Phœnix, although true to his inheritance, arose "with healing on his wings," for he had none of the bitterness of Larra and the suffering souls beyond the Pyrenees. The romantic spirit in him has been described as "an upward flame rather than a sweeping tempest; his philosophic doubt was a poetic theme rather than an aching wound; woman was to him the inhabitant of a garden holding her lap full of flowers, rather than, as to others, a cup of clay filled with the wine of pleasures. . . . The tattle of society he abhorred, political agitation was repugnant to him, his young heart asked for light, enthusiasm, freshness, fancy, and things akin to the spirit and to the sublime."

It does not appear that Zorilla ever passed through any "storm and stress" period, that the rights and wrongs of mankind ever drew painfully upon his sympathies, that the word *liberty* ever startled his inner consciousness, or that he was ever stung to resentment by the "reviewers." He might have written "My soul is an enchanted boat," but he certainly never attempted anything like 'Queen Mab.' He was not an idle dreamer, however, but a diligent and earnest worker, who during his life-time produced seventeen volumes of lyric verse and twenty-four plays.

His most interesting lyric work, at least to a foreigner, is his Romancero. What Tennyson did for the Arthurian tales that did Zorilla for the favorite legends of Spanish history. "He seldom sings of Heracles, Leonidas, and Cæsar, because he finds in his own chronicles a Cid, a Cortes, a Garcia Paredes," says one; and Cas-

telar adds: "Time has never produced another poet who could so reanimate our ruins and evoke our dead past as did he, with whom poetry was not a profession or an art, but his whole life; who, wandering from village to village like a troubador of the Middle Ages, and wearing in the midst of our modern uniformity, with a natural waywardness, his own habit of thought, revivified all our history. . . . The voice of the poet becomes the voice of our souls, and his inspiration is the flame that ever rises from the heart of the land."

His first play ('Juan Dandolo') was written in collaboration with a writer then already well known, Garcia Gutierrez, author of the original play of 'El Trobador.' How sad, by the way, that some works of real literary merit have become most widely known in the mutilated form presented to us by Italian opera! Who knows of 'Il Trovatore' or of 'Don Giovanni' (of which more anon) as rich and coherent poetry, or how many who listen to 'Faust' and 'Mignon' think of these as parts of great philosophic dramas? Perhaps Mr. Andrew Lang is too hard on singers and musical composers when he says, in his essay on Thomas Haynes Bailey, that that song-writer's success lay "in knowing exactly how little sense in poetry composers will endure and singers will accept," and speaks of "words for music" as "almost invariably trash;" but certainly the best literary text, on being *adapted* to operatic uses, must lose the roundness of its periods and the delicacy of its shading. Can we imagine "To be or not to be" adequately delivered on the gamut, or "The quality of mercy" adorned by the *fiorituri* of the high soprano? Shakespeare, to be sure, is very far away from Gutierrez and Zorilla, and the only inference intended is that 'El Trobador' as a poetic drama deserves an ampler recognition and a nobler fate than even its world-wide popularity as an Italian opera.

To return to Zorilla, who produced his twenty-four plays in quick succession and to hearty applause. Many of them are frequently put on the stage to-day, but, in the words of a Spanish writer, "if we attend to the judgment of posterity rather than to that of authors and critics, Zorilla is the author of but one drama, namely, 'Don Juan Tenorio.'"

Fifty years of unabated applause for what was the work of twenty days to a young man of twenty-seven years, seems an incontrovertible verdict for genius and renown. It is probably safe to predict for it another fifty years of the same popularity. Progress is in no haste in Spain, although her chariot is surely moving across the land. The public in any land may not be the best judge of a work of art, but perhaps the public grasps the larger aspects and, like Nature, is "careful of the type" while indifferent to detail. At any rate, the Spanish critic Fernanflor, whose opinions I have already quoted, insists that "the day when this historic type (Don Juan) becomes distasteful to our people under any poetic guise, the day when the announcement upon the boards finds the theatres empty, that day Spain will have arrived at complete civilization, but she will be no longer Spain!"

At the present day this applause is manifested with a regularity and a sincerity which there is no gainsaying. Every year in November, at the season devoted by the Church to the commemoration of All Saints, all the theatres in Spain (and many throughout Spanish America) give several representations of 'Don Juan Tenorio,' with all the splendor their properties can furnish, to crowded and spell-bound audiences of all ages and both sexes. Moreover, the youth of Spain know its stanzas by heart; the old people point to its hero "not as a pattern to imitate, but as an example to deter," and little children are taught to lisp the dialogues of Don Juan and Doña Inés for the entertainment of the family circle.

Although Zorilla has simply resurrected and rehabilitated a mass of old legend, his work has thrown all other versions into the shade. It is interesting to know that below the legend there is probably a basis of fact in connection with the history of a certain noble family of Seville named Tenorio, the site of whose palaces and gardens, now occupied by a convent, is still pointed out to visitors. But in a larger sense it was true of the typical hidalgo of southern Spain after the final conquest of the Moors had left him no further career for his energies, and the Inquisition had suppressed any attempt at intellectual expansion; thenceforth

he must kill time by recounting ancient deeds of valor, and work off his energies by acts of audacity, recklessness, and vice. The simplest form of the story, according to M. Antoine Latour, who hunted this "belle legende" to its source in 1855, seems to be that Don Juan Tenorio killed the Comendador Ulloa, whose daughter he had stolen away. The Comendador was buried in the chapel of the Franciscan convent, into which, it was rumored, Don Juan forced his way for the purpose of insulting the tomb of his victim, whereupon the effigy, descending from its niche, seized upon the offender and bore him body and soul to the infernal regions; the most probable explanation being, however, that the monks, in order to check the atrocious career of Don Juan, enticed him within their walls,—whence he never again came forth. The idea of the "talking statue" was first utilized by Lope de Vega, who lived near to the time of Don Juan; next, Tirso de Molina gives the complete legend in his play entitled 'El Burlador de Sevilla, or El Convidado de Piedra' (The Mocker of Seville, or the Marble Guest). A century later Antonio Zamora uses it again in a play translated 'All Debts must be Paid'; Molière presents it in 'Le Festin de Pierre,' laying the scene in Sicily, however, and improving the character of Don Juan so little that his audiences were shocked and his play prohibited and forgotten. His Don Juan was more a citizen of the world than a Spaniard, and the legend had become familiarly known all over Europe and flourished as a favorite theme for puppet-shows and pantomimes. It had appeared in England in Shadwell's play called 'The Libertine,' and at a later day Byron took possession of the name, saying,—

> "I'll therefore take our ancient friend Don Juan,
> We all have seen him in the pantomime
> Sent to the devil somewhat ere his time."

But his hero is by no means a resurrection of him of the Spanish legend; he is only a peg on which to hang another and no better story. Finally Mozart and his librettist the Abbé Da Ponte took it up, eliminated some of its most repugnant features, and gave us the opera of 'Don Giovanni.'

But the original "belle legende" received new life under the touch of Zorilla. He delighted in the opportunities it afforded to his romantic imagination, and he presented it to his sympathetic countrymen with the result already shown. Yet even in this modern dress both story and setting are so foreign to Anglo-Saxon taste that it would be far from commanding a "hundred-nights' run" at any theatre in England or the United States, and it were vain even to publish a translation of it. We are not accustomed to public mention of an amount and kind of lawlessness that is boasted between Don Juan and his friend Don Luis; even the Spanish critic is fain to cry out, "Thirty-two victims slain! Seventy-two women betrayed! Truly he is hardly a person to be admired, by his own account! . . . His passions seek even crime for pleasure, his cruelty revels in slaughter, he delights in sacrilege of holy things; what a mercy that the politics of his day offered no field of action for his extravagant audacity!"

The nun-like, dove-like lady of the play, the daughter of the Comendador de Ulloa, whom Don Juan steals from her cloister (in the good old-fashioned romantic way, with a rope-ladder) is a picture dear to the hearts of Spaniards of both sexes. Bred to a life of blissful ignorance of the world, and perhaps dedicated to the "more excellent way" of the cloister, she yet longs to be loved by the daring and passionate lover who clasps her shrinking form and fascinates her fainting senses. Even when the body of her father (who comes to rescue her) lies at her feet, slain by this lover, who then escapes and abandons her, she begs her avengers to spare Don Juan and prays for him with her latest breath.

Don Juan's colloquy with the sculptor in the cemetery suggests Hamlet and the grave-digger, although in dignity and breadth of thought and expression the former bears no comparison. It is when Don Juan, alone with the marble company that counterfeit the dead, addresses the statue of Doña Inés, that Zorilla does his best lyric work. Both here and in Don Juan's passionate pleading with the living Inés, Zorilla makes use of the *refrain* which the Spanish ear so dearly loves. Given the full, sonorous cadences of the Spanish language, and the chanting style of declamation in

vogue on the Spanish stage, it would be difficult for any ear to resist the sensuous thrall, though in soberer moments one may rebel against the fascination and the artificiality. The whole play is written in stanzas of four or five lines, four stresses to the line, rhyming irregularly; this becomes very monotonous, and seems, moreover, quite inadequate to the varying moods and scenes of the play.

And the moral! When at last the statue of the old Comendador points Don Juan to the last sands running through the hour-glass, and gives him only so much time for repentance and a *credo*, the precious hero tardily admits that "the light of faith at last penetrates his heart." It is safe to assign another motive besides terror for this opportune confession; the statue of Doña Inés entreats him to it also, declaring that either he must do so or she must share perdition with him. Of course no hidalgo with a spice of chivalry left in him could permit the latter, and so the play ends declaring that "love saved Don Juan," and the refrain "al pié de la sepultura."

We are told that "no critic has been or could be so cruel toward this drama as Zorilla himself. He has written all that vehemence could formulate against it, but his protest will not be heard. 'Don Juan Tenorio' is the most important of his poetic productions, the greatest of his legends, and it encloses all his poetic personality. Its characters are even now national; any Spaniard believes himself capable of being a Don Juan, any Spanish lady may be a Doña Inés."

José Zorilla, as will be readily understood, was devoutly patriotic and religious, full of faith in his country and his church. His life was always more or less romantic and adventurous. He spent twelve years (from 1854 to 1866) in Spanish America, the beloved guest of rich and poor. But those were changeful years for the mother country, and he returned to find the Sleeping Beauty rudely awakened by revolution and strife; the Spain he had known and loved was a thing of the past, and he could never adjust his old-time temperament to her new conditions. Although he had heard the voice of applause from his youth, and had been both industrious and fruitful, yet he lived and died a poor man. Most of

his publications were undertaken before the days of copyright, and he had sold for a morsel of bread his 'Don Juan Tenorio,' which from the first produced and is still producing thousands of dollars. He enriched publishers, booksellers, and stage-managers in all Spanish-speaking countries, but he himself reaped little besides fame. In his old age his pecuniary distress became so crying that some members of the old aristocracy undertook to procure him a pension from the State, and glorified his last years by a splendid coronation at the Alhambra in June, 1889, the golden laurels being presented "in the name of H. M. the Queen Regent and of her august son, D. Alfonso XIII."

Zorilla had outlived his times, and his coronation was the tribute of reverence rather than of popularity, of old friends rather than of new. But that the nation honored him to the last is manifest in the official announcement of his death in the public press, which stated that "The Government of His Majesty, the Royal Spanish Academy, Doña Juana Pacheco, his widow, and other relations, Pray his friends and the lovers of letters that they commend him to God, and be present at the removal of the body from the Academy to the Cemetery of San Justo, on the 25th day of January, 1893, at two in the afternoon."

Fernanflor says sadly: "He was the last Spanish poet; in him the dynasty of our national poets closes." Perhaps he would also echo the words of Emilia Pardo Bazán, filled with pity at sight of the aged Zorilla on one of his last public appearances: "Which were preferable, for *our* Lord Tennyson to die young, as those whom the gods love, or to drag his pen and hang his wings for so many a long year?" *Fanny Hale Gardiner.*

THE SERPENT OF OLD NILE: A STUDY OF THE CLEOPATRA OF TRAGEDY.

THERE are some women who have flared like comets in history, kindling great wars, destroying thousands, overturning nations; and yet their memory exercises the same witchery and

fascination which they spread around them in their lifetime: we open our lips to curse them, but we cannot. Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Mary Stuart, — it is quite impossible to defend them morally. So far as we can tell, — in the first case, we have naturally only the Helen of legend, — they were sovereignly indifferent to morals, and treated the world as a toy made to be subject to their feminine caprice. Yet the very tradition of their beauty strikes us dumb while we are most energetic in abuse of them. We are compelled to sing our palinode, like the old poet Stesichorus, who, having written a poem in which he spoke harshly of Helen, was visited with the anger of the gods until he had retracted his censure: "That story is not true; thou didst not voyage in the well-benched ships, nor go to the citadel of Troy." And a poet more modern than Stesichorus has praised Mary Stuart thus astonishingly: —

> "Some faults the gods will give to fetter
> Man's highest intent;
> But surely you were something better
> Than innocent."

We find the same thing in that mine of quaint imaginative beauty, the great work of Burton, who bursts out with a sort of dry ecstasy: "Many will condemn these men that are so enamoured, for fools; but some again commend them for it; many reject Paris' judgment, and yet Lucian approves of it, admiring Paris for his choice; he would have done as much himself, and by good desert, in his mind, beauty is to be preferred *before wealth or wisdom.* Athenæus ('Deipnosophist,' lib. 13, cap. 7) holds it not such indignity for the Trojans and Greeks to contend ten years, to spend so much labor, lose so many lives for Helen's sake: —

> Ob talem uxorem cui præstantissima forma
> Nil mortale refert.

That one woman was worth a kingdom; a hundred thousand other women; a world itself."

The figure of Cleopatra has some advantages over both of the others I have mentioned. She is out of the range of the modern

critical historian, and cannot be "documented" so thoroughly as Mary Stuart; on the other hand, she has a much more definite historical background than Helen of Troy. The purple thread of her destiny is woven in and out among the wars of Cæsar and Pompey, of Antony and Octavius; we can trace clearly how the fate of empires hung on the wanton and trifling caprice of a thoughtless woman. In her, too, stands out most fully the effective contrast between the mysterious, decaying, hierarchical civilization of ancient Egypt and the veneer of gay, quick, brilliant Greek paganism spread over it. Heine has seized this admirably, in his bitter and passionate style: —

> "Cleopatra's situation, like her character, is, above all, a witty one. This capricious, pleasure-loving, shifting, feverishly-coquettish woman, this Parisian of the past, this Goddess of Life, exercises her frivolous sway over Egypt, a land rigid in the silence of death. . . . You know it well, that Egypt, that mysterious Mizraim, which looks like a coffin. . . . In the tall reeds weeps the crocodile or the outcast child of revelation. . . . There are rock-temples with colossal pillars and leaning against them huge monsters painted staringly. . . . In the portal nods the priest of Isis with his cap all hieroglyphs. . . . In lofty villas the mummies are taking their siesta and their gilded covering shields them from the brood of corruption. . . . Like dumb thoughts stand the thin obelisks and the plump pyramids. . . . Behind you see the Moon Mountains of Æthiopia, which hide the sources of the Nile. . . . Everywhere, death, stone, and mystery. . . . And over this land the lovely Cleopatra is Queen."

Our historical knowledge about Cleopatra is, of course, not extensive nor very reliable. The Roman contemporary writers, like Horace, cannot enough abuse her. Josephus, whose prejudices were wholly against her, brings charges which the reader may, if he likes, examine for himself. As to her charms, we have the enthusiastic evidence of Plutarch, if anything more than her own career were needed to prove them. She was not, indeed, extraordinarily beautiful, though it is hard to believe in the enormous nose which is given to her in the gems and coins. "But," says Plutarch, "the contact of her presence, if you lived with her, was irresistible;

the attraction of her person, joining with the charm of her conversation and the character that attended all she said or did, was something bewitching." Nor was she ignorant or dull, but a Greek, not only in her fair hair but in the quickness of her wit and the readiness of her apprehension. "It was a pleasure merely to hear the sound of her voice, with which, like an instrument of many strings, she could pass from one language to another; so that there were few of the barbarian nations that she answered by an interpreter: to most of them she spoke herself, as to the Æthiopians, Troglodytes, Hebrews, Arabians, Syrians, Medes, Parthians, and many others." And in summing up her attractions, the enthusiastic biographer adds, "Plato admits four sorts of flattery, but she had a thousand."

It is not, however, of the historical Cleopatra that I wish to speak. Those who are interested in her will do well to read the charming essay of M. Anatole France, in the fourth volume of his 'Vie Littéraire.' But the Cleopatra of legend is far more interesting, — the Cleopatra of tragedy, who has furnished material for passion and poetry to so many dramatists, from the early Renaissance down to the present day. The number of plays on this subject is astonishing. Dr. Georg Hermann Möller has investigated them with German patience and thoroughness. We learn from him that there are in French sixteen Cleopatra tragedies, to which we must add the modern play of M. Sardou; in German, ten; in Italian, six. English literature has not quite sustained its usual position in this direction. The first English tragedy on Cleopatra is by the Countess of Pembroke, the sister of Sidney, whose name appears in the title of his 'Arcadia.' Her play is merely taken from the French of Garnier, whose work was composed in 1578. Next we have a literary drama by the poet Daniel, with choruses and other paraphernalia of Greek tradition, — a work never intended for the stage. Then, in 1607, comes the 'Antony and Cleopatra' of Shakespeare. 'The False One,' by Fletcher and Massinger, has been overlooked by Herr Möller, who, however, mentions the plays of Thomas May (this has never been reprinted), of Sir Charles Sedley, of Dryden, and of Cibber. Since

the early part of the eighteenth century there has not, apparently, been any Cleopatra play in English.

Among the English plays above mentioned, there are only three of much literary importance; but those three are of a very high quality, and one of them, at any rate, of the highest. In order not to take the best first, let us abandon the chronological order and begin with 'The False One.' This play, like most of those in the collection passing under the names of Beaumont and Fletcher, and indeed like many other Elizabethan plays,— even some of Shakespeare's,— offers matter for speculation as to its authorship, which is altogether ravishing to the student of such things. Fortunately for the general reader, the question is unusually simple in this case, and the play was long ago attributed to Fletcher and Massinger,— a decision which will be rejected by few. If we try to settle what portion of the play falls to each author, we shall have more difficulty; but in all probability Massinger here, as in other cases, wrote the first and last acts, and Fletcher the intervening three. The play differs from those of Dryden and Shakespeare, in that it deals with a different stage of Cleopatra's career. She is represented, not in the full prime of womanhood, as she bewitched the infatuated Antony, but in "her green and salad days," and among the earlier group of mighty Romans,— Cæsar, Pompey, and their fellows. Even so, however, the authors felt obliged to deprecate any charge of plagiarism in their prologue:—

"Sure, to tell
Of Cæsar's amorous heats and how he fell
I' the capitol, can never be the same
To the judicious; nor will such blame
Those who penned this for barrenness, when they find
Young Cleopatra here, and her great mind
Expressed to the height, with us a maid and free. . . ."

In the first act we are introduced to the disputes and intrigues which were going on in Egypt when Pompey's arrival was announced, after his defeat by Cæsar. The king, Ptolemy, debates with his advisers as to what reception shall be given him. We

also see Cleopatra, who is confined, owing to her brother's jealousy. In Act II. Pompey is treacherously murdered, Cæsar arrives, and Cleopatra makes her way to his presence to try her charms upon him. The remainder of the play is occupied with Cæsar's love for her, and also with the efforts of Ptolemy and his friends to take advantage of the conqueror's weakness, destroy him, and set Egypt free, — efforts which are miserably blighted in the end. As a piece of dramatic construction the play is only fairly effective, having nothing of the intensity which belongs to Fletcher's other historical or semi-historical works, — 'Valentinian,' 'Thierry and Theodoret,' or the admirable play recently discovered by Mr. Bullen, 'Sir John Barnavelt.' The character studies have, nevertheless, a good deal of interest, provided one makes up one's mind to the faults of superficiality and vulgarity which always appear in Fletcher's characters. The most original of these is Septimius, who is wholly Fletcherian, and whose intrigues and utterly irredeemable baseness give more unity to the plot than anything else, and run through the whole tangled web of it in a brilliant though slender thread of continuity. Septimius is alluded to passingly at the end of Plutarch's 'Pompey,' but Fletcher has elaborated the hint there given into a most finished piece of villany, — villany beside which Iago seems almost a gentleman: Iago is courageous and consistent; but Septimius, even in his partial conversion, is a wretched, snivelling, grovelling beast. In Act II. he murders Pompey, but instead of the reward he looked for gets kicks and abuse for his pains. He then leagues himself with Ptolemy's agent, Photinus, for fresh rascality. Overcome by the scorn of every one, he enters upon a feeble repentance, but is easily persuaded out of it and induced to arrange the murder of Cæsar. Finally, when Cæsar gets the better, Septimius changes sides again; but the general patience is exhausted, the Roman receives his offers of treachery in the noblest vein of Massinger, —

"Cæsar scorns
To find his safety or revenge his wrongs
So base a way; or owe the means of life
To such a leprous traitor! *I have towered*

> *For victory like a falcon in the clouds,*
> *Not digged for 't like a mole,"* —

and the traitor is disposed of in summary fashion.

Meantime you ask me where is Cleopatra. But, the truth is, we do not see so much of her in the play as we could wish, and what we do see is unattractive. Her charms are those of a coarse coquetry, not at all inconsistent with the narrative of Josephus, but altogether different from the subtle witchery which, as Shakespeare depicts it, seems strong enough to enslave Antony or any one. The way in which she is introduced to Cæsar concealed in a mattress, though originally taken from Plutarch, is admirably suited to the taste and genius of Fletcher, who uses it with excellent effect. As soon as she appears, there begins a contest between her and the rough soldier Scæva, as to which shall finally influence the Roman commander, — a contest in which, it is needless to say, Cleopatra conquers. She soon, however, has more serious foes to contend with; for her brother exposes to Cæsar's view all the enormous wealth of Egypt in the attempt to gain him over. Cæsar hesitates, but finally, like a wise man, decides to appropriate the treasure and Cleopatra also, which leads to a masterly scene between the two at the beginning of Act IV. In Act V., when Massinger takes up the writing, Cleopatra, threatened by the treacherous agent of her brother, comes out with an unexpected dignity, more worthy of her lofty race. "If," she says to Photinus, —

> "If in the gulf of base ingratitude,
> All loyalty to Ptolemy the king
> Be swallowed up, remember who I am,
> Whose daughter and whose sister."

But here, as all through, she plays but a secondary part, the part we must suppose her to have played with Cæsar, whose keen ambition is not likely to have been lulled asleep like that of the voluptuous Antony.

Cæsar himself is not treated much better than Cleopatra in 'The False One.' His figure has the same heroic proportions as in 'Julius Cæsar.' He is too much draped, too rhetorical. He does

not step down from his pedestal to mix with ordinary mortals about him. The fine soliloquy in II., I — fine as a piece of rhetoric — is undramatic.

The writing of 'The False One' is admirable. Nowhere can you find better examples of that lofty philosophy which is the best element of Massinger: —

> "Think of thy birth, Arsinoe; common burdens
> Fit common shoulders: teach the multitude
> By suffering nobly what they fear to touch at,
> The greatness of thy mind does soar a pitch
> Their dim eyes, darkened by their narrow souls,
> Cannot arrive at."

And side by side with it we have the rushing, fiery, tumultuous eloquence of Fletcher, superficial, never striking down into the roots of human life as Shakespeare does, but sweeping on with the glitter of a swollen torrent. Here is the speech of Septimius after he has murdered Pompey: —

> "'T is here, 't is done! Behold, you fearful viewers,
> Shake, and behold the model of the world here,
> The pride and strength! Look, look again: 't is finished!
> That that whole armies, nay, whole nations,
> Many and mighty kings have been struck blind at,
> And fled before, winged with their fears and terrors,
> That steel War waited on and Fortune courted,
> That high-plumed Honor built up for her own;
> Behold that mightiness, behold that fierceness,
> Behold that child of war, with all his glories,
> By this poor hand made breathless!"

Now let us pass on to the tragedy of Dryden, 'All for Love; or, The World Well Lost.' Dryden's plays have an unenviable reputation so far as morality is concerned, and it would be hard to prove it undeserved in the case of some of them. Even the joyous but extraordinary license of Beaumont and Fletcher pales into common propriety beside the cynicism of Amphitryon. But no such charge can be brought against 'All for Love.' Barring a few passages,

much fewer than in 'Antony and Cleopatra,' it might be brought upon the stage to-day word for word, and could not fail to be very effective. For it is also comparatively free from the other defect of Dryden's dramatic work, a defect much more rooted in his genius than coarseness of language, — I mean his rhetoric, his incurable tendency to introduce clever and well-turned periods in moments of passion. In spite of such exquisite touches as —

> "Three days I staid and in that time I made
> A little love that vanished as it came," —

'The Rival Ladies' and 'The Indian Emperor' are hard reading. In 'All for Love' one does occasionally come across things which, as Lowell says, unjustly, of Spenser's allegory, are like a bit of gravel in one's mouth : —

> "So take my last farewell ; for I despair
> To have you whole and scorn to take you half."

The Elizabethans have their faults, no end of them ; but what Elizabethan would have been capable of this judicious perversion of the old adage about *half a loaf?* Yet in 'All for Love' these things are comparatively few, and altogether outweighed by poetry of a very high, if not of the highest, quality.

The plot is of course taken from Plutarch, and deals no longer with Cleopatra's youth but with her full age and her love for Antony. Plutarch is not very closely followed ; and with a concentration quite admirable, the whole play turns on the very last stage of Cleopatra's career, beginning with the flight after Actium and the return to Alexandria. As Fletcher made admirable use of Plutarch's mere suggestion of Septimius, so Dryden takes up a very different character, Ventidius, and also later Dolabella, to play a very important part in the development of his action. Octavia, too, is in violation of all history, but with excellent dramatic effect, transported from Athens to Alexandria, and brought face to face with the enchantress who has robbed her of her husband. But let us take an orderly survey of the action.

Act I. turns on the efforts of Ventidius to free Antony from the toils of the Egyptian and induce him to put himself at the head of

his army. Antony at last yields; but in Act II. Cleopatra succeeds once more in capturing him, and he resolves to brave Cæsar with such forces as he has and not to abandon her at any cost. In Act III. he returns in triumph, having obtained a victory, brilliant, though not in the least decisive. Once more Ventidius pleads with him to fly and seek security with his devoted legions. And it is here that we come upon the melodramatic business of Dryden's own invention. Dolabella, who is introduced as a messenger from Cæsar, has himself loved Cleopatra, yet he, too, advises Antony to leave her. Then Ventidius brings out his best trump in the person of Octavia. Astonishment at her presence, affection for his children, and remorse work upon Antony so strongly that he agrees to give up his mistress without even taking leave of her. That duty is handed over to Dolabella as proxy. Meantime, Cleopatra has a stormy interview with Octavia; then having heard of Antony's defection, she is persuaded to captivate Dolabella in order to arouse the jealousy of her former lover. She breaks down in the attempt to do this, but not till she has said enough to enable Ventidius and Octavia to prepare a dose for Antony altogether different from what Cleopatra had intended. All these complications are, however, cleared up, if one may call it so, in Act V. by Cæsar's attack with a force which makes all resistance impossible, and the conclusion then follows very much the lines of Plutarch and Shakespeare. Antony, after mortally wounding himself, is conveyed to the monument whither Cleopatra has retired, dies there, and then Cleopatra, Iras, and Charmian kill themselves by means of the asps, leaving nothing but death to greet the triumphant Cæsar.

Any one who has, as many people have, the idea that Dryden's plays are mere rhetorical exercises, without feeling, and only diversified by witticisms attractive in that age, but not openly admired in ours, cannot be anything but agreeably disappointed with 'All for Love.' There is rhetoric in it, some of it false, much of it very brilliant; but there is a great deal of the most admirable poetry. Dryden tells us himself that he prefers "the scene between Antony and Ventidius in the first act to anything which I

have written in this kind." It is certainly very effective, and the speech in which Antony recognizes his folly, —

> "I have lost my reason, have disgraced
> The name of soldier, with inglorious ease," —

has both passion and dignity. But the writing, poetically considered, improves as we go on. How strong is Alexas' impatient characterization of Ventidius, —

> "This downright, fighting fool, this thick-skulled hero,
> This blunt, unthinking instrument of death,
> With plain, dull virtue has outgone my wit."

And the quick, violent word-battle between Cleopatra and Octavia, which does not fall away from dignity, as it easily might. To Cleopatra's "I love him better," Octavia answers: —

> "You do not, cannot; you have been his ruin.
> Who made him cheap at Rome, but Cleopatra?
> Who made him scorned abroad, but Cleopatra?
> At Actium who betrayed him? Cleopatra.
> Who made his children orphans and poor me
> A wretched widow? only Cleopatra."

It is not the manner of Shakespeare, but it is excellent in its kind. Above all, it would be sure to be effective on the stage. Why do not some of our enterprising actors attempt this play? It would be far more easily adapted to modern requirements than Shakespeare. What is very much nearer the manner of Shakespeare than the speech just quoted is Dolabella's admirable reflection at the beginning of Act IV. with its opening line, which may astonish others as it did me. And be it said in passing that no other English poet, unless it be Pope, has stamped so many epigrammatic lines which pass current universally, as has Dryden: —

> "Men are but children of a larger growth,
> Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
> And full as craving too and full as vain;
> And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,
> Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;

> But like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
> Works all her folly up and casts it outward
> To the world's open view."

And who could pass over the "Sweet devil" which Ventidius a little after bestows upon Cleopatra? Shakespeare could not have done better. "Sweet devil!" It goes side by side with Sidney's "Sweet enemy, France." Yet another admirable passage is Ventidius' description of Cleopatra: —

> "Her eyes have power beyond Thessalian charms
> To draw the moon from Heaven; for eloquence,
> The sea-green Syrens taught her voice their flattery;
> And while she speaks night steals upon the day,
> Unmarked of those that hear. Then she 's so charming,
> Age buds at sight of her and swells to youth:
> The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles;
> And with heaved hands forgetting gravity
> They bless her wanton eyes. Even I, who hate her,
> With a malignant joy behold such beauty."

Nevertheless the epithet "sea-green" shows the danger of that rhetoric of which I have complained. What does the "sea-green" tell us about Cleopatra?

The final scene, especially, is remarkable for poetry as well as for dramatic effect. "Welcome, thou kind deceiver," cries Cleopatra, with the asp at her breast,

> "Thou best of thieves; who, with an easy key,
> Dost open life, and, unperceived by us,
> Even steal us from ourselves: discharging so
> Death's dreadful office better than himself,
> Touching our limbs so gently into slumber,
> That Death stands by deceived by his own image
> And thinks himself but sleep."

But here more than anywhere Dryden comes directly into comparison with a far greater than he and suffers by it. If 'Antony and Cleopatra' were away, 'All for Love' would rank very high among English tragedies; but it pales before the unavoidable and

perpetual comparison. Not that Dryden has directly imitated. He has neither done that nor has he made any vain show of originality. Where his path led him beside Shakespeare's he has followed without hesitation ; yet he has everywhere preserved the strong bent and individuality of his own genius.

Nor in every respect is he inferior. The construction of his play must, I think, be more effective to the reader than that of 'Antony and Cleopatra,' must be very much more effective on the stage. Perhaps it does not require much audacity to say that construction is not the greatest of Shakespeare's merits. To try him by the narrow standard of the technical unities was of course absurd; nevertheless the application of the true spirit of those much-abused principles will show that he was careless of that consummate arrangement, which is easily degraded and is worthless without style and characterization to support it, but which remains, after all, one of the essentials of artistic success. This lack of skill, or more properly of interest in the management of subject, is the curse of English imaginative literature, and above all of the Elizabethan age. What an utter chaos are some of the best Elizabethan tragedies and comedies, wholly destitute not only of unity of plot, but even of unity of character, by which I mean of course not a pedantic limiting of the characters to one class of society, but the concentrating of all interest upon one or two persons who dominate all the others and the whole action of the play. Within the works of Shakespeare we have all degrees from no sort of construction whatever, or the faintest shadow of it, as in 'Troilus and Cressida' up to a unity of character of the profoundest interest, as in 'Lear,' or still more, 'Macbeth.' But even in these, except in the last, the construction is halting and careless. Perhaps the most effective control of the threads of plot is to be found in 'The Merry Wives' or 'The Merchant of Venice.' Yet how far are we from the endless ingenuity and invention of Calderon! This may be arch-heresy, but certain it is, at any rate, that Shakespeare does not interest modern audiences, and this not from any archaism, nor wholly from his use of verse, but because while unable to appreciate his enormous insight and imagination, they find the

movement too lagging and too difficult to carry them out of themselves.

'Antony and Cleopatra' is one of those plays in which the interest of character is absorbing; but the construction of the plot is far from perfect, and the ingenious management of Dryden is the best criticism of it. Instead of following Plutarch slavishly, Dryden placed all his action in Alexandria, fetched Octavia thither, and concentrated everything on the final and supreme struggle between Antony's ambition and soldiership on one side and his infatuation for Cleopatra on the other. In Shakespeare's play we get, perhaps, more largeness and freedom of movement, but we are hurried in the wake of Plutarch from Alexandria to Rome, back and forth between the two, and to half a dozen other places, with nothing but annoyance in the process. What conceivable connection has Pompey, or his affairs, with Antony's relation to Cleopatra? How little is made out of Octavia compared with Dryden's use of her! And as an extreme illustration how completely purposeless is the scene (iii., 1) between Ventidius and Silius, inserted solely to please Plutarch, with no sort of bearing on plot, characters, or anything else. It may be said that Shakespeare does not follow Plutarch in everything; but I really do not see why we should be grateful to him for what he has left out.[1]

After which it must be admitted, that beside the enormous tide of Shakespeare's genius, on which faults that would be monstrous in others are swept away straw-like, Dryden's production, with all its excellences, seems petty and theatrical. It is ingenious, it is pretty, the dove-like devotion of Cleopatra; she is so wrapped up in her adored Antony, she finds it so hard even to appear to exercise her charms on Dolabella, and she dies with such an altogether exemplary tragic dignity. And Antony is such a Romeo "of larger growth," to him the world is such a piece of 'All for Love,' indeed.

[1] Johnson brings this out in his caustic way: "The events," he says in his introduction to 'Antony and Cleopatra,' "of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connection or care of disposition."

Poor Antony, happy enough "so he were out of prison and kept sheep," with Cleopatra forever to bear him company.

That is the weakness of Dryden's play, at least when compared with Shakespeare's, — the thinness, the commonplaceness of the characters. His Cleopatra is a mere love-sick girl. She lives by the smiles of Antony: —

> "Would Antony could see me now;
> Think you he would not sigh; though he must leave me?
> Sure he would sigh, for he is noble-natured
> And bears a tender heart."

"A weak, forsaken woman" she calls herself, "A weak, forsaken woman and a lover." And again: —

> "My heart 's so full of joy
> That I shall do some wild extravagance
> Of love in public; and the foolish world
> Which knows not tenderness will think me mad."

The scene with Dolabella exhibits a sort of attempt at coquetry which is conspicuous by its utter failure, —

> "Can I do this? Ah, no, my love 's so true,
> That I can neither hide it where it is,
> Nor show it where it is not. Nature meant me
> A wife, a silly, harmless, household dove,
> Fond without art and kind without deceit;
> But Fortune that has made a mistress of me,
> Has thrust me out to the wide world, unfurnished
> Of falsehood to be happy."

Most pretty and pathetic undoubtedly, but can one suppose that this style of amiable cooing would be sufficient to ensnare an ambitious, ripe, experienced man like Antony, to ensnare him and then keep him, to make him despise power and honor and friends and fame and common honesty and throw them to the dogs? Ah, how much better has Shakespeare solved the problem, what an enormous creation has he given us in that wanton, passionate, ambitious, treacherous, mysterious, fascinating woman who *lives* in his pages from the very opening of the play.

"See where he is, who 's with him, what he does: —
I did not send you. If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return," —

to the last —

"O, couldst thou speak
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
Unpolicied!"

Ventidius' speech, which I quoted above about the "sea-green" syrens, challenges comparison with this of Enobarbus, —

"Age cannot wither her nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women clog
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her."

I leave the reader to choose between the characterizations in the two. And how inimitable is the scene where Cleopatra questions the messenger about Octavia, how inimitable her winning back of Antony after Actium, how inimitable the last act in its sublime humanness! Is it not, indeed, Cleopatra who cries, at the point of death, —

"Shew me, my women, like a queen; go fetch
My best attires; I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony."

I have said that Cleopatra was mysterious. Perhaps it is an element of the art of Shakespeare to puzzle us a little, to make us feel that we cannot interpret him always conclusively. It detracts nothing from the truth of his characters that we cannot always determine what their motives are as we can with that poor little creature of Dryden. The exact proportion of madness and sanity in Hamlet must always remain a question,[1] and so with Cleopatra.

[1] That this much-vexed question began to be debated soon after the production of the play is indicated by a bit in the comedy of *Eastward-Hoe* by Marston, Chapman, and Jonson, published 1605, where a footman by the name of Hamlet is introduced. A companion says to him: "'S foot! Hamlet, are you mad?"

I, at least, do not feel clear as to her good faith to Antony. That she loves him there is no doubt at all, loves him as she is capable of loving. But it is more than doubtful whether she kills herself for love of him or in sheer desperation to avoid the scorn and vengeance of Cæsar. I greatly fear that if she had been confident of Cæsar's favor, confident of reigning in Rome as she had reigned in Alexandria, Antony's poor dust might have tossed forgotten in the burning winds of Egypt. And yet, I do not know — who can know? That is precisely what gives the character its charm. History leaves us in the same doubt. Shakespeare may have had no definite opinion on the point. Cleopatra may not have considered it herself. She adored Antony. She had the pride of her race. She would not see

> "Some squeaking Cleopatra boy her greatness,"

and she dies as she lived, a supreme mystery.

Dryden's inferiority to Shakespeare shows less with the other characters than with Cleopatra, though I cannot agree with Mr. Saintsbury that his Antony is to be named with Shakespeare's. The difference is much as in the other case: Dryden's hero is too merely love-sick and mooning, too serious; he does not rise and flaunt his proud indifference on the wave of his misfortunes; he over-exalts love, and does not, like Shakespeare, underrate and cast beneath his feet the other goods of this world. In short, the difference between both heroes and heroines is the difference between twenty years old and forty. Now precisely the greatness of Shakespeare's play consists in the study of love, all-overpowering love, at an age when it has become abnormal and disturbs the whole orderly current of our lives.

The contrast between Ventidius and Enobarbus, who fill about the same place in the action, is important, because the latter represents that element of humor of which Dryden and the neo-classics were so much afraid in tragedy and which Shakespeare has used with such supreme effect in the chatter of the clown in Act V. The wit of Enobarbus is, indeed, delicious: —

> "*Enob.* — What 's your pleasure, Sir?
> *Ant.* — I must with haste from hence.

Enob. — Why, then we kill all our women: we see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death 's the word.

Ant. — I must be gone.

Enob. — Under a compelling occasion let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing, though between them and a great cause they should be esteemed nothing."

But it is not in characterization alone that Shakespeare surpasses Dryden. The contrast in style is even more striking. There are passages, indeed, where Dryden holds his own. In the celebrated one where both poets follow Plutarch so closely, — in Shakespeare, —

> "The barge she sat in like a burnished throne,
> Burnt on the water," etc., —

in Dryden, —

> "Her galley down the silver Cydnus rowed,
> The tackling silk, the streamers waved with gold," etc. —

Scott gives the preference to the younger poet, and I think justly. The passage of Shakespeare, though celebrated, does not show him at his best, as where the oars

> "made
> The water which they beat to follow faster,
> As amorous of their strokes."

But when we come to the scenes of passion, oh, how the imagination of Shakespeare strikes deeper, soars out more widely! What in Dryden can be named with the cry of Antony, —

> "I am so lated in the world that I
> Have lost my way for ever!"
> "Now I must
> To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
> And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
> With half the bulk of the world played as I pleased,
> Making and marring fortunes;"

or his wild outburst when he finds Thyreus with Cleopatra; or the few lines of the ambassador, —

"I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea."

In the last scene, above all, the genius of Shakespeare carries everything before it. Dryden's work is masterly. The language is clear, strong, rich, the tone eminently noble; but how it pales before the speeches of Shakespeare's Cleopatra, —

"Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me."

"Come, thou mortal wretch,
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry and despatch."

Charmian. — "O, eastern star!
Cleop. — Peace! Peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?
Charm. — O, break! O, break!
Cleop. — As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle, —
O, Antony! — Nay, I will take thee too: —
What should I stay —
Charm. — In this vile world? So, fare thee well.
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd."

So she passes away, entrancing and impenetrable as ever, the Serpent of Old Nile, bewitching poison, meriting not least in that she has furnished a theme for the supreme genius of four great masters in the art of dramatic poetry.

Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.

HECATE IN 'MACBETH.'

It has been the general habit of learned commentators either to crush the Hecate of 'Macbeth' under the heel of their criticism, as a spurious interloper brought into being by another than the

master's hand, or to ignore her completely, and thus, as far as lay in their power, consign her to oblivion.

Shakespeare criticism of more recent date, however, while it may be less profound, shows a tendency toward broader, more natural, and truer interpretations and analyses. As that criticism continues to improve, internal evidences and the necessities of the drama will weigh as heavily in favor of certain disputed points as their evident imperfections and the verbal tests applied to them now seem to weigh against them. Then Hecate will be restored to her own again.

The enmity of the earlier critics towards Hecate is a little strange in the light of the plain analytical and mythical reasons for her existence. She is introduced into the play at a point immediately following the climax. In the previous scene Macbeth, having been driven almost to insanity, not by remorse for his crimes, but by a selfish fear of consequences which is ever growing upon him, is compelled to make a final choice. He must either yield himself wholly to his distraction, or he must firmly decide to go forward in his wickedness under the guidance of evil destiny. He determines upon the latter course: —

> " For mine own good,
> All causes shall give way; I am in blood
> Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
> Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
> Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd."

Hecate announces herself to the witches as the " mistress of their charms." These uncanny beings represent the trend of evil destiny and fate, and also, as Coleridge so finely says, " the imaginative disconnected from the good." Hecate is their queen.

The inferiority of her words, from a poetic standpoint, to those of the weird sisters is regarded as the surest proof of her spuriousness. Is it not rather an evidence of her genuineness as a creation of Shakespeare? With his subtle sense of discrimination, he made her what she represented to the popular mind: a creature approaching the reality of the human, — vulgar, prosaic, practical, yet in power akin to the divine.

In mediæval times myths and legends had become degraded to superstitions. Destiny no longer meant possible good as well as possible evil. It meant possible evil alone. The controller of fate, believed to be a witch, a fiend in woman's form, even as late as Shakespeare's day could excite nothing else but horror mingled with disgust. The Hecate of classic legend was a goddess who wielded a triple influence, — over the earth, the air, and the lower regions. Men worshipped her, making her propitiatory offerings. These offerings had also their material uses. The supper of Hecate, placed in the public highway where three roads met, became a feast for the poor. It is easy to find in this an analogy to the Jewish sacrifices, which included the priests' portions. Nor is it wholly improbable that in the early days of Christianity, when the strange, new religion was struggling for a foothold, the deeply symbolic sense of the Jewish rites may have been corrupted with pagan ideas, and pagan ceremonies been made to take the place of Jewish symbolisms, the meaning of which had ended with the new dispensation. In later times, when the mysticism of the pagan, and the spiritualism of the Christian, religions were to a great extent lost sight of in elaborate forms and ceremonies, the supper of Hecate, the goddess of destiny, would doubtless be easily transformed, in the minds of the ignorant, superstitious masses, to the midnight orgies around the witches' caldron.

Shakespeare well knew what the name of Hecate implied to the people even in his time of dawning enlightenment. He knew what words to put into her mouth to produce a realistic effect, without interfering with his own creative interpretation of her nature. The inferiority of her speech purposely weakens for a time the influence of the supernatural as exerted by the more poetical and mysterious weird sisters. The semblance of mystery is not done away with, but Hecate's plain, blunt words bring us down to earth and to a judgment of Macbeth from the standpoint of human responsibility; and this, too, at the very moment when he appears to be yielding himself utterly to the supernatural powers. The seeming contradiction here is but another exhibition of the poet's understanding of human nature. The wilful man determined upon

evil willingly believes himself impelled to it by forces beyond his control. Macbeth, with his mind made up, in the half pretence, half-serious act, of seeking to know his destiny, finds the excuse he desires to warrant his future action.

Hecate, it may be repeated, comes upon the scene at exactly the proper time. The weird sisters alone have hitherto represented the supernatural influences working upon Macbeth, embodying the thoughts by which his mind has been unsettled and turned in a dangerous direction. They constantly tempt and torment him with promptings toward crime, yet so long as their efforts are unaided, their victim wrestles with the uncertainty of his mental and moral position. His brain is in a quandary between right and wrong impulses. Soon after meeting them, he says: —

> " . . . Why do I yield to that suggestion
> Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
> And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
> Against the use of nature?"

Under their influence alone, Macbeth would undoubtedly have become a maniac; he is, in fact, on the verge of insanity when the current is changed. For the perfection of his perverted nature he must have the help of "the close contriver of all harms."

It is worth iterated and emphatic notice that Hecate is not brought into the drama until Macbeth has been forced by his insane outbreak to recognize the necessity of taking a deliberate and firm stand for evil or for good. He has reached the point where he naturally prefers the former, and where his choice is merely between drifting restlessly on, or of following a course deliberately marked out. Left to the contrivances of his first tempters, his end must have been an ignominious death, probably by his own hands, or, it might be, by those of a secret assassin. From this he is saved by Hecate, who may be said to personify the will almost demoralized, yet still controlling his vicious imaginings to guide them whither she chooses.

Macbeth's resolution is taken. Henceforth his wavering is to give place to deeds that are to follow a reasoned plan, and are

expected to be decisive. The subtle counsel of their mistress enlightens the weird sisters as to the most harmful direction in which their victim can be led. He no longer hesitates. He is deluded by the belief that he will overcome his enemies, or any who stand in his way. His courage regains its ascendancy, and while through it he is allured to destruction, his end, far from being ignominious, is that for which a brave soldier might have hoped. Macbeth, in spite of his imagination, is of the earth, earthy; his most elevated and commendable quality is a physical one. It seems peculiarly fit that, brave at the last in a corrupt course, as he had been earlier in a righteous one, he should be permitted to depart this life with a certain *éclat*.

It is fitting also that the supernatural influence toward that end should emanate not from the evanescent, mysterious, bearded creatures whose power over him had weakened his physical courage, but from one who was earthly as well as aerial, and who with no doubtful touch of supremacy impressed herself upon the action in the most realistic way.

Hecate was not an unfamiliar character to Shakespeare. He had referred to her elsewhere in sufficiently various ways to indicate that he knew her classic attributes as well as he did the popular conception of her.

We are glad to think that La Pucelle in 'Henry VI.' was created by another than Shakespeare's hand; yet it will not be wholly out of place to refer to a line in that play which says, "I speak not to that railing Hecate." The use of the adjective "railing" gives evidence of one fact at least: that the idea of Hecate was not a new one, that it would have been received as a perfectly natural conception of the character.

In 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Puck the words:—

> "And we fairies, that do run
> By the triple Hecate's team
> From the presence of the sun,
> Following darkness like a dream."

Again, in 'King Lear,' the dramatist displays his knowledge of the classic myth by using the name of the triple goddess to strengthen and confirm an oath.

> " By the sacred radiance of the sun,
> The mysteries of Hecate and the night;
> By all the operation of the orbs
> From whom we do exist, and cease to be,"

swears the old king in his folly, wishing in the strongest terms, which here become an appeal to fate, to renounce his one true daughter.

At her worst Shakespeare's Hecate is a poet's creation. It is wellnigh impossible to understand how she can be brought by critics into the range of similitude with the grosser creation of Middleton, or to accept the suggestion that the Hecate of 'Macbeth' was the work of Middleton's hand. Certainly there is a vast difference between the human, but degraded and wholly repulsive witch of the inferior playwright and the "railing" creature of the master's play. The one may reach ethereal regions by the aid of a broomstick, and find herself in some measure at home there; but it is by no such vulgar, material means that the "Mistress" of the "weird sisters" answers the call of her little spirit to take her way to the moon.

Middleton's more realistic treatment of the character of Hecate, however, better interprets the notion of her materialistic power, as held by the common people. Yet she, too, was a mistress of enchantment, and the groundlings, if not their betters, were no doubt duly satisfied to have the witches' caldron substituted for what in more classic truth might have been the propitiatory feast of Hecate. It is in just such touches as these — in the quick detection of likeness between the superstitions of his own time and classic legend, and the fine blending of them — that Shakespeare's genius shows itself so superior.

One other illustration may be given from the drama of that time to show what was understood to be the part of Hecate in all matters of magic. Delphia, the prophetess in Beaumont and

Fletcher's play of that name, when about to exert a final and decisive influence upon Diocletian, says: —

> "Mount up, my birds,
> Some rites I am to perform to Hecate
> To perfect my design ; which once performed
> He shall be made obedient to thy call,
> Or in his ruin I will bury all."

The Hecate of Macbeth partakes somewhat of the unsubstantial character of the "secret, black and midnight hags" whom she rules, but she does her more positive work in a less mysterious manner. It is through her interposition that for the first time in the play enchantment is produced by visible and material means. Illusive imagination, though it has brought the air-drawn dagger before Macbeth's eyes, is now supplanted by delusions externally induced, and the more misleading because of their closer imitation of reality and stronger appeal to reason.

Hecate commands,

> "Your vessels and your spells provide,
> Your charms and everything beside,"

and the witches' caldron is introduced. An appurtenance of mediæval Scotch mythology, its gross nature would degrade the part of the weird sisters in the play but for the fact that they are merely doing another's bidding. Moreover, the poetical spirit which attaches to them in their dealings with Macbeth is preserved by the solemnity thrown around their monotonous incantation. Hecate's return seems to indicate that the terrible brew can be mixed effectively only in her presence and under her immediate supervision. The allegorical interpretation of this may be that while the weird sisters have the inspirational power springing from their imagination in all its tendencies, Hecate has absolute power over the will and action.

Macbeth is presented as a man of quick and vivid imagination. We may safely infer that had he come under the influence of good spirits, or, in other words, had his imagination been directed more strongly towards noble achievements than toward selfish ambi-

tions, his inspirations would ultimately have become servants of the will in the direction of well-doing. Through obedience to his uncurbed and sinful imaginings he learns to prefer vice to virtue, and his choice finally becomes one of cool deliberation, not, as formerly, of impulse. From the supernatural point of view, it may be said that after the appearance of Hecate, though he knows nothing of her, he passes completely under her control.

Richard Grant White's comment on the lines " He loves for his own ends, not for you," that Macbeth " does not disguise his hatred for the witches," is scarcely an adequate explanation of the meaning. Macbeth has not lost pleasure in his diseased fancies, even though the horrid pictures they present frighten him, but, like every self-willed person, he is determined not only to have things his own way, but to make that way seem the right and inevitable one. He now looks for new visions of a successful future which both his will and his perverted conscience may approve. Such a condition confirms the fact that he is under the domination of base desires. For that which most surely characterizes a final yielding to sin is the deliberate refusal to acknowledge its sinfulness. Hecate in 'Macbeth' may be summed up as the evil imagination made practically effective by the will.

The Hecate of mythology had for her peculiar prerogative the rewarding of those who offered her prayers and sacrifices. In this connection it is significant that Macbeth, though intensely superstitious, constantly showed his contempt for the supernatural beings he permitted to sway his thoughts. He was, indeed, so in love with "his own ends" that, so far from subordinating himself to his tempters, he did not treat them with respect. It never occurred to him to worship them, even for his own ends, or to sacrifice himself to them. They rewarded him as he deserved, with seeming success, with the name of king, though not the glory — and through it his ultimate ruin. Macbeth's career as a king must have been like a painful delusion, a troubled dream. This was correlative to a certain antagonism in his nature: the almost constant contention between the sternly practical bent of his mind and his highly imaginative spirit. The result could not have been otherwise

than a wavering in his decisions. A reconciliation of these forces is shown, when as a brave soldier he gained his great victories, and as a courageous, though wholly corrupt king, he won something of a hero's death. At those moments he rose above his usual self.

In the old theogony Hecate was also the presiding genius of war and the administrator of justice. She enters visibly into Macbeth's life when his fate is finally to be decided, and thus into the destiny of his country. She causes him to be led along the path he desires to go, and brings him to a just end; at the same time, she may be supposed to be the subtle influence which turned the war and subsequent events connected with it into channels of justice to all concerned. Things had come to that pass in Scotland when a necessary reversal of conditions for the sake of the nation was like the creation of a new world, and the accomplishment of it might well have been regarded the work of more than human power. According to another tradition, Hecate personified the night and also the goddess who troubled the reason of men. Macbeth suffered her terrible embrace when he lacked "the season of all natures, sleep," when his whirling brain and absent mind made possible the vivid illusion of Banquo's ghost. Among other attributes of Hecate were those giving her authority over magic and nocturnal ceremonies. In conformity to classic story her intervention was necessary to the success of the magical rites and incantations of the witches. There is a significant suggestion in the derivation of her name, — "she that operates from afar." In the play she never comes in sight of her chief victim, nor of any of the persons whose destinies she controlled. It was not immediate, personal influence, but innate and inevitable power which affected them. In this there may be easily perceived an ethical meaning, — the far-reaching sway of all thoughts and desires, as well as deeds. Macbeth brought his own fate upon himself, and through that fate his inordinate ambition, which stopped at nothing, became the instrument of his country's deliverance. Even before this ruling divinity is brought upon the scene, Macbeth refers to "black Hecate's summons" and "night's

yawning peal" as if he were conscious of the ascendancy in his affairs of one to whom kings and nations once considered themselves indebted for success in their undertakings. But his imperfect faith in the mysterious powers whose help he craved drew on him a just retribution. The climax of the purely supernatural part of the play is introduced when Hecate becomes a two-faced goddess to Macbeth, and through her instruments lured "him to his confusion."

Hecate was the mistress of the witches, but she governed their conduct by acting through them as a sovereign acts through others. So emphatic does Shakespeare make this that it is difficult to understand how his meaning could have been mistaken. Yet less than a century after his death a travesty of the play called D'Avenant's version held the boards in London, presumably to the satisfaction of public and players. In that version, instead of the awe-inspiring apparitions called forth by magic power, Hecate herself replies to Macbeth's questions, and is the direct and human means for his deception. By this use of her, Hecate's entire part in the play is rendered prosaic and disenchanting. Indeed, the very contrast between the part tagged to her by D'Avenant and that given in the play as we know it, is a strong argument for Hecate as Shakespeare's own creation. He allows her to fill that place alone which he has appointed for her. Only the master dramatist would have limited her to two brief appearances, and made those appearances appropriate and effective without giving a coarse and unpoetical finale to the supernatural forces.

The lunar character of the classic Hecate is insisted upon by mythologists, deep poetic meanings being involved in the idea. One is that as an effect upon destiny the lunar power is exerted over the mental faculties. Hecate caught the vaporous drop profound falling from the corner of the moon, with which her magic sleights were created, to work sad havoc in Macbeth's brain. This lunar power, linked to the darkness and the mystery of the underworld, adds to the latter the touch of something higher, something in a sense explanatory of the imaginative influence emanating from the dark nature of Hecate.

We pity Macbeth even in the moments of his deepest, most deserved degradation, as we do all who succumb to temptation. But our pity can have in it little that is akin to admiration when the sinner is the victim of a scarcely resisted fate, and when his yielding is the mere weak submission to, or the selfish drifting toward, evil desires. At the banquet scene our feeling for Macbeth has very nearly reached contempt. This feeling is relieved by the entrance of Hecate; we give ready, though, perhaps, unconscious, credence to the suggestion of lunar influence, and our pity is restored. For we learn that Macbeth, bloody and cruel though he be, is something other than a common, brutal murderer. While not insane in the usual acceptation of the word, he is moving in an atmosphere of a distorted imagination. By it he is lifted quite out of the vulgar realm of ordinary sinners actuated by passion or cool reason alone. He never loses his best characteristic, physical courage, and when he meets his death, our hearts are moved to a compassion involuntary and strong, because we feel that he has been subtly led onward by the fascinating radiance of the mocking night phantom personified in Hecate.

There is a mystery in the effectual sway of temptation to ignoble deeds wielded over natures which might otherwise be great. To explain this sway we are prone to attribute it to a spirit of evil which seduces, corrupts, and inevitably overcomes the mortal within its grasp. Without such undefined belief in a supernatural, invisible enemy, we should have comparatively little mercy for the flagrant wrong-doer. The unending struggle of the individual with temptation also leads imaginative minds to personify perverse tendencies and desires; and when the struggle is in vain, unregenerated man finds a certain comfort in the belief that it could not be otherwise. It is the triumph of fate.

After looking in vain among the earlier critics of a high order for an outspoken support of Hecate, it is refreshing to come upon Professor Snider's strong words concerning her part and place:

"A new personage is now introduced into the play — Hecate — the Queen of the witches. Her function is particularly marked: she is to change the previous course of events. Hence, she re-

proves the weird sisters for their former favors to Macbeth who is but a 'wayward son;' she will do differently; she proposes to deceive him by magic sleights and 'draw him on to his confusion.' Her means is to produce in his mind 'security;' a confident temerity which results from an absolute reliance upon a prediction. Thus he is led to 'spurn fate, scorn death and bear his hopes above wisdom, grace and fear,' an exact statement about what is to follow. The 'hell broth' is cooked before our eyes. All the elements of nature are thrown into the cauldron; the future is being literally stewed together out of its diverse ingredients; the purpose of these beings is clearly revealed in the ominous chorus, 'Double, double, toil and trouble.' This world has a complete activity of its own: though every part may not be symbolical, yet the whole certainly is; in fact the queen, Hecate, who may be considered the supreme power has not only revealed her design but also the means of its execution."

She represents even more. If not the keystone of the play, she is at least the summing up of its evil, personifying the combination of the low and vulgar elements of superstition with the higher elements of imaginative power, with the human will, — that free executive force which makes man, and also links him with the divine. *Mary E. Cardwill.*

THE SIGFRID STORIES, IN THE NIBELUNGENLIED AND ELSEWHERE.

NATIONS, like individuals, have their favorite stories. Doubtless every one of us has heard an old tale in his childhood which he can never quite forget. It comes back to his mind unexpectedly sometimes, and retains a curious fascination. Entire nations have the same experience. There are stories of men and women which haunt the generations like a passion, and which so interweave themselves with the intellectual life of a people that poetic minds at different periods seize upon what is most vital in these stories, and clothe it in a form to correspond to the altered condition of the times.

Thus it was with the stories of Helen of Troy, thus it is with Arthur and his Table Round, and thus particularly with the greatest of all love stories, grand and terrible like the elements, — the story of Sigfrid and Brunhild. Conceived in the dawn of Germanic civilization, no one knows when, no one knows where, nor by whom, it fascinated for centuries the imagination of the German tribes, was sung in one form or another in different dialects all over the German lands long before Christianity had destroyed the belief in the old gods, had the vitality not only to adapt itself to the ideas introduced by the new faith, but in the thirteenth century even became the basis of one of the greatest popular epics, the Nibelungenlied; then, more wonderful still, it survived the immense revolution of intellectual life known as the Renaissance, and in our own day was able to inspire one of the most powerful of our contemporaries, Richard Wagner, to write four dramas, which, by reason of being musical dramas, are the subtlest possible exponents of nineteenth century sensitiveness.

Like many figures in mythology, Sigfrid and Brunhild were originally personifications of natural phenomena. When a race has reached a certain stage of development, the regularly recurring phenomena of nature awaken a sense of awed curiosity. An intense desire to give plausible explanation for these makes itself felt. These explanations are entirely anthropomorphical. Night and day are thought to be but two deities, forever fighting for the supremacy, each conqueror and conquered in turn. The revolutions of the seasons awaken a similar train of thought. Winter, with the hardships it brings to the men of the North, is imagined as a tyrant who holds in bondage a beautiful maiden, a personification of the Fruitfulness of the Earth. A glorious youth, the god of Spring, strong and bold, at last shatters her fetters and leads her back to the rejoicing earth. They rule supreme and undisturbed for a while. But the powers of darkness never sleep. By wiles and tricks they lure the youth into destruction. Joy and light succumb, and all is as before. We find different forms of this season myth — of this story of Summer and Winter — in the mythologies of many nations. Such myths are related in so far

as they are all personifications of the same phenomena invented at different times and by different peoples, but they by no means go back to some mother myth, as has sometimes been believed. The different nations attempted in the course of time, independently of each other, to explain what seemed most striking to them in nature. As the Germanic tribes developed, the dramatic power of this simple story struck them more and more forcibly; they proceeded to spin it out into a tale of joy and grief, of kindness and brutality, reflecting their own crude, fascinating, national character.

As children of the North, the ancient German races were remarkable primarily for their health and strength of body and of soul. The hugeness of their frames found its counterpart in an almost overwhelming intensity of feeling. Their individualities were grand and untamed like the primeval forests in which they lived. Their passions burst forth destructive like mountain torrents. But just as in nature we find a blending of the terrible and the lovely, so their minds harbored delicacy side by side with brutal qualities. Three traits are salient in ancient German character: courage, fidelity, and respect for woman. No greater insult could be offered a German warrior than to suspect him of cowardice. No bond of friendship or affection could ever release him from the duty of avenging the death of a relative or of a chief to whom he owed allegiance, either by killing the murderer or by forcing him to pay a large sum of money; the latter method was not considered equally noble, but yet seems to have been resorted to not infrequently.

In the old songs subjects cling to their kings with admirable stanchness, and die for them without a murmur. Kings in return prefer death to betraying a faithful follower. And those same warriors who expose themselves to the most cruel tortures from their enemies, have an almost superstitious awe of woman, as a creature endowed with mysterious powers of divination, and intuitions unknown to men. They respect their wives as beings favored by the deity, and guard them with fierce jealousy. The wife in return owes obedience to her lord, and looks up to him with love and respect.

Such was the soil in which the season myth developed into the powerful story of Sigfrid and Brunhild. In the early stages of all literatures are found songs about the feats of heroes. These songs spring up suddenly; the people sing them after the battle or the chase. They are transmitted from tribe to tribe by word of mouth, from generation to generation, contracting or expanding like vapors; but whatever their form, their very ruggedness, the dramatic quality of their style which mentions only what is necessary, make them the most perfect reflections of the popular mind.

Precisely what form or forms this season myth took during the early centuries of our era must remain a matter of conjecture. We only know that in the course of time there became amalgamated with it new stories reflecting the tremendous events of the Migrations of the Nations. To discuss when and where this blending probably took place would lead us too far. The songs of those times are lost, but we know that they must have breathed a fierce spirit of war and destruction. For never yet had the world been made to witness more frightful contortions than those attending the death agonies of Rome and the birth throes of the new order of things. The German nations which centuries before had begun to nibble at the immense structure of the Roman Empire, were now pouring themselves like a stream of lava into the Roman provinces. The old giant fought tooth and nail, and a struggle, titanic, like a geological convulsion, followed.

We can appreciate the nature of this revolution when we remember that at its outset Rome was the supreme and only ruler of the world, and that before its end the Roman Empire had become a name, and the world was under the dominion of German nations. Between the first attacks of the Huns upon the Ostrogoths in the East (*i. e.* about 375 A. D.) and the coronation of Charles the Great (*i. e.* 800 A. D.), some of the most momentous events in history took place. At first we see the German tribes, Visigoths and Ostrogoths, Vandals and Burgundians, using their whole young and unbroken strength in shaking Rome. They were interrupted for a while in their work of destruction by Attila

the Hun, who burst upon Europe in the middle of the fifth century, terrorized her, and seemed destined to inaugurate a new order of things, but soon disappeared again as he had come, allowing the old struggle against Rome to continue. Many were the rebuffs of the Germans, frightful their losses, but at last, in 476 A. D., the old Colossus crumbled to the dust and a German proclaimed himself King of Italy. Centuries of confusion follow. The different tribes fight among themselves for the supremacy. Great figures come to the front like Theodoric the Ostrogoth, whom we shall meet anon as Dietrich von Bern. Nations come and go, kingdoms rise and fall, and at last one people, possessed of greater talent for ruling, and of more vitality than the rest, the Franks, spreads at the expense of many others, and out of the chaos develops a new realm, Germanic and Christian, and in 800 Charles the Great is crowned Emperor of the West.

Such is the background on which we must think of the personages in our stories, or sagas, to use the old Germanic word. This was the atmosphere in which lived the people who composed the songs about Sigfrid, this the furnace in which those powerful individualities were hardened. Every extant form of our saga shows traces, more or less profound, of these times of struggle. For many centuries the Germans could not forget the times when they were trained to become the rulers of Europe.

It is natural that all these great events, these new experiences, the sight of the great countries of civilization should have stimulated the imagination of the Germans and should have increased their love for epic poetry. In fact, everything goes to show that at this time songs of heroes and of battles were sung all over Europe, and that particularly the stories of Sigfrid were popular everywhere. We can in no way judge of the exact nature of these songs of Sigfrid, as has been said before. The priests of later times, over-anxious to obliterate the last traces of heathenish views, have bereft us of them. Hence we must feel grateful indeed that a kind fate has preserved for us a large collection of songs current among the men of the North, in Iceland, Norway, and Greenland. This collection is known as the older Edda. The ballads of which

it is made up treat of several sagas beside that of Sigfrid and Brunhild. Most of these sagas, among them those that concern us here, wandered North from their German home, perhaps in the course of the sixth century. The ballads of the Edda were composed between the years 850 and 1050, and were collected, it was supposed, by the learned Bishop Saemund of Iceland in the twelfth century. Impelled by archæological interest, he is believed to have saved all the songs from heathenish times still extant among the people of Iceland, and fast vanishing before triumphant Christianity. It is now more than improbable that it was Saemund who collected these songs, but we owe a debt of gratitude to the collector, whoever he was, as they allow us to reconstruct the story of Sigfrid and Brunhild and the sagas amalgamated with it, especially the story of the death of King Gunnar and his followers.

The story of Sigfrid and Brunhild tells us of the glorious youth Sigurd (this name Sigurd is merely the Norse for the German Sigfrid), the son of Sigmund, who by killing a dragon acquired an immense treasure, and soon after, on his wanderings, found the beautiful maiden Brunhild on a mountain surrounded by a ring of fire. She had been placed there by the supreme god for an act of disobedience, and was fated to be awakened by the hero Sigurd. She at once falls in love with Sigurd with all the passion of a powerful soul, and Sigurd answers her affection. But he is destined cruelly to deceive her without his knowledge. For he leaves her to seek further adventures and comes to the land of King Gunnar. Gunnar covets Sigurd's treasure and wants the famous Brunhild. His mother consequently administers a magic potion to Sigurd by which he completely forgets Brunhild and marries Gunnar's sister Gudrun. Gunnar now asks Sigurd to lend him aid in getting the far-famed Brunhild. Sigurd, whose oblivion has become complete, gladly assents. He alone can ride through the ring of fire, and assumes Gunnar's appearance, so that Brunhild does not recognize him. She had given up all hope of ever seeing Sigurd again, for much time had elapsed since he had left her, and she consequently follows the pretended Gunnar. Then Sigurd and Gunnar reassume their natural appearance, and Gunnar mar-

ries Brunhild. But she had not long been his queen, when in a quarrel with Sigurd's wife, Gudrun, she discovers the deceit. Her old love for Sigurd breaks out again like a flame. The thought that Sigurd deceived her and that he belongs to another woman consumes her. She induces her husband to kill him, and when she hears that Sigurd is dead she pierces herself with the sword and is burnt upon the same funeral pyre with her beloved Sigurd.

This is in a few words that love story which so delighted the Germanic imagination. It is easy to recognize it as an amplification of the season myth. Brunhild is the goddess of the fertility of the earth whom Sigurd delivers from her bondage. Both ultimately die through the machinations of Sigurd's enemies. Indeed, Brunhild seems like the incarnation of an element. There is something overpowering about the proud woman who spurns all her queenly possessions and power to be united, at least in death, with the man she loved. The continuation of this story in the Edda, the story of Gunnar's death, tells us how Gudrun, Sigurd's wife, after years of grief and mourning was made to drink a love potion which caused her to forget Sigurd, and how she married a man called Atli. Atli, in his turn, covets the treasure which Sigurd had owned and which after his death had passed into the possession of Gudrun's brothers. He invited them and their retainers to his house with evil intent and there most brutally murdered them. He causes the heart of one of them to be hacked out, Gunnar to be thrown into a snake pen. Gunnar in defiance plays the harp with his toes so sweetly that the snakes are lulled to sleep. Only one remains awake and kills him. Atli's wife, frenzied with grief at her brother's fate, takes the most fearful revenge on her husband by making him eat his own children's flesh and then putting him to death.

The directness and simplicity with which all these events are told remind one of the barren grandeur of the Northern mountains. The style is everywhere unfinished, neglecting all detail, as when the crests of mountains are lit and the valleys remain dark, as some one said. All ornaments of style are rare but always most appropriately used. Gunnar's song in the snake pen

is as sweet as a swan's. Gudrun says of Sigurd that he was like a precious gem on a ring. In every line we breathe the atmosphere of the North.

The Edda is grand and uncanny, like the Northern light. No ray of mildness which the creed of Christ introduced into the world has ever grazed the authors of these poems; everywhere the old Germanic power and harshness. Every character stands out like a rock. Nothing is petty here. We shall see that much as the old songs lost their original form, this grandeur of feeling and of thought remained their most striking characteristic.

These songs of the Edda were popular in the North even after Christianity had overthrown the heathenish observances, after they had ceased to represent the actual state of things. They were still appreciated at a time when the entire surface of German life had changed, especially on the continent, and when in Germany proper the old saga was being moulded into a completely new form, corresponding to a new life. And, indeed, a very different life from that in the cold North was the life of Germany toward the end of the twelfth century — that is, that period which produced what is not only the greatest form of the Sigfrid story, but the greatest of all mediæval epics, the Nibelungenlied.

Momentous changes had been wrought in Germany since the tempests of the migrations had subsided. Christianity had long since taken the place of the heathenish cults, had for centuries influenced the daily life of the people, had taught men a new ideal of self-sacrifice. Germany had become a mighty empire, had gone through great struggles with outer foes and with the all-powerful church. This church had always been ruled by men who made her influence paramount in all matters of state and private life; her ministers had been the only scholars, the only teachers and the only artists. But since the first part of the twelfth century new forces had begun to make themselves felt which before the century was over, led to a new burst of intellectual life. The Crusades had begun about a century before. They had opened new worlds to men's minds and had greatly excited their imagination by bringing them into contact with strange races and picturesque customs, by

leading them into the gorgeous East, the treasure-house of fable. In several departments of life great changes were to be noticed. Architecture was taking a new departure; the Romanesque style, expressive of stolid power, gave way at that time to the Gothic, of which intense idealism and grace of form were the main characteristics. In literature, the old poetry, often written in Latin, and generally ecclesiastical in its nature, was succeeded by a secular form of verse in the mother tongue which breathed a thoroughly worldly atmosphere and was typical of a brilliant society. For new social ideals, too, coming in large part from France, were now ruling the upper classes. Knighthood, that peculiar institution so characteristic for those times, with its ideals of fine breeding, courage and piety, was now at its zenith.

Literature cannot help reflecting the life about it, and as the aristocracy took a prominent part in literary matters, poetry became largely an exponent of the upper ten thousand. Now, to the Knight of those days, woman was the pearl of the universe, the consummation of beauty and nobility, and love was the highest virtue. Consequently, the pangs of disprized and the delights of requited love, the longing after a departed lover, grief at the fickleness of the beloved are the ever recurring subjects of hundreds of verses by these aristocrats. And although poetry of this kind must of necessity have a tendency to become stilted and unnatural, we find many stanzas full of poetic and delicate feeling. This is the time when in many courts and in dozens of castles along the great rivers of central and southern Germany the famous so-called Minnesang, that is poetry of love, flourished. This is the time when Walther von der Vogelweide, the greatest lyrical poet of the Middle Ages, wrote his verses full of melody and grace; this is the time, too, when Wolfram von Eschenbach so powerfully crystallized the whole spirit of his age in his great poem 'Parzival.' Everywhere we find literary activity, everywhere literary productiveness. But however brilliant the literature was, it by no means represented the whole nation. For all these men, with the exception of Walther von der Vogelweide, stood more or less under the influence of France and took their subjects from French literature,

thus entirely neglecting the literary traditions of their own country. It really seemed as if the noise of this elegant society would drown the voice of the people. Yet the stories which had fascinated the German people for hundreds of years, the old songs which had been transmitted from father to son had too much genuine power in them to be crowded out of existence. They had never died out, they had never failed to fascinate large audiences. They were the possession of the people and the people had always loved them. It was natural, therefore, that in Austria, where French influence was least felt, men endowed with poetic sensibilities should mould the old sagas into a form characteristic of the new age. Around the old nucleus new songs or new forms of the old songs gathered and about the year 1200 some unknown collector or reviser arranged what he found into a fairly consistent whole in the form of an epic. This epic is the famous Nibelungenlied.

Just as the songs of the Edda were in a sense representative of the times and country in which they were sung, so the Nibelungenlied, though showing in every line traces of the fierce past, though dealing with individualities such as only the times of the migrations could produce, is the child of the twelfth century. A milder spirit, brought about by Christian doctrines, has come over the old story; the northern light has yielded to the warmer hues of morn. The whole tale has changed and has become a mirror of Barbarossa's age.

The songs of the Edda, it will be remembered, told us how Sigurd killed a dragon and acquired a treasure, how he found and fell in love with Brunhild, how he was made to forget her and unwittingly helped to deceive her, how she discovered the fraud and was seized again with love for him, had him put to death and died with him. They furthermore told us how Gudrun, Sigurd's wife, married another man after Sigurd's death, how her second husband, coveting the treasure which had belonged to Sigurd, invited his wife's brothers and killed them; and how Gudrun wreaked terrible revenge on her husband for this deed. In the Nibelungenlied, Brunhild, the greatest figure of the Edda, loses much of her importance and the whole of the epic becomes the

story of Kriemhild's love for her husband Sigfrid. Kriemhild, who corresponds to Gudrun in the Edda, here kills her brothers for murdering her husband Sigfrid, and through grief at her husband's death, changes from a lovely maiden to a fearful avenger.

The first scene introduces us at once to the main persons with whom the epic deals and gives us a presentiment of the woe and grief which are to follow. Kriemhild, a maiden of extraordinary beauty, sister to the powerful kings of Burgundy, dreams that she brought up with care a falcon which two eagles tear to pieces before her eyes. She tells her mother her dream, who interprets the falcon as a noble youth whom Kriemhild will love and lose. Having, in this way, given us the keynote of the whole story, we are taken, by one of those leaps so characteristic of popular poetry, to the Netherlands. Here young Sigfrid, a hero, young, handsome and courageous, son of king Sigmund, has heard of Kriemhild and roundly tells his father one day that he will conquer her for himself. He sets out with a few companions, and after a seven days' journey he and his men, arrayed in glittering armor arrive in Worms on the Rhine, the capital of Burgundy, and at once wish to see the king Gunther. The king calls together his advisers. Hagen the most redoubtable of them, sees the strangers through the window and recognizes the famous Sigfrid. He urges the king to receive him kindly, for he is a formidable man. Sigfrid is told of the invitation, but much to the surprise and fury of the Burgundians, he tells them that he came for no less a purpose than to conquer their country. There is a call for arms and a fierce quarrel is on the point of breaking out when Gernot, the king's brother, interferes. A compromise is effected by which the dreaded hero is allowed to take a share in the government of the country. Thus peace is restored and Sigfrid remains in Burgundy. Sigfrid soon shows himself worthy of his high position. He performs great deeds in war and renders himself necessary to the Burgundians.

His wish to see the beautiful maiden Kriemhild, the king's sister, is soon to be fulfilled, for Gunther's court is a brilliant one and festivities are frequent. Gunther knows how much Sigfrid

loves Kriemhild, although he has never seen her, and decides that the ladies of the royal household should be allowed to appear on a certain festive occasion. Great joy prevails when this becomes known and the men crowd to behold the fair Kriemhild.

When she at last appears she is like the dawn breaking through dark clouds; she is as much fairer than the maidens about her as the moon is than the stars. Sigfrid grows red and pale at seeing her. He stands aside bashfully, but as handsome as if an artist had painted him on parchment. Then Gunther sends some one to invite him to go to Kriemhild. He gladly follows. They exchange glances of love, and perhaps, we are naively told, he pressed her white hand; for it would have been wrong in two lovers not to do so. Sigfrid's heart bounds within him as if on a beautiful May morning, and all the knights envy him his good fortune. This meeting decides Sigfrid to remain, although he had a strong desire to return to his father's country.

After this episode, equal perhaps to the most delicate love poems of the time, follow parts in which something like the old Edda spirit prevails.

King Gunther has heard of a maiden of great strength and beauty, called Brunhild, who lives in Iceland, and vies with heroes in skill and power. He only can marry her who can defeat her in three different games, and every one loses his life whom she conquers. Gunther, like Gunnar in the Edda, wishes to marry her, and induces Sigfrid to help him, by promising him Kriemhild in return. After a journey of twelve days they arrive in Iceland. Sigfrid alone knows the place. When Brunhild sees him she greets him like an old acquaintance; but he pretends to be Gunther's vassal. In all this we recognize old reminiscences of the Sigfrid and Brunhild story, which were no longer understood by the poets of the epic. Iceland takes the place of the mountain surrounded by fire in the Edda. No reason is given why Brunhild lives there; no reason why Sigfrid knows the way there, and why she recognizes him. As in the Edda, Sigfrid conquers Brunhild for Gunther. He defeats her in leaping and in throwing a heavy stone; but as he has a cloak which makes him invisible, Brunhild thinks it is Gunther

who performs all these feats, and consequently follows him to his country. Men and women gather to meet the royal couple. As Kriemhild and Brunhild stood together it was difficult to tell which was the more beautiful. Gunther keeps his word, and Kriemhild is given to Sigfrid.

Brunhild's arrival is the beginning of trouble in Gunther's household. She enters into this court life as an element which does not belong there. One would think she was borrowed from the times of Germanic life in the primeval forest for the express purpose of introducing a tragic complication. She weeps at the wedding feast at seeing Kriemhild, her husband's sister, married to the man who had declared to her that he was Gunther's vassal; and Gunther does not dare to tell her the truth for fear that she might discover that not he but Sigfrid had conquered her. On the wedding night she wrestles with Gunther, binds him, and hangs him by a nail. The humiliated Gunther appeals to his friend Sigfrid, who comes on the following night, with the cloak which makes him invisible. He subdues Brunhild after a great struggle, and without her knowing it takes her ring and her girdle by way of trophies. These he then gives to his wife, Kriemhild.

The catastrophe is prepared, for a woman is in possession of a dangerous secret. Now Sigfrid and Kriemhild go to the Netherlands, and Sigfrid rules there for years as a powerful king. But Brunhild cannot understand why Sigfrid pays no tribute-money to her husband. She is bound to solve the mystery, and induces Gunther to invite Sigfrid and his wife to a great feast; they accept. Dazzling descriptions follow. At a tournament given in honor of the guests, Kriemhild innocently begins to praise her husband above all living men. Brunhild immediately flares up. How can Kriemhild pretend that Sigfrid is superior to Gunther when he himself confessed that he was Gunther's vassal? Kriemhild does not understand. Brunhild insists, and exclaims, "You carry your head too high here, Kriemhild. We shall find who is considered the first here, you or I." "So we shall," exclaims Kriemhild. "I will show the King's men when we go to mass whether or not I dare to go into the church before you." She leaves in anger. The

hour of mass comes, and the two queens meet before the church-door. " A vassal's wife shall never enter before the queen," cries Brunhild. Kriemhild, goaded into fury, insults Brunhild, and points in derision to Brunhild's girdle and ring which Sigfrid had given her, and which she was wearing, and reveals to Brunhild how she came into possession of them. Brunhild stands annihilated, and then breaks out into tears of rage, while Kriemhild sweeps by her into the church. After mass a scene of tremendous excitement follows. Gunther and Sigfrid are called. The latter swears that it was not through him that Kriemhild heard the secret.

This quarrel has brought about an irreparable break between the two families. Brunhild's grief is so intense that Günther and his men pity her; yet they know not what to do for her. In this emergency, Hagen the grim, as he is called, the first among the King's advisers, comes to the front. We have so far heard very little of him; but his value becomes apparent in times of trouble. Hagen's will is of iron, and his body corresponds to his character. He is a male Brunhild, only more powerful and more terrible. He is the personification of German fidelity and German strength. Hagen hates Sigfrid. He probably sees in him a dangerous rival of his king. He now proposes to kill Sigfrid. At first Gunther recoils at the thought; Hagen, however, finds no great difficulty in making him more favorable to his plan. He insinuates that Gunther's territory would be much increased by Sigfrid's death.

Now, Sigfrid is invulnerable except in one spot; for he bathed in a dragon's blood after killing it. Hagen with admirable cunning ingratiates himself with Kriemhild by making her believe that he is Sigfrid's best friend. The artless woman trusts him completely, and in order that Hagen may the better protect Sigfrid in case of danger, she promises to make a little red cross on his coat over that part of his shoulder where a missile could hurt him. Sigfrid is now in the power of his enemies.

Gunther suffers to think that he is lending a hand to the murder of his best friend; but grim Hagen leaves him no time for thought. He arranges a hunt, and purposes murdering Sigfrid in the woods. They set out, and on entering the forest disperse.

Sigfrid is in excellent spirits, and proves that he is as remarkable a huntsman as he is a warrior. He kills many fierce animals, catches a bear, binds it, and takes it with him. After some time the woods echo with the sound of the horn announcing that King Gunther wished to go back to the camp. The noble hunters assemble. Sigfrid bethinks himself of a practical joke on his companions. He unties the bear which he had caught. The frightened animal runs through the camp with a pack of hounds at its heels, and causes great confusion between lords and servants. At last Sigfrid catches and kills him. Merriment and good feeling prevail. "They could have had a jolly day of it if it had ended well." All the hunters sit down in a meadow and partake of an excellent meal. But there is no wine, and they are thirsty. Hagen knows a spring near by, and proposes to run a short race there. Gunther and Hagen run like panthers; but Sigfrid arrives first. He is very thirsty; but his manners are so perfect that he waits for the king. After the king has drunk, Sigfrid puts away his sword and bow. Hagen carries them out of the reach of the hero's arm, and coming up behind hurls his spear into the spot indicated by Kriemhild's cross. Sigfrid looks for his sword, and not finding it, throws his shield with so much force at Hagen, that Hagen staggers, and the woods resound. All the knights come running where he lies, loudly lamenting; Gunther is moved to tears. Only Hagen exclaims, "I know not why ye weep; there is no one on earth now whom we need fear." "Oh, ye cowards!" cries Sigfrid with his last breath. "How did I merit this, Gunther? If there be any feeling of justice left in you, remember Kriemhild; forget not that she is your sister." These were his last words, and his blood soiled the flowers of the meadows as he breathed his last. They put him on a shield, and decided to pretend he was murdered by robbers. Then they wait for the night and start for home.

The contrast between the general merriment of the hunt, the beauty of the woods, the comical excitement with the bear, and the sudden gloom after the murder is dramatic in the extreme. Wagner has reproduced this contrast most admirably in his "Götterdämmerung." As Sigfrid is carried out, the music, a weft of

harmonies consisting of all the " motives " which related to Sigfrid, once more describes his glorious life in a form tinged with deepest sadness.

Thus lived and died Sigfrid. The remaining portions of the Nibelungenlied tell us how his wife avenged the foul murder.

Kriemhild's sorrow is overwhelming. When they carry Sigfrid's body from the church in which it was exhibited, she asks the men once more to open the coffin. She raises Sigfrid's beautiful head with her white hand and kisses his brow, then falls down in a swoon, and could have died from unutterable sorrow. Years of mourning and grief are now in store for her, and are made more gloomy and bitter by the dreadful suspicion which matures into conviction that Sigfrid was murdered by Hagen with the knowledge and consent of her brother Gunther.

Kriemhild now does everything to make herself popular and beloved by the people. She distributes a large part of Sigfrid's immense treasure among the poor. But the indefatigable Hagen, who detests her for having insulted Brunhild, sees that she acquires dangerous influence, and at the risk of incurring his master's severest displeasure sinks Kriemhild's treasure into the Rhine. Kriemhild is powerless and crushed. Left without a friend, she nurses in her heart implacable hatred against Hagen. She hates him with all the strength of a deep soul and of a mind capable of stubbornness of purpose; she hates him as only the oppressed can hate the insolent oppressor. For several years no ray of light breaks into her sad life; she seems destined to end her days in desolation. But deliverance was near, and it comes from a quarter from which she could have never looked for it. One day a company of knights arrive in Worms. At their head is Count Ruediger, who combines the nobility of mind and stanchness of heart of the ideal knight. Etzel, King of the Huns, has sent them to ask Gunther and his brothers for Kriemhild's hand. Etzel had a short time before lost his queen, and decided to ask for Sigfrid's famous widow. Hagen is much opposed to Kriemhild's being allowed to accept the offer; he foresees how she will use her power. But the king and his brothers, especially the

youngest, the amiable and generous Giselher, take pity on her condition, and decide that she be allowed to act in this matter as she pleases. Ruediger is admitted to her presence, but finds that in spite of all his eloquence he cannot change her determination to remain a widow. Sigfrid's wife can never marry another man, she says. Again Ruediger pleads for his master. He promises her power and riches untold, but in vain. At last he gives her to understand that if she will come to the country of the Huns he will assist her in wreaking vengeance on those who cruelly wronged her. This decides her. She makes Ruediger and his men swear that, no matter what happens, they will stand by her and help her. Then she follows them to their country. In Hungary, the land of the Huns, she is treated with the greatest possible respect. King Etzel comes to meet her with thousands and thousands of his vassals. There are no end of festivities to celebrate her marriage with a great monarch. Never had Kriemhild been so honored before. She has suddenly become a great queen, looked up to by every one. But all this outward splendor never makes her forget for an instant the one idea which fills her life. She is only waiting for the proper moment. Years pass. She endears herself to her people by her kindness of heart, and no one would suspect her thoughts. At last she thinks her time has come, and she asks her husband Etzel one day if he would consent to invite her brothers to Hungary. Etzel is delighted with the proposition, and at once sends out messengers. They arrive in Worms, and bring Etzel's invitation. Gunther and his brothers are but too glad to accept it; but Hagen interferes. How can they be so blind as not to see that they are walking into a trap, he says. They do not believe him; but he is not to be easily won over. He makes every effort to dissuade his lords from the plan, and yields only when he finds himself suspected of fear. He insists, however, on the king's taking a large army along. Gunther follows this advice, and, after some time spent in preparation, the Burgundians — or Nibelungen, as they are now constantly called — set out on their ill-starred journey with the sound of trumpets and flutes. Hagen laughs at the evil dreams which have frightened the queen-mother. Now that he is going, he is not to be deterred by

women's dreams. Everybody has a presentiment of sad things as the warriors vanish out of sight.

On the long journey which follows, Hagen is the pillar and strength of the Nibelungs. When they come to the Danube, he alone rows the whole army across the river, and performs wonderful feats of strength. Watersprites tell him that he and his friends are all destined to perish in Hungary. When it is too late to attempt returning home, he relates the prophecy to the army. The news spreads from division to division, and the men grow pale as they hear it. After some time they reach Bechlarn, the home of Count Ruediger, Etzel's messenger to Kriemhild. He and his noble lady Gotlint receive the Nibelungs with kindness and entertain them with almost regal splendor and generosity. For the last time before being told of carnage and terror, we are allowed to look upon scenes of joy and happiness. The noble hosts do everything to delight their guests. They present the most prominent among them with beautiful gifts. Thus King Gunther's brother, Gernot, receives from Ruediger the very sword with which Ruediger is later to be killed. The joy of the occasion is made complete by the engagement of Ruediger's daughter with Gunther's youngest brother, Giselher. After four days, the Nibelungs leave happy and joyful, and soon reach the land of the Huns.

Here the air is sultry. Dietrich von Bern, one of Etzel's vassals, warns them against Kriemhild, assuring them that she has never forgotten Sigfrid. Kriemhild is soon to prove the truth of this statement. When she sees Hagen in the courtyard, she implores the Huns about her to avenge her on Hagen. Then she goes, at the head of a large retinue to confront him. Hagen and his powerful friend Volker do not rise from the bench on which they are seated, as the queen approaches. Hagen even puts Balmung, Sigfrid's sword, across his knees in defiance, and when asked, proudly confesses to have murdered Sigfrid. Kriemhild appeals to her followers, but they look shyly at the men and no one dares to go near them.

King Etzel, ignorant of all this, has received his guests with

great kindness, and he has ordered comfortable quarters to be assigned to them. During the night, Kriemhild sends men to attack the Nibelungen, but they find the indomitable Hagen and Volker keeping watch in front of the door, while the rest, overcome with fatigue and care, are sleeping inside. The Huns must retire. Kriemhild now sees she can do nothing without her husband's assistance. He, too, must hate his guests. In order to bring this about she thinks of a plan worthy of Medea. She takes her and Etzel's son to the great banquet which is now to take place, and at the same time orders one of her confidants with a large band of men to attack the Nibelung soldiery feasting in another hall. This order is carried out and as soon as the news reaches Gunther and his friends in the banqueting hall, the Nibelungs rise from their seats and a frightful combat begins. In this conflict Etzel's son is killed. At last Etzel is aroused to fury and Kriemhild has a powerful ally in him. Dietrich and Ruediger are allowed to leave the hall with their men; Etzel and Kriemhild, too, are saved. The Nibelungs fight all day against a whole army which Etzel has summoned. Toward night, Kriemhild consents to let them live if they will give Hagen into her power. But this proposition is received with a burst of indignation. "If we were a thousand men, we should all die rather than betray this one man," exclaims Kriemhild's brother, Gernot. This decides Kriemhild to bring destruction upon her own race. She orders the hall to be set on fire. The Nibelungs inside suffer agonies from the heat, but manage to live through the night. The next day the fight begins anew. Etzel and Kriemhild now ask Ruediger to help in attacking the Nibelungs. His perplexity is grievous. He must obey as Etzel's vassal. But how can he assist in killing his good friends, whom he has but just now entertained at his own home. The conflict of feeling is frightful until Kriemhild reminds him of his oath,—the oath he had sworn to her in Worms, promising to avenge her wrongs. Then Ruediger understands that he must follow grim duty. Great is the grief of the Nibelungs at seeing him coming against them. But once more he gives a proof of his grandly generous nature. As he sees that Hagen's shield is cut in pieces,

he hands him his own. This act of kindness in the very face of death touches those hard warriors to tears. "It was the last gift Ruediger ever made." Soon after, he dies by the very sword which he had given to Gernot.

The complete ruin of the Nibelungs follows, and of Attila's men and vassals. Hagen and Gunther are brought bound before the queen, who kills them with her own hand. Thus the most redoubtable of men, Hagen, dies through a woman. But Kriemhild herself has to atone for this act. One of her own vassals, horrified at her fierceness, avenges Hagen and Gunther by putting her to death. The place is filled with terror and wailing. Thus ended Etzel's great feast: "for joy always brings sorrow."

This is the story of the Nibelungen, one of the most beautiful, powerful, and interesting products of the Germanic genius. It is one of the most beautiful, because a keen poetic spirit, a peculiar charm of language and of meter characterize it throughout. It is one of the most powerful, because it brings before us with matchless vividness and correctness immense individualities which fill us with awe. To my knowledge, only Michael Angelo and Shakespeare have surpassed the poets of this epic in the power of portraying the griefs and struggles of giants.

The Nibelungenlied is lastly one of the most interesting works, because it is the exponent not of one epoch, but of the successive stages through which the German races passed up to about 1200 after Christ. For, first of all, the season myth, the product of prehistoric German life, still is, though in a weakened form, the basis of this poem. On Brunhild the dramatic plot hinges, although she is overshadowed by Kriemhild, and is forgotten as soon as the latter comes to the front. Next, the migrations of the nations have left their traces on every page. Not only are the main personages children of those times, but the names, Burgundians, Huns, Etzel, Dietrich von Bern, are the result of a curious fusion characteristic of popular poetry. They belong to the nations and men whose deeds during the epoch of migration had left a deep impression on the minds of generations. Etzel and Dietrich are merely younger forms for Attila and Theodoric the Ostrogoth.

More than all that, the story of the downfall of the Nibelungen in the land of Etzel is a reflex of the overwhelming defeat of the Burgundians at the hands of the Huns in 437. The twelfth century, lastly, the age of chivalry and love, has given to our epic its graceful and refined verse, its glittering descriptions; it has added figures like Ruediger, and has substituted Christian for heathenish views.

Thus, in contrast with the Iliad, the great epic of the Greeks, the Nibelungenlied shows a conflict of influences. The Iliad is superior in all matters of form. For sense of refinement, for divine poetical intuitions, Homer will forever remain the greatest of all artists in verse, but in the whole Iliad there are no characters of such fierce grandeur as Hagen, Brunhild, and Kriemhild. The Greek epic was the child of the golden South, it ripened in the sun of Asia Minor and of Greece. The German epic grew in the winter blasts of Northern forests.

The Nibelungenlied represents the last great crystallization of the old sagas of Sigfrid in a popular form. Yet the people never quite gave up weaving these stories into new shapes, although the old power was gone. Thus the sixteenth century has left us a rough tale of Sigfrid. In the same century, Hans Sachs, poet and shoemaker, wrote his poor tragedy of Sigfrid. After these two inferior works, nothing appears for hundreds of years to show that the old hero was not dead. Nevertheless, he was once more to rise, Phœnix-like, and to delight the world. When one of the lost manuscripts of the Nibelungenlied was found about the middle of the last century, great interest was manifested in this epic, and later in the sagas on which it is based. Dozens of dramas, some of them written within recent years, going back partly to the Edda, partly to the Nibelungenlied, among them works of great merit, owe their origin to this interest. In Germany, Hebbel's trilogy 'Die Nibelungen,' Geibel's tragedy 'Brunhild,' and Jordan's epic 'Nibelungen' have become famous. Henrik Ibsen has used the story of the Edda in his drama 'The Warriors of Heligoland' and transcribed it into a form worthy of that remarkable man. Mr. William Morris's work connected with this subject has made Sigfrid

familiar to every cultured English-speaking person. The greatest modern remoulding of the Sigfrid story, however, was to be achieved not by a man of letters, properly so-called, but a musician. In his trilogy 'The Ring of the Nibelung' Richard Wagner has shed the whole magic of his imagination over our saga and has interpreted the passions of those grand individualities by means of the subtlest of interpreters, harmony.

Sigfrid belongs now, however, not alone to the world of culture. In the distant North, on the lonely Faroe islands, the fishermen are said to sing to this day the songs of Sigfrid's death. Nay, we do not need to go so far, for we ourselves have unwittingly heard and told the old story many times; our own fairy story of the Sleeping Beauty is merely another form of the old season myth; the last faint echo wafted through the ages of that tale which, in ancient Germany, was crystallized into the story of Sigfrid and Brunhild. *Camillo von Klenze.*

SCHOOL OF LITERATURE.

SHAKESPEARE'S 'JULIUS CÆSAR': STUDY PROGRAMME.

ACT I. BROODING CONSPIRACY.

Topic for Paper, Discussion, or Classwork. — The Entanglement of Brutus in the Conspiracy.

Hints for Preparation of Paper: — Show how the story of this act is the progress of the conspiracy, and how important a part in it is the project to make Brutus join in the conspiracy; why it is considered important, and by what means it is effected. (See Rolfe's second article on 'Julius Cæsar' in *Poet-lore*, Vol. V., p. 424, Aug.–Sept., '93.) In showing the relation of this to the plot, indicate how the conspiracy is the spring from which all the rest of the play takes its start. Who is the leader of the conspirators, Brutus or Cassius? Should you say, judging by this act, that Antony had an important part to play? Note what it is that he does and its results.

Points for Study, or Short Oral or Written Replies :— 1. "Being mechanical . . . sign of your profession" — what does this mean? Give instances of other sumptuary laws then or in later times. 2. How was a Roman triumph celebrated? 3. What was the feast of Lupercal? 4. "That you have no such mirrors as will turn," etc. What sort of mirrors did the Romans have? Is there any probability that such mirrors as are here meant were magic mirrors? What were these? 5. To what story of the origin of Rome does Cassius refer? (I. ii. 112.) (See Virgil's 'Æneid.') 6. "There was a Brutus once." What is the story of the elder Brutus? 7. Compare Casca's story of Cæsar and the Crown with Plutarch's in his life of Antonius. (See 'Plutarch's Lives,' or the extracts given by Rolfe in his edition of this play.) 8. The prodigies Casca relates, their historical truth, and the current belief in omens. 9. Pompey's theatre. Describe the Roman theatres. (See 'Life of the Greeks and Romans.') 10. The old ideas about "the thunder stone." (See Rolfe.)

Topic for Debate. — Is it pride of ancestry or republicanism that leads Brutus to join the conspirators?

ACT II. Brutus' Weight in the Scale; Cæsar's Hesitation.

Topic. — The Conspiracy of Cæsar's Friends.

Hints: — Tell the story of this act, noting that it shows the action poised as if on a pivot able to turn either way. On one side are the conspirators intriguing and anxious lest their designs leak out; on the other, Cæsar's wife and the Soothsayers fearful of harm to Cæsar, and doing what they can to prevent it, but powerless before the trick of Decius and Cæsar's own bravado. Trace the parts of all in the result.

Points :— 1. "Ides of March." What was the Roman method of calculating time? 2. "That unicorns," etc. (See notes to Rolfe's edition.) 4. "The clock strikes." How did the Romans measure the hours? When was the first clock invented? 5. What connection had the soothsayers with the Roman popular religion?

Topic for Debate. — Does the leniency of Brutus arise from a merciful feeling or from his lack of foresight as to the consequences of his deed?

ACT III. THE CONSUMMATION OF THE CONSPIRACY.

Topic. — Cæsar's Death.

Hints : — Compare Shakespeare's story of the deed with Plutarch's. What elements of strength and weakness do the conspirators show? Trace all the hints given in this act of the opposition the deed has awakened. How does Antony's soliloquy in Act III., i. foreshadow his speech in Scene ii. and his future action? Is Shakespeare's portrait of the Roman people true or prejudiced? Note that both Brutus and Antony make their appeals to the people and that Shakespeare represents the people as ignorant and fickle. Was Shakespeare a conservative politically? (See on this point remarks on Shakespeare's Conservatism in 'Julius Cæsar' in "Dramatic Motive in Browning's 'Strafford,'" in *Poet-lore*, Vol. V., p. 520, Oct., '93.)

Points : — 1. "Cæsar doth never wrong without just cause" is said to be the original reading, which Ben Jonson called absurd, of "know Cæsar doth not wrong," etc. Frame a plea for this Shakespearian "absurdity," defending it by citing similar paradoxes in the plays (see 'Gentle Will, our Fellow,' *Poet-lore*, Vol. V., April, '93.) 2. Who was Até? 3. Of what use is Scene iii. in the play? Did Shakespeare get it from Plutarch? Would it be better left out? Have we here detected him in idly imitating his original or not? What is the stage usage about it? What can be argued from its being "cut"?

Topic for Debate. — Which was the more premeditated and artful speech, — Brutus' or Antony's?

ACTS IV. AND V. COUNTER INFLUENCES PREVAIL.

Topic. — The Thickening Misfortunes of Brutus.

Hints : — In the latter part of Act III. the tide against Cæsar shows signs of turning against Brutus. Show how in Acts IV.

and V. events bear more and more heavily upon him. Do you think Shakespeare meant us to sympathize with Brutus or to find his misfortunes a retribution? (See 'The Supernatural in Shakespeare,' III. in 'Julius Cæsar,' Vol. V., *Poet-lore*, p. 625, Dec., '93; also Rolfe's third paper on 'Julius Cæsar,' *Poet-lore*, Vol. VI., p. 11, Jan., '94.)

Points: — 1. Lucius Pella. What does history tell of him? 2. Antony's and Cæsar's Will, contrast between Antony's first and last mention of it. 3. "Plutus' mine." Explain the allusion. 4. Shakespeare's Ghosts: Cæsar's shade compared with other Shakespearian ghosts. (See 'The Supernatural in Shakespeare.' Three papers in *Poet-lore*, Vol. V., 1893.) 5. "Hybla bees." What were they? 6. Epicurus. What was his philosophy? 7. The geography of the play: Massos, Sardis, Philippi, etc. 8. The Stoics: Their Doctrines and Practice. 9. Books in the time of Brutus. What were they like? (See 'Life of the Greeks and Romans.')

Topic for Debate. — Are Cassius and Antony or Brutus and Cæsar the main actors in this drama?

V. Character Studies.

Topic: — Cæsar and Antony.

Hints: — Cæsar as Shakespeare's hero. Cite other references to Cæsar in Shakespeare. Does the Cæsar of the play agree in character with the other references made to him in Shakespeare? Is the character of Cæsar in this play consistent throughout it? Does Cæsar excite less sympathy at the beginning of the play than at the end? Why, in spite of his superstition, does Cæsar decide to go to the Capitol? Was Cæsar's pre-eminence good for the world of his day? Was he really more in sympathy with the populace than Brutus? (See Mommsen's 'History of Rome' or Froude's 'Cæsar;' also, remarks on Shakespeare's Conservatism, before quoted, *Poet-lore*, Oct., '93.) Note the development of Antony in the championship of Cæsar. The Relations of Antony with the Rabble compared with those of Brutus. Why does An-

tony succeed with the people better than Brutus does?. Notice signs of his comradeship with his soldiers, etc., in 'Antony and Cleopatra.'

Topic for Debate. — Does Shakespeare fail to make Cæsar imperial? (See *Poet-lore*, Vol. IV., p. 152, March, '92; also 'Is Shakespeare's Cæsar Ignoble? Vol. IV., p. 191, April, '92; and 'Julius Cæsar.' Three papers. Vol. V., pp. 169, 424, April and Aug.–Sept., 93, and Vol. VI., p. 11, Jan., '94.)

VI. Character Studies (*continued*).

Topic. — "The Noblest Roman of them All," Brutus.

Hints: — Show either that this description of Brutus is true or false. Notice him in his various relations with the other characters of the play, — as a husband, friend, conspirator, party-leader, general, philosopher. Does his life conform to his ideas as a Stoic? Notice the way he took his wife's death; how he met his own. Was Cassius as disinterested in his motives as Brutus? Is he a thorough friend to Brutus, or does he use him for his own ends?

Topic for Debate. — Was Brutus justified in striking down his friend for Rome's sake? (Compare with Pym's action in Browning's 'Strafford.' See *Poet-lore* for Comparative Studies of 'Cæsar' and 'Strafford.' Vol. II., p. 214, April, '90; Vol. IV., p. 148, March, '92; Vol. V., p. 515, Oct., '93.)

VII. Character Studies (*concluded*).

Topic. — The Women of the Play.

Hints: — Have they any direct influence on the progress of events? Any indirect influence? Which of the two wives is more helpful to her husband? Is Portia one of Shakespeare's noblest women? Why?

Topic. — The Minor Characters.

Hints: — The "honest Casca:" Does he deserve his title according to the play? The clever flatterer: Decius Brutus. What idea do you get of him in the few lines devoted to him? Cicero and his policy: Does the secrecy of his sympathy with the con-

spirators show wisdom or meanness? What originality does Shakespeare's portrait of him evince? (On this point, see Rolfe's third paper on 'Julius Cæsar,' *Poet-lore*, Vol. VI., p. 11, Jan., '94.) The Tribunes: Their origin and office. Compare those in this play with those in 'Coriolanus.' Is Shakespeare right in representing them as more democratic than the people themselves? The young Octavius Cæsar in this play considered as foreshadowing his later career as shown in 'Antony and Cleopatra.' (See 'Antony and Octavius,' *Poet-lore*, Vol. II., p. 516, Oct., '90.) Pompey, the great character outside the play, and his career as the necessary forerunner of Cæsar's imperialism.

Topic for Debate.— Are there any useless characters in this drama, or do they each have a part to play in the development of the plot?

VIII. Dramatic Motive.

Topic. — Dramatic Motive in 'Julius Cæsar.'

Hints: — Is the play a mere adaptation of Plutarch's 'Lives of Cæsar and Brutus,' as some critics have said? What is its drift? Is its motive envy opposed to ambition, friendship to patriotism, republicanism to the spirit of the time? (See 'Dramatic Motive in Shakespeare,' Vol. VI., also articles before mentioned.) Is Cæsar or Brutus the hero of the play? In what characters are its elements of conflict represented?

Topic for Debate. — Is 'Julius Cæsar' better fitted for stage presentation or for reading?

Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

BROWNING'S 'RING AND THE BOOK': STUDY PROGRAMME.

I. The Story.

Topic for Paper, Discussion, or Classwork. — The Plot of Incident (as given in Book I.). (For hints on this and following subjects see the Introductory Essay in the edition of 'The Ring and the Book' prepared by the Editors of *Poet-lore*, or same in the 'Camberwell Browning.')

Topics for Debate. — Is the plot of incident or the plot of character of greater interest to modern readers? Is it a mistake on Browning's part to relieve the interest in the plot of incident at once by telling the story in Book I.? Or is it a sign of his skill, the poem being designed in this respect so as to enrich the plot interest by making it more complex, and to throw the interest more upon the relation of the characters to the story?

II. THE TYPICAL GROUP OF CHARACTERS.

Topic for Symposium of Papers. — Public Opinion on the Case. 1. Half-Rome: The Married Man's Opinion. 2. The Other Half-Rome: The Bachelor's Opinion. 3. Tertium Quid: The Aristocratic Observer.

Topics for Debate. — Is the conclusion justifiable that the dispassionateness of Tertium Quid is no more trustworthy than the partisanship of the others? Is the conclusion that dispassionateness guides to no truer knowledge than partisanship opposed to the authority science arrogates? Is this conclusion confirmatory of the principle of democracy that each man may contribute to any result a needed and valuable element?

III. THE CENTRAL GROUP OF CHARACTERS.

1. *Topic for Paper.* — The Count's View of the Case (as given in Book V.).

Topics for Debate. — Does judgment of the Count depend upon the question whether his view of marriage was a good one or not? Or does it depend upon his character and its defects, — his egotism, avarice, cunning, cruelty? Is there any connection between his view of marriage and his bad qualities?

2. *Topic for Paper.* — Pompilia (Book VI.).

Topics for Debate. — Is Pompilia justified in her revolt against her husband because her soul was estranged from his? Is the character morally the strongest in the poem the one with the wisest head?

3. *Topic for Paper.* — Caponsacchi (Book VII.).

Topics for Debate. — Does Caponsacchi's own story bear out the opinion of those critics who say that he immediately obeyed the impulse to help Pompilia? Which would be the more admirable, hesitation or immediate decision? Does the answer depend upon the purity of his aims?

IV. The Institutional Group of Characters.

1. *Topic for Companion Papers.* — Expert Opinion on the Case (Books VIII. and IX.): *a.* Advocate De Archangelis. *b.* Doctor Bottinius.

Topics for Debate. — How much are the pleas of these two lawyers due to their own characters? How much to their professional habits and methods? Do either of them clear the characters of their clients?

2. The Pope's Verdict (Book X.).

Topics for Debate. — Does the Pope embody Browning's judgment of the characters, or are his opinions peculiarly his own, and his character, therefore, a dramatic portrait?

V. The Results.

1. *Topic for Paper.* — The Effect on Guido (Book XI.).

Topics for Debate. — What right has Guido to his claim that he is the victim of the Society that sentences him? Why does the ethical climax of Guido's career hinge on his opinion of Pompilia? "Let Browning remove that false plea of Pompilia's for her wicked husband," says a reviewer, "So he was made, he nowise made himself." Is this a false plea?

2. *Topic for Paper.* — Final Results, Public and Personal (Book XII.).

Topics for Debate. — Is the twelfth book superfluous? Do the conclusions of the Augustinian friar represent the final outcome as the poet regards it?

VI. The Historical Background.

Topic for Papers.—Characteristics of the seventeenth century illustrated in the poem.

Topics for Debate.—Is the impression given by the poem of a transitional phase in the religious attitude of the world historically true? Is the presentation of law and custom as it is given through Guido, Half-Rome, the Venetian Traveller, and the lawyers historically accurate?

VII. Artistic Design.

1. *Topic for Paper.* — The Plot of Character.

Topics for Debate. — Would the poem be more or less perfect artistically if the institutional group of characters was omitted? "Guido's fate might have been left uncertain until the end with no loss that we can discover, and with very considerable advantage," says a reviewer in *St. Paul's.* What is to be said for and against this?

2. *Topic for Paper.* — Poetic Style.

Topics for Debate. — Is Browning's introduction of himself in the poem as the artist re-creating the story an artistic mistake? Is it a departure from his socially conceived structure of the poem, or a fulfilment of it?

3. *Topic for Paper.* — The Inner Meanings.

Topics for Debate. — Is Browning partial to the artist in claiming for fancy so large a share in the revelation of truth? In what special sense does he use the terms "fact" and "truth"? Is the idea of the supremacy of the individual over his own career an implicit lesson of the poem? How does Pompilia's story illustrate this? "Let Browning get rid of that unpleasant conversation with the Archbishop," says a reviewer. Would the poem be stronger philosophically if this clash between the Church and the Individual Conscience were left out?

Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

A STUDY OF THE SENSE EPITHETS OF SHELLEY AND KEATS.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDIES.

THE sensuous and emotional elements, which Grant Allen calls the "raw material" of poetry, when taken into account in the analysis of a poetic work, may be classed as presentative in their nature, — namely, rhythm and rhyme appealing to the sense of hearing, and lending poetic form to an imaginative creation, — or as representative, — suggestive words calling up images accompanied by faint recurrences of the emotions roused by the objects themselves.

The special work here undertaken has been a study of a narrow portion of this poetic material; namely, of the abstract sense elements, and of these in the work of only two poets, representing the creative impulse of the early nineteenth century. The main question has, therefore, been, What senses are most often referred to in the poetry of Shelley and of Keats? From even so limited an investigation, several conclusions of interest may be drawn.

The following list gives simply a general statement of the number of epithets of the various senses in the order of frequency of occurrence.

1. ORDER OF FREQUENCY OF ADJECTIVES OF THE DIFFERENT SENSES.

	Sight.		Sound.		Touch.		Taste.		Smell.		Total.	Total.
	No.	%	No.	%	No.	%	No.	%	No.	%	Sense adj.	Lines.
Shelley	2974	79.9	319	8.6	289	7.8	75	2	66	1.8	3723	3535.0
Keats	1987	73.7	304	11.3	272	10	60	2.2	73	2.7	2696	14180

It will be observed that the adjectives of sight are far more frequent than those of any other sense, including in Shelley's poetry 79.9 per cent of the whole number of sense adjectives; in that of Keats, 73.7 per cent. Adjectives of hearing are in each

case second, falling considerably below those of sight. Adjectives of touch stand third. In the last two sense-types, however, there is a slight difference, in that Shelley has more adjectives of taste than of smell, while Keats has a larger number denoting smell. We may consider the order of the first three classes — adjectives of sight, of hearing, and of touch — settled. That sight should be the sense most frequently named is natural from the fact that a visual image is more vivid and persistent than an image of any other sense, while at the same time it may stimulate emotion. The auditory image stands second in this respect. The contact image is not especially vivid, and causes less pain or pleasure than an odor. We should, therefore, expect poetry to contain fewer words of touch than of odor. Possibly the infrequency of adjectives of smell is due to the fact that we become so quickly sated with even a pleasant perfume; it must be delicate to please. It seems probable that if the perfume words should become too frequent, the effect would be distasteful.

It is generally conceded that the sense of taste is too closely connected with vital processes to be poetic. That Shelley has more words of taste than of smell, while Keats has fewer, may be partially explained by the fact that a large proportion of the words of taste are used metaphorically; "sweet" and "bitter," for instance, are especially frequent in a figurative sense, as when Shelley writes of "the bitter breath of the naked sky."[1] Now Shelley uses, in general, a larger proportion of figurative adjectives than does Keats, — 42.8 per cent[2] of his whole number, as compared with 38.7 per cent[2] used by Keats. It is quite possible that Shelley has used no more literal adjectives of taste, in proportion to his whole number, than has Keats. The difference may be in the number which are metaphorical.

Keats uses, in general, far more adjectives of sense, in proportion to number of lines, than does Shelley: of sight, 1.66 times as many; of sound, 2.38; of touch, 2.34; of smell, 2.68; and of taste,

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[1] Riverside Edition of Shelley's Poems, Vol. III. p. 173.

[2] See Table No. 2.

two times as many. This is partially accounted for by the fact that a considerable number of Shelley's works (certain of his dramas and political writings) are almost devoid of ornament, and contain very few epithets of sense. Yet it is true that Shelley has no such wealth of sense-epithets as has Keats.

It is significant, also, that Shelley uses, as has been mentioned above, a larger proportion of adjectives in figurative sense than does Keats. This is noticeable in his use of the word "wingèd." It occurs in at least fifty different expressions where it is clearly metaphorical, in only twelve where it is literal. He applies the epithet to thoughts, words, clouds, storms, mist, diseases, and touches a higher note when he makes dreams the "passion-wingèd ministers of thought,"[1] victory "seraph-winged,"[2] and liberty "thought-winged."[3]

Keats, on the other hand, uses the word almost entirely in literal, objective sense. He describes the birds as "wingèd listeners," the butterfly as a "merry-wingèd guide," but only once does he employ, like Shelley, the metaphor, — in 'Hyperion,' where he writes of "the winged thing, Victory."[4]

The number of adjectives used in literal and in figurative sense compare as follows: —

2. PROPORTION OF FIGURATIVE SENSE ADJECTIVES.

	Literal.		Figurative.		Total.
	No.	%	No.	%	
Shelley	2130	57.2	1593	42.8	3723
Keats	1653	61.3	1043	38.7	2696

We may now consider somewhat more in detail the epithets of sight. These are classified as of three kinds, — those of color, of lustre, and of form. Epithets of lustre, as distinguished from

[1] Houghton & Mifflin's edition of Shelley's Works, Vol. III. p. 76.

[2] *Ib.*, p. 128. [3] *Ib.*, p. 212.

[4] See Aldine edition, p. 306.

those of color, include all such adjectives as clear, silvery, gleaming, crystal, with their opposites, dull, dim, gloomy, etc. Adjectives of color and of lustre are often used together, as in the expression, "blue and beaming waves;"[1] color and form are combined, as in "feathery gold of evening;"[2] lustre and form, as in "the dim and hornèd moon."[3] The comparison is as follows: —

3. COMPARISON OF ADJECTIVES OF COLOR, LUSTRE, AND FORM.

	Color.		Lustre.		Form.		Total sight.
	No.	%	No.	%	No.	%	
Shelley	1614	54.3	823 (57[4])	27.7	594	20	2974
Keats	844	42.5	659 (118[4])	33.2	602	30.3	1987

From this we may safely conclude that adjectives of color are more frequent than epithets of lustre, while those of form are least used. In comparing the two poets in this respect, we find that Keats has a much larger proportion of adjectives of lustre and of form. In color he has only 1.3 times as many as Shelley in proportion to the number of lines; in lustre two times; and in form 2.53 times as many. Shelley relies more on the effective use of color.

The character of the poem often affects the proportion of color and lustre adjectives. A fairy picture, for instance, has usually many words of lustre, as in the following description of Queen Mab's palace: —

"As Heaven, low resting on the wave, it spread
Its floors of *flashing* light.
Its vast and azure dome,
Its fertile *golden* islands
Floating on a *silver* sea;

[1] Palgrave's Shelley, p. 320.

[2] Keats, Forman ed., Vol. I. p. 61.

[3] Shelley, Houghton & Mifflin's ed., Vol. I. p. 107.

[4] Number of adjectives counted twice, — *i. e.* both for color and for lustre, — to be deducted in finding total.

Whilst suns their mingling beams darted
Through clouds of circumambient darkness,
And *pearly* battlements around
Looked o'er the immense of Heaven."[1]

The comparison of the colors which occur most often in the writings of the two men is interesting. In the lists given below, azure and sapphire are included in the general color blue, emerald in green, snowy in white, crimson, scarlet, vermilion, ruby and rose in red, hoary in gray, and ebon and jet in black. Gold is treated as a color, though the idea of lustre in it is strong. Indeed, in the general classification of *gold* and *silver* as epithets, silver has been placed under adjectives of lustre, gold under adjectives of lustre and of color also. This distinction has been made after considerable thought, and on the ground that the color idea in the adjective *golden* is certainly as prominent as the lustre idea, while in *silver* it is distinctly subordinate.

4. NINE COLORS MOST USED.

	Blue.		Green.		White.		Gold.		Red.		Gray.		Black.		Purple.		Yellow.		Total of 9 colors.		Total color.
	No.	%[2]	No.	%	No.	%	No.	%	No.	%	No.	%	No.	%	No.	%	No.	%	No.	%	
Shelley	158	9.8	151	9.4	119	6.4	104	6.4	94	5.8	111	6.9	61	3.8	43	2.7	20	1.2	861	53.3	1614
Keats	59	7	83	9.8	104	13.4	113	13.4	54	6.4	28	3.3	38	4.5	21	2.5	7	.8	507	6.0	844

We notice a correspondence between the two poets in the colors which they feel to be most poetical. Blue, green, white, and gold stand among the highest in both lists, but in varying order, Shelley using most the blue and green of the actual landscape, Keats the white and gold of Greek ideal beauty. The following quotations are characteristic: —

" It was the azure time of June,
When the skies are deep in the stainless noon

[1] 'Queen Mab,' ii. ll. 32–39.

[2] Per cents computed on total color.

And the warm and fitful breezes shake
The fresh green leaves of the hedge-row brier."
Shelley, 'Rosalind and Helen.'

"Ah! I see the silver sheen
Of thy broidered floating rest
Covering half thine ivory breast;
Which, O Heavens! I should see,
But that cruel destiny
Has placed a golden cuirass there
Keeping secret what is fair.
Like sunbeams in a cloudlet nested
Thy locks in knightly casque are rested;
O'er which bend four milky plumes
Like the gentle lily's blooms
Springing from a costly vase."
Keats, 'To * * *,' published in 1817.

Shelley uses gray more than does Keats, but the other four colors, red, black, purple, and yellow, occur in the same order of frequency in the works of the two men.

It should be mentioned that the large difference between the total of these nine colors and the total of all the color epithets is due to the fact that in the latter are included all such general words as dark, mottled, speckled, and many others which, though they do describe the coloring of an object, as distinguished from its lustre or its form, do not name any definite shade of color.

Of adjectives of sound, touch, smell, and taste, no further classification has been attempted, since there is nothing particularly interesting in their treatment. The following are the adjectives of smell most commonly used by both poets, — balmy, fragrant, odorous, perfumed, spicy, sweet. Two used by Keats which seem particularly to show close observation are "rain-scented"[1] and "dew-sweet."[2] The adjectives of these four senses show, however, fewer peculiarities than those of sight.

Much of the work of the whole investigation, however inter-

[1] Forman ed., i. 125.

[2] *Ib.*, i. 313.

esting, is too narrow in scope to be of value; but its main questions are answered. A statement of the exact order of frequency of epithets of the various senses is impossible; but it is certain that sight stands first and sound second; that touch, taste, and smell are lower in the scale and less adapted to poetic use. It is also evident through the comparison of the two poets that Shelley writes less of the external and uses fewer sense epithets than does Keats, while, at the same time, a larger proportion of those which he does use are figurative. From both points of view, then, Shelley is the more subjective, Keats the more objective of the two poets. *Mary Grace Caldwell.*

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE'S LIFE AND LETTERS.

" I will live in the Past, the Present and the Future. The Spirits of all three shall strive within me." — 'The Christmas Carol.'

THE exquisite literary taste which distinguished Mrs. Fields in 'A Shelf of Old Books' and other ventures could not be expected to show itself fully in a work that must be to a great extent mechanical. Here and there a brilliant and sympathetic paragraph reveals her native power, and it is certain that hardly any one is now living who could have written this memoir in a manner so satisfactory to Mrs. Stowe's children. Absolutely authentic memoirs, which weigh character and permanently decide the place of the subject in human annals, cannot be written within two generations of the life that they celebrate. Here, however, we have the material upon which future biographers must depend.

" The human race is divided into men, women and Beechers," was once wittily said. Nor was it said without reason. A great defect in the book before us is a want of dates and some distinct account of the double family of which Mrs. Stowe was a member. We ought to have been told the names and destinies of the eight children Mrs. Stowe's mother left when she passed into another world. It is a little singular that no encyclopedia gives the names of the mothers of the thirteen children of Lyman Beecher;

and yet while the army of preachers that sprang from his loins owed their energy and tremendous power of work to their father, the divine afflatus came in each case from the mothers, Roxana Foote and Harriet Porter. Lyman Beecher was born in 1775, and at the age of twenty-four, in 1799, married Roxana Foote. As far as can be gathered from the fact that Mrs. Stowe was born in 1812, her mother must have died in 1816, having borne her husband eight children in seventeen years, or less. These were Catharine, William, Edward, George, Harriet, Henry Ward, Charles, and Frederick. The six sons all became clergymen; and the genius which Mrs. Field ascribes to Harriet and Henry Ward certainly inspired Catharine and Edward, and at least one son of the second marriage, Thomas K. Beecher of Elmira.

Lyman Beecher tells us of himself that he was a seven months' child born of a consumptive mother, wrapped up and laid aside when he was born as not worth saving. When Charles Sumner was born he weighed, as one of a pair of twins, only three and a half pounds, and was not expected to live many hours. He was accustomed to say of himself that he was wrapped in cotton wool, and lay for several days in his mother's work-basket. How little can any mother guess of the value of the life that she cradles in her arms! If these two tiny creatures had perished, both the religious and the political history of the United States must have been diverted into very different channels. To those who can remember Lyman Beecher, nothing in his history seems more wonderful than the choice of his wife. Deeply religious, she must have been a broader, sweeter, and more attractive person than could be often found at that time in the Presbyterian church. She ardently desired that her six sons should become preachers, and her wish was fulfilled; but the pictures she painted and the tarnished oil-cloth on her dining-room floor, that her skilful hand decorated with flowers, drew down upon her the censures of her husband's people, however much in later years she came to be beloved. Dr. Beecher, it appears from the memoir, was called to Boston as the last hope of Calvinistic orthodoxy. I cannot see that his preaching, powerful as it was, produced any effect upon

the liberal element that the sweet words of William Ellery Channing had nurtured. Our country cousins came down to hear Dr. Beecher. Our hospitable doors were open to them; but my father had no liking for the "gospel of brimstone," and I, as a child of eight or nine, was allowed to conduct them to the sanctuary. I had not the slightest interest in the sermon, but I had the deepest curiosity as to the man. I remember clearly the gray hair which stood up about his face, the massive features and the heavy blow of his fist upon the desk.

The first member of his family to attract my attention was Catharine, who inherited her father's extraordinary energy, and had a clear-sighted devotion to truth and honor, which carried her, in 1850, out of the denomination in which she had been reared and into the communion of the Episcopal church. A very serious trial of a young clergyman by a ministerial association roused her indignation, and in a volume called 'Truth stranger than Fiction,' she showed a courage and sense of duty rarely found. This book was brought to my attention by Elisabeth Peabody. It related a sorrowful story of Delia Bacon's mature years; and although entirely ignored in the work before us, and scarcely alluded to in the memoir written by Miss Bacon's nephew, it can never be forgotten. First, because the writing of that book was the bravest thing Catharine Beecher ever did, and next because the "keen exasperation and deep humiliation," of which Delia's nephew speaks with delicate reserve, laid the foundation of that mental twist which was sufficiently evident in 1851. No one then suspected the Shakespearian craze, but those who loved and understood her know well that but for the distressful persecution to which she was subjected in 1846 and 1847, she would have made a much clearer plea for her convictions when they became public, or else her powers would have found a healthier occupation. Thomas K. Beecher — who has always seemed to me a far greater man than his half-brother, Henry Ward — has been for at least thirty years at the head of the Congregational church in Elmira, New York. His mother was Harriet Porter, of a family distinguished for refinement and culture, but also subject to periods of

great depression. Mark Twain long ago made the public merry with an account of Mr. Beecher's far-reaching schemes, and the noble church, which covered a children's play-room, a hospital, baths for the needy, and fine historical classes. But the church and its functions have survived, and, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Eastman and his wife, the latter sharing the duties of the pulpit, Mr. Beecher still holds his place, both loving and beloved. He has still the largest congregation and the largest Sunday-school in Central New York.

My first acquaintance with Mrs. Stowe began after her second return from Europe in the winter of 1857. We were both at work for the Antislavery Bazaar, always held at the Christmas season. Those who have read Mrs. Field's Memoir will not be surprised to hear that she was anything but a helpful associate in such work. Her English friends had sent rare and beautiful articles for her table, and it was soon clear that some one else must unpack and price them. Mrs. Stone sent her twin daughters, but the poor young girls, but slightly acquainted in Boston, knew no one in that mixed company, and those who would have been glad to welcome them were too busy at the head of the various departments of work. It fell to me to unpack and finally, with Mrs. Chapman's assistance, to mark the goods. I saw enough of Mrs. Stowe to recognize gratefully the admirable likeness prefixed to the Memoir. No photograph was ever half so good. It is a reproduction of the best executed by Miss Durant in the Baron de Triqueti's studio at Paris in 1853.

The religious experience of Harriet Beecher was not peculiar. It was common to the well instructed of all families who were attached to the Calvinistic churches. But we cannot help seeing that the children of Roxana Foote exercised a wonderful independence in Scriptural matters, one would be glad to get hold of Catharine's refutation of 'Edwards on the Will,' which must have been a comfort to Professor Fisher, — if he ever saw it, — but Harriet's dealing with the book of Job is very startling.

"I have been reading the book of Job," she writes to her brother Edward, "and I do not think it contains the views of God

which you presented to me. God seems to have stripped a dependent creature of all that renders life desirable, and then to have answered his complaints from the whirlwind!" The passage in which she describes Niagara is worth quoting. "I thought of the great white throne; the rainbow around it; the throne in sight like unto an emerald; and oh! that beautiful water rising like moonlight, falling as the soul sinks when it dies, to rise refined, spiritualized, and pure; that rainbow breaking out trembling, fading and again coming like a beautiful spirit walking the waters. Oh, it is lovelier than it is great: it is like the Mind that made it, great, but so veiled in beauty that we gaze without terror. I felt as if I could have gone over with the waters; it would be so beautiful a death."

Harriet married Professor Stowe in January, 1836; and in remarking upon the professor's erudition, and especially upon his great knowledge of languages, "it was wonderful," Mrs. Fields thinks, "at a time when Theodore Parker walked from Watertown to Boston to borrow a German Dictionary of Mr. Ticknor." Wherever this anecdote came from, I am sure that it had no foundation. When Harriet Beecher married, Mr. Parker had already translated Ammon's 'Foundation of Christianity,' which he very soon used in preparing 'De Wette's Introduction,' and he had already read Kant, and several German books on gnosticism. This he could not have done had he not had German dictionaries of his own; while at Watertown Dr. Frances' library was always open to his use, and Dr. Hedge had been six years his intimate friend and neighbor.

Professor Stowe was very wise when he told his wife that she must devote her attention to literature. She had no affinity with household cares, her inherited absence of mind would alone have unfitted her for their pursuit; but she was still farther hampered by a characteristic want of system and practical insight. Her own humorous description of her troubles proved this. When she came later to write 'Household Papers,' the same deficiency was evident, although her divine gift touched even her mistakes with its glow. Her own account of the manner in which 'Uncle Tom'

was written shows plainly to what I allude. I do not mean the discrepancies in her several accounts, which she could never clear up. There is much necessary forgetfulness in an active and varied literary life. I have seen many articles of my own whose existence I should have denied if any one had asked me if I had ever written them, so completely were they erased from consciousness. The writing of the death scene may well have taken place at the end of a tired day during some one of her many visits to Andover, but it never could have been sent off by Professor Stowe to the publisher if it had been, as she frequently said, "*the first thing written down.*" What could Dr. Bailey have done with it in that case? The first thing clearly thought out, it may very well have been, when the whole scheme of her story was still but half developed. She saw "from the first," she used to say, "that, whatever it cost her, Uncle Tom must die." "She wove her recollections and her experiences into one web," she sometimes said, and so do all inspired persons.

What a contrast there is between 'Uncle Tom' and 'Dred' and the story called 'The Pearl of Orr's Island'! Many a beautiful passage in the latter charms the reader familiar with the coast of Maine, but the experience of the author seems narrow; it is a provincial picture that she draws. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' on the contrary, touched the heart of the whole world. It never needed translation.

The unveiling of the Shaw monument in Boston a year ago revived the memory of the antislavery struggle, and touched almost too deeply the hearts of Boston women. There is no need to follow Mrs. Stowe through these experiences, widowed as so many had been who gathered in the Music Hall on the 30th of May, 1897.

There were women who had staked their all on the salvation of the negro race, and whose wildest visions had never contemplated the possibility in one generation of such a development as all can now recognize in Booker Washington and his far-seeing wife. Who could help thinking of Mrs. Stowe when the roof rang to the thundering applause which followed his last words! Had she ever

in her dreams anticipated the existence of the man whom President Eliot called "the wise helper of his race and faithful citizen of the United States"? In those last days, when she wandered dreamily, seeing none of those around her, did God give to her the comfort of seeing the things that are sure to be?

Through these misty pages we catch gleams of painful things, — things for the most part better forgotten than remembered. The tragedy of Delia Bacon's fate, the terrible ordeal of the Beecher trial, and last, but not least, the unhappy 'Vindication of Lady Byron,' a vindication which that noble lady did not need, and which certainly a true discretion would have debarred to any one living on this side of the Atlantic. The fragrance of Lady Byron's life steals from the pages of that novel written by George Macdonald, and called 'The Vicar's Daughter;' a true story in which Lady Bernard certainly stands for the Lady Byron that the author loved, and I have been told that maid "Marion" was a life study from Octavia Hill. For Byron himself, the world knows now that, however great his gifts, they were to "madness close allied." It would be impossible, thank God, to revive the personal interest that once attached to Byron's name. Morbid and insane, his life would now seem to us as unnatural.

Never does Mrs. Stowe stand before us in so noble an attitude as when she says gravely of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' "I did not write it." Many of the world's great reformers have said the same thing. Her strong integrity, her delicate moral sense, was inspired when she wrote it. Love inspired the "Vindication," and unadvised, as friends and foes considered the publication, I think of that also she might have said, "I did not write it." Every page of it shows a logical grasp and a literary consecutiveness which was not native to her, and cannot be found in anything else that she ever wrote. *Caroline Healey Dall.*

(Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Edited by Annie T. Fields. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

SELECTIONS FROM THE PROSE AND POETRY OF WALT WHITMAN.

WHITMAN once more. This time a volume of selections, following hard upon the new edition of 'Leaves of Grass' and the 'Complete Prose Works,' and containing "not what from a conventional point of view would be called 'the best' of Whitman, but rather what is most characteristic in his writings." Surely the appreciation of Whitman as a force in our literature is increasing, to warrant the publishers in sending out within the space of a year five volumes made up of the poet's writings. This last one, although coming in at the end of the list, might fitly be termed an 'Introduction to Whitman.'

With average poets, or those not diverging too widely from the beaten tracks of thought or the accepted canons of art, it does not make much difference from what side you first approach them. Tennyson, for instance, opened almost at random, is sure of winning his way without editorial interference. Poets like Wordsworth and Browning, on the other hand, each for different reasons, had better allow a judicious critic a hand in putting together their books, — if they care to increase their popularity among that class of readers who choose to let another do their thinking. For, unaccountable as it may seem, yet there are people who like to learn on sign-posts.

For reasons of his own again, Whitman also is perhaps best approached at first in a volume of selections. Like all strong personalities, he either repels or attracts powerfully at the very outset. And here it does make a great difference upon which poem your eyes first happen to fall. Those who at once recognize a poet with a new mission will not be slow to find their way to his complete works, after reading these Selections. The others have here an excellent opportunity of finding out how groundless their prejudices are. Among the poems included lovers of Whitman will find many of their favorite ones. Lauded or denounced in the world of letters as the maker of 'Leaves of Grass,' Whitman is less well known as a

prose-writer. Yet no one can glance at the extracts here offered without being struck at once by the fact that the work of the poet is all of a piece. The penetrating insight, the large sympathies with life in all its manifestations, that make the poems an inspiration to read, are equally found in these pages from 'Specimen Days,' 'Memoranda of the War,' and others. Enough of his 'Theory of Art' is given to make one desirous of reading it all.

Not the least interesting portion of the book is the Introduction by the editor, explaining in few words the forces that went to the making of the poet, and the principles underlying his theory of art and life. The Selected Bibliography appended points the way to a more extended study. *Helena Knorr.*

(Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Walt Whitman. Edited with an Introduction by Oscar Lovell Triggs, Ph.D. (The University of Chicago). Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1898. $1.50.)

AN INTRODUCTION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Although not yet represented on the curriculum of some of our leading colleges, American Literature is beginning to receive its share of attention at the hands of our educators, not only for its intrinsic value at its highest, but especially as a means of cultivating a healthy sense of nationality and independence in matters intellectual and æsthetic. But have we attained to a truly national literature?—an idle question to ask, in view of the fact that the nation itself is still a-making. It must spend another full century in welding into one harmonious whole the material it has been gathering together from all the corners of the earth for these last hundred years. Much of our best literature is still sectional and local. The passion for realism may in a measure be responsible for this. But whatever the reason, the American Novel, so often and so vainly heralded, is still waiting to be born; waiting for the genius who with measureless sympathies can enter into the Anglo-Saxon, the Teutonic, and the Latin temperaments, and depict the

Yankee treasuring a bit of furniture left him by an ancestor of "Mayflower" fame, as faithfully as the latest immigrant from the far East; waiting for the genius who out of such a medley of material can rear up a fabric in which every element is duly and proportionately represented; waiting for its Balzac to write the *Comédie Américaine*, — at present, a Herculean task from which our novelists may well shrink back into the easier fields of local-color etchings.

But because we have not yet seen among us the man — or the woman — who shall wholly and truly express us, we should not therefore do less honor to those who have expressed, within their sectional limitations, whatever is best in American thought and feeling. Books on the subject multiply. One of the latest to appear is Henry S. Pancoast's Introduction, cursorily covering the whole ground from the Colonial Period down to the present day. Irving is commonly considered, in point of time, our first man of letters. The periods before him are chiefly of historical interest, but historical in a twofold sense. The literary historian feels bound to traverse a ground to him more or less barren of artistic attractions. And the student of American politics, of the customs and manners of our forefathers, finds a wealth of information in documents that the critic impatiently tosses aside as not worthy to rank with the masterpieces the mother-country was producing at the same time. If the life of a nation, its deepest thoughts and feelings, are most truly reflected in its literature, then surely we can best study ourselves in our home-products. Our foremost writers since Irving have become household companions. Yet we may not therefore ignore what the years before the War of 1812 have handed down to us, no matter how it pales beside the productions of the Age of Queen Anne or of the Georges. We may look with condescension upon certain daguerrotypes of our childhood days, yet we may rest assured that the picture is faithful, and that we were as stiff and awkward in our old-fashioned gowns as we are represented to be.

The critic who from this historic point of view approaches our literature, from its first inception even down to the latest pipings of an uncrowned laureate, cannot fail to interest his readers. The

book before us is, within the limits of an Introduction, a successful attempt in this direction. Although not announced as a text-book, it will commend itself, not only to classes in literature, but also as collateral reading to classes in history. The study-lists, added to each chapter, although not always as complete as might be, are useful as a starting-point for more extensive reading. Among the errata the Life of Whitman by R. M. *Burke* instead of *Bucke* is perhaps only a printer's error. *Helena Knorr.*

(An Introduction to American Literature. By Henry S. Pancoast. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1898. $1.00.)

MATTHEW ARNOLD AND THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

A CHORUS of Southern voices here celebrates the greatness of Matthew Arnold as an exponent of modern thought; yet each voice, proclaiming the great critic to be a chosen vessel into which the thought-tendencies of his age were turned, makes its protest against the texture and quality of the vessel. In accordance with laws of which we have as yet a most imperfect knowledge, each generation presents one or more individuals whose mission it is to receive and utilize the spirit of the time as it is evolved from myriads of lives. Doubtless it is in perfect consonance with law that Matthew Arnold, gifted as he was, should embody many of the least attractive traits of his generation; any objection to his conceit, religious doubt, or excess of the critical nature is therefore merely a condemnation of these elements in the spirit of the time which he so faithfully expressed.

The members of the English Club of Sewanee, Tennessee, who have furnished the papers comprised in this volume, have, in their study and discussion of Matthew Arnold, performed no small part in promoting the cause of literature in the Southern States. That essays never intended for publication should show so much that is valuable in appreciation, interpretation, criticism, and expression is sufficient justification for their being presented in book form for

the benefit of other students of Arnold. The editor's introduction is in itself a paper to be esteemed by literary clubs for its clear presentation of fine purpose and method in club work. "When at the end of a year," he says, "a subject was sought for ensuing study which should lead into the heart of our own times, and furnish a point of departure for an investigation of the tendencies and characteristics of the last generation of the century, none presented itself more eligible than Matthew Arnold. . . . Taking Arnold, then, as our nucleus, we caused his figure to revolve before our eyes, so that it might be apprehended in its various aspects, and proceeded to plot out the age, securing consistency of design and consequent unity in our course of study, by focussing all lines of interest upon that figure, or making them radiate from it, bringing all to bear so as to illustrate or be illustrated by his work."

The studies of the 'Character of A. H. Clough as Revealed in his Poems,' and of 'Arnold's Character as Revealed in his Poems,' by the editor, the Rev. Greenough White; 'Arnold's Life and Character as Shown in his Letters,' by Mary Wickliffe Van Ness; 'Arnold's Character as Revealed in his Criticism,' by H. J. Mikell, are most welcome contributions to the discussion of the lives and work of these moderns. 'Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Marcella,"' by Mary Wickliffe Van Ness, and 'Mr. William Watson's Poems,' by Adelene Wicks, are essays which finely illuminate their subjects. All the papers presented have their own particular interest, but among a considerable number a few must always be most masterly.

In the essay on Clough, the poet of Doubt is sketched with a few strong lines, impressing us anew with the pathos of his attitude. "Clough was a modern Hamlet, his world, both outer and inner, out of joint, and he powerless to set it right. Its riddle was a knot he was too weak to cleave," says the writer of this essay. Turning to Arnold, the poet of dogmatic Agnosticism, we are through his Letters given a new and clearer view of this "veritable incarnation of ethics." We are made to feel again that with all his brilliant subtlety of criticism, Arnold's favoritism prevented him from being the trustworthy authority we should otherwise have had. His

exceedingly affectionate nature, his monumental self-conceit, his power to stir men to nobler aims and efforts, his strength and seriousness of purpose, all come to us with fresh force through this paper on his Letters. In the discussion of Arnold's Criticism, so purposeful, so disinterested, so realistic, the writer's ideas are brought to the conclusion that "in spite of all the limitations which have been pointed out, in spite of the personal element which he could not eliminate from some of his criticisms, — the prejudices sometimes, the favoritism often, — Matthew Arnold is the master spirit in the literature of the years that have just passed." *Jane Long Boulden.*

(Matthew Arnold and the Spirit of the Age. Papers of the English Club of Sewanee. Edited with an Introduction by its President, the Reverend Greenough White. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1898.)

SOME AMERICAN POETS.

It is somewhat of a relief to turn from the *recherché* work of many of the present-day artisans in poetry to the wholly natural and unsophisticated muse of Joaquin Miller, whose poems have recently been issued complete and revised in one volume. Love and war in their simple, elemental forms make all his theme, in his earlier poems, but color and interest attach to them because of the romantic settings he has given to his tales. He is, indeed, the poetical Cooper of America. The beautiful Indian girl and her more or less faithful lover from the East or over-seas live out their little blisses or life tragedies amid the wild and riotous nature of the still unkempt Western world, and a naïve, melodramatic touch here and there has to do duty for real depths of passion. Occasionally, his imagination, as in 'The Ship in the Desert,' touches a weirdness suggestive of that great type of the weird, 'The Ancient Mariner,' but the reader is not seized and held spell-bound as by the genius of Coleridge, for he is conscious all the time of the romantic simplicity of the poet's mind. But, as we have hinted, this has its charm. The poetic, imaginative nature is

there, and the outer garment of flowing, often spontaneously appropriate diction; and if thought, as we count it now, be somewhat lacking, we can go for that elsewhere, while nowhere else shall we find so lovingly and sympathetically portrayed the passionate, constant, beautiful Indian girl, whom we suppose was once a reality, or so picturesquely described that world of wilding nature beloved by Joaquin Miller. In his later period he becomes something of a realist, but the picturing of life as it is does not seem to be especially congenial to his muse, which is much more at home roaming at will among the beauties of nature, or letting itself go in romantic fancies.

His last poems return again to the imaginative realm, but with quite a difference from the first. It is no longer pure romanticism, but romanticism with a moral implied. The place of the simple, unsophisticated Indian girl is taken by the girl sophisticated in sin, whom Joaquin treats with the reverence he feels for all womanhood, however degraded.

Not the least interesting feature of the volume is an occasional prose note of the author, where one gets glimpses of his large and kindly nature, and wherein little gems of advice are given to young poets. There is one instance of a prose note far more poetical than the poem it explains; we refer to that following the poem 'When Little Sister Came,' and one feels regret that he did not enrich the poem with the original and exquisite thoughts therein expressed: " My first recollection is of starting up from the trundle bed with my two little brothers and looking out one night at father and mother at work burning brush-heaps, which threw a lurid flare against the greased paper window. Late that autumn I was measured for my first shoes, and Papa led me to school. Then a strange old woman came, and there was mystery and a smell of mint, and one night, as we three little ones were hurried away through the woods to a neighbor's, she was very cross. We three came back alone in the cold, early morning. There was a little snow, rabbit tracks in the trail, and some quail ran hastily from cover to cover. We three little ones were all alone and silent, so silent. We knew nothing, nothing at all, and yet we knew, intuitively all; but truly

the divine mystery of mother nature, God's relegation of His last great work to woman, her partnership with Him in creation, not one of us had ever dreamed of. Yet we three little lads huddled up in a knot near the ice-hung eaves of the log cabin outside the corner where mother's bed stood and — did the new baby hear her silent and awed little brothers? Did she feel them, outside there, huddled close together in the cold and snow, listening, listening? For lo! a little baby cry came through the cabin wall; and then we all rushed around the corner of the cabin, jerked the latch and all three in a heap tumbled up into the bed and peered down into the little pink face against mother's breast. Gentle, gentle, how more than ever gentle were we all six now in that little log cabin. Papa doing everything so gently, saying nothing, only doing, doing. And ever so and always toward the West, till 1852, when he had touched the sea of seas, and could go no farther. And so gentle always? Can you conceive how gentle? Seventy-two years he led and lived in the wilderness, and yet never fired or even laid hand to a gun."

While not a great figure in American letters, Joaquin Miller may certainly claim a distinctive and important place, while there will always be those to whom his art will make a stronger appeal than that of any other American poet.

Madison Cawein has toned down his style and grown modest in his last volume, called 'Idyllic Monologues,' and one wonders whether he has not sacrificed his chief claim to distinction as shown in his earlier work, — a certain tropical richness of imagery that fascinated the attention in spite of many intermediate roughnesses. Roughness there still is, while the general level of expression is, it seems to us, much less original than it was. An overwhelming consciousness of their own "minorness" as poets will perhaps be observed as the chief characteristic of the best American poets of the latter part of this century. Certainly some of their most charming poetical expression has been woven about this thought in various guises, witness Aldrich's lovely poem on the 'Minor Poet,' Richard Burton's little masterpiece 'Dumb in June,' Edmund Clarence Stedman's foreword to his last volume of poems.

Madison Cawein aspires to join this goodly company in his foreword to the present volume, of which the last stanza is particularly happy: —

> "A hopeless task have we, meseems,
> At this late day; whom fate hath made
> Sad, bankrupt heirs of song; who, filled
> With kindred yearnings, try to build
> A tower like theirs, that will not fade,
> Out of our dreams."

His 'Afterword' indicates that he has found his reach exceed his grasp, and he is duly melancholy over it: —

> "The old enthusiasms
> Are dead, quite dead, in me;
> Dead the aspiring spasms
> Of art and poesy,
> That opened magic chasms,
> Once, of wild mystery,
> In youth's rich Araby,
> That opened magic chasms.
>
> The longing and the care
> Are mine; and, helplessly,
> The headache and despair
> For what can never be.
> More than my mortal share
> Of sad mortality,
> It seems, God gives to me,
> More than my mortal share.
>
> O world! O time! O fate!
> Remorseless trinity!
> Let not your wheel abate
> Its iron rotary! —
> Turn round! Nor make me wait,
> Bound to it neck and knee,
> Hope's final agony! —
> Turn round! nor make me wait."

Although we miss in this volume his early exuberance, which he has probably strangled because the voice of the Critic was heard in the land against it, an advantage is gained in the character of his subject-matter, which consists principally of entertaining stories told not by the poet, but by one of the actors in the story, and very well described in his title as 'Idyllic Monologues.' In fact, there is much that is interesting in theme as well as smooth in versification in the volume, and his dismal Afterword does not seem quite justifiable, for if our memory serves us right it is only about ten years since his first volume of verse; now if he will enter upon a third period in which he will combine the spontaneousness of the first poems with the dignity of his later verse, 'Hope's Final Agony' might turn out to be a triumph.

No recent volume of verse will receive a warmer welcome than Julia Ward Howe's 'From Sunset Ridge,' in which are collected her poems, old and new. Among the old ones her 'Battle Hymn' will always hold a chief place in the affections of the war-generations, — a place which it deserves, not only on account of the sentiment connected with it, but on account of its intrinsic poetic value. The strength and simple poetic beauty marking this poem is noticeable in all her work, which ever touches some high thought, and illumines it with the clear light of a fancy singularly pure and exalted.

Among our later-day lyrists none writes more graceful verse than Florence Earle Coates. Her words and her rhythms flow easily and spontaneously, and harmony falls upon the ear and pleasure upon the soul, that the lyric muse can verily still sing, can make music with words well chosen, but not affectedly sought, and rhythms that seem to reflect the very pulse of the emotion.

During the past year her collected poems were published in a dainty volume, and, brought together in this way, one perhaps for the first time realizes what a wide range is covered by her poetical fancies, while the full flavor of her delicate workmanship may be the better tested. There is a perfume as of Herrick about the charm g sonnet called 'Before the Hour': —

"Untimely blossom! Poor, impatient thing,
That, starting rashly from the sheltering mould,
Bravest the peevish wind and sullen cold.
Mistaking thine own ardors for the spring, —
Thou to my heart a memory dost bring
Of hopes once fair like thee, like thee too bold
To breathe their fragrance, and their flowers unfold,
That droop'd of wintry rigors languishing.
Nor birds, nor bees, nor waters murmuring low,
Nor breezes blown from dewy Arcady,
Found they, — earth's welcome waiting to bestow;
Yet sweet, they felt, sweeter than dreams, would be
The summer they had sought too soon to know, —
The summer they should never live to see."

Many others as charming might be cited, such as 'Perdita Dances,' which will always bring up a delightful memory to those who saw Mary Anderson dance in the 'Winter's Tale.' Among the longer poems in the volume, 'The Dryad Song' and 'Hylas' are especially noticeable for their facile rhythms, as well as for their happy reflection of classic myths.

Louis James Block has always come to our review table as a poet, and though his volume entitled 'Capriccios' is largely in prose, literally speaking, it classifies better as poetry: first, because much of the language is poetical in diction, and, second, the themes are imaginative and poetic in conception. These 'Capriccios' are all in the form of dramatic conversations with symbolic or mystical intentions, and reflect the thoughtful, idealistic tendency of mind which always gives Mr. Block's work a high seriousness. 'The Birth and Death of the Prince' is an Arthurian fantasy with a thought-climax, reminding one of those in Tennyson's 'Morte d'Arthur' and 'In Memoriam' combined, but with an added element of the artistic in thought, which perhaps links it with Goethe's 'Faust.' The working out of the theme is, however, quite original.

The conflict of optimism and pessimism is graphically portrayed in a scene in which Faust from a mountain-top is shown

visions of the progress of civilization, while Mephistopheles and the angel Raphael contend with him as to the interpretation of the visions. The value of the real in art as opposed to the unreal (sometimes called by courtesy the ideal), as embodying truly the ideal, is presented in the idyllic little sketch entitled 'Under the Rainbow.' The different tendencies of the human mind in the face of present-day problems in regard to the universe and God is the theme of the imaginary conversation 'Myriad Minded Man,' and the 'Prothalamium' deals with human love in a mystical way, relationing it with the joy and beauty of nature and the infinite spirit. Altogether, this volume will stand as the work most original, as well as most complete in artistic finish yet done by Mr. Block.

Richard Hovey's 'Marriage of Guenevere' appears in its third edition along with 'The Quest of Merlin,' which was part of the poem as it came out first, and a new romantic drama entitled 'The Birth of Galahad.' Each forms a dainty volume, prepared with the good taste in book-making for which the firm of Small, Maynard, and Co. has already distinguished itself. The first two dramas have been reviewed earlier in *Poet-lore*. The third, 'The Birth of Galahad,' continues the story in harmony with the treatment begun in the 'Marriage of Guenevere.' The situations are strong dramatically, the dialogue is thoroughly alive, the poetry is often beautiful; but while there is evident the earnest endeavor to treat a difficult subject with sincerity and dignity, every now and then, it totters on the verge of the sentimental, which threatens to plunge the drama into the realm of the intriguing and melodramatic.

We are glad to see that the poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson, which were privately printed about two years ago, have now been reissued in an attractive little book called 'The Children of the Night.' Upon the first appearance of these poems we took pleasure in calling attention to them as showing unusual promise of strength, and upon re-reading them are still of the same opinion. It is to be hoped that such a successful attempt in dramatic monologue as 'The Night Before' may be the forerunner of more work in the same line.

A number of other volumes of verse have come to us which will be found recorded below. They all give evidence of culture and poetic feeling, and furnish good warrant for the supposition that a soil which can produce such armies of respectable minor poets will one day count its many poetic geniuses. C.

(The Complete Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller. San Francisco: The Whitaker and Ray Co. 1897. $2.50. — Idyllic Monologues, by Madison Cawein. Louisville: John P. Morton and Co. 1898. — From Sunset Ridge: Poems Old and New, by Julia Ward Howe. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. 1898. $1.50. — Poems by Florence Earle Coates. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. 1898. $1.25. — Capriccios. Louis J. Block. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1898. — Launcelot and Guenevere, a Poem in Dramas. I. The Quest of Merlin. $1.25. II. The Marriage of Guenevere. $1.50. III. The Birth of Galahad. $1.50. Boston: Small, Maynard, and Co. 1898. — The Children of the Night, A Book of Poems, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. Boston: Richard G. Badger and Co. 1897. $1.25. — Songs of Flying Hours, by Dr. Edward Willard Watson. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates and Co. 1898. — Poems by Philip Becker Goetz. Boston: Richard G. Badger and Co. 1898. $1.25. — Where Beauty Is, and Other Poems, by Henry Johnson. Brunswick: Byron Stevens. 1898. — Songs of Destiny and Others, by Julia P. Dabney. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. 1898. — Songs from the South-West Country, by Freeman E. Miller. New York: The Knickerbocker Press. 1898. — The Dream Beautiful, and Other Poems, by Charles Hamilton Musgrove. Louisville: John P. Morton and Co. 1898. $1.00. — The Chords of Life, by Charles H. Crandall. Springdale: Printed for the Author. 1898. $1.50. — Trialogues, by William Griffith. Kansas City: Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Co. 1897. — Rhymes of Reform, by O. T. Fellows. Pasadena: Geo. A. Swerdfiger. 1897. $0.25. — Whisperings of a Wind-Harp, by Anne Throop. New York. 1897. — Adam Answered, by C. C. Dail. Kansas City: C. C. Dail. — Adam's Answer, by L. W. Keplinger. Kansas: L. W. Keplinger.)

LITERATURES OF THE WORLD.

WORLD LITERATURES, — a series covering the literary art of the main book-producing countries of the globe. The mere mention of such a scheme of volumes is alluring.

If the work were wrought out in the evolutionary spirit, revealing general social and racial characterizations as they actually ap-

pear in the literary phenomena dealt with, the result would be enlightening. The many-chambered heart of book-making man would be unlocked with such a key, and, growing aware of itself, delight in its various unity. Not half its alcoves and recesses could be penetrated, of course, but the glance would be enabled to sweep by non-essentials towards a suggestive apprehension of the composite yet harmonious structure of human self-expression.

As manuals, affording a broad range of information and dexterous portraitures of many individual writers, the three volumes before us are unquestionably valuable; but illuminating or interpretative as histories of the organic evolution of literary art they are not. This is the more disappointing, as the editor, and very likely the originator of this interesting dynasty of books, seems to have had some idea of making them histories in this larger sense. In the preface to the volume which he has himself contributed to the series, 'Modern English Literature,' he says that his design was "to show the movement" and give "a feeling of the evolution of English literature." In his 'Epilogue' he has declared a frank scepticism as to the value either of the old fixed standards or of the current freakish individualistic methods of criticism. He has dared to add an expression of his promising faith in the possibility of a fluent yet rational critical method based on the application of the principles of evolution to æsthetics. He has therefore tempted readers who sympathize with him in these views to find that his work betokens these principles, — and most willingly would the present reviewer greet good evidence that it did; but he has also laid it fairly open to objection if it does not.

As an example of critical method, this volume is, in fact, a book revealing a transitional phase in criticism, — when the old criteria no longer inspire the user of them with confidence, and new ones are still too nebulously perceived to be either practicable or convincing. The critic is approaching the condition of mind wherein he perceives that the literary product upon which he is employing his insight and taste is alive and mobile; but he has not reached that discernment of the æsthetic field before him which must lead him, we venture to say, to take into account neither the

work as to its design and style merely, nor the kinships and place of its author in relation to his predecessors merely, but, also, as the marrow of the phenomenon, the relation of the work in style, design, subject-matter, and drift to life, — to contemporaneous conditions and tendencies. Nothing less than this will characterize both the genius peculiar to the individual writer and the quality of his influence upon his time and on the future. If the total effectiveness of a work of literary art depends on life and had life in view in its creation, then criticism of it must depend on life, also, and have it in view for any right appreciation of values.

While modern enough to feel shaken as to old methods, Mr. Gosse is not always modern enough to abandon old tricks of authoritative judgment, to say nothing of being original enough to meet the many difficulties in the path of the road-maker, and to devise a new critical method. The result is that while his just criticism of criticism has influenced him sufficiently to keep him as fair, in general, as he evidently desires to be, his method is not confident enough to prevent him from lapsing occasionally into condemning an author instead of characterizing him, into pronouncing some sweeping generalization against him without an appreciable reason.

An adequate critical method is, of course, not to be found in a day, nor is it likeliest to be found by schoolmen trained in the elder ways. It is much to have felt and expressed the need of it; and it is not at all strange, and certainly not blameworthy, but only a little hackneyed, that he slips back into the mountain-range system of criticism, grading heads nicely from the "triple aiguilles" of 'Lear,' 'Othello,' and 'Macbeth,' upon the summit of the Shakespearian Mount Everest down to the barest little nubbin that presumes to push its petty bulge beyond the indistinguished level of the unwritten, in order to meet the lowliest admeasurement this critical judgment-day affords.

But as to the mysteriously inspired judgments into which he once in a while relapses, it should be evident that no pretension to a dispassionateness in the observation of literary phenomena, at all akin to that which scientific investigation has reached in the

observation of natural phenomena, is consistent with finding fault with one species of literary art because it is not another species. A critic may know, for example, and be able to show, beyond cavil, that a Donne is not a Shakespeare, but he will not find a Donne guilty of any sin against English literature through being true to the Donne instincts, any more than a naturalist examining a specimen of a crayfish would blame it for not being an elephant. Yet Mr. Gosse says oracularly (p. 123), "no one has injured English writing more than Donne, not even Carlyle," and leaves the reader wondering whether this double-barrelled dictum rests on the rigid rules of the ancients, to which his epilogue objects, or to some individualistic standpoint as to style, such as the same epilogue declares to have an equal rigidity. Echo answers. The dictum is vouchsafed; the reason for it fails to appear. Carlyle, with three words, and no more, is swept before his time into the same ash-heap with Donne, at the foot of the Shakespearian Everest. Later, however, when Carlyle comes to be especially considered, Mr. Gosse's criticism runs in his broader groove, and Carlyle's style is characterized for its observed qualities, and no more is to be heard of the injury it has wrought English literature.

The attention paid to style throughout this volume is one of its strong points, and this is, also, in full accord with its aim, which his preface declares is to keep artistic style before him as "the central interest." Mr. Gosse's own style in doing this is marked by a flexibility and variety of adjective that seems to reach the climax of proficiency in this species of criticism. As such, it is admirable. Still, the very considerations pressing for a broader yet more exact and rational critical method will, it may be suspected, contribute toward another species of criticism that will eschew the analysis of style as an element of artistry separable from design and subject-matter, and treat of it rather in its relation with these.

Mr. Gosse's survey of the Victorian poets is graphic and discriminating in surprisingly small space. But to say of Browning that his publication after 'The Ring and the Book' in 1868 is chiefly valuable as keeping interest alive, and leading a fresh gene-

ration to what he had published up to that time, must be an oversight. To cut off work done after 1868 would be, for example, to deprive the poet's public of one of his most successful ballads, 'Hervé Riel;' one of his most thrilling dramatic monologues, 'A Forgiveness;' one of the noblest and undoubtedly the ripest of his speculative lyrics, the 'Reverie;' the love-lyric with the Elizabethan ring, 'Summum Bonum,' to say nothing of the popular 'Asolando' epilogue, and that whole stirring, concrete, absolutely anti-metaphysical group of Dramatic Idyls, among which are 'Iván Ivánovitch' and 'Pheidippides.' The mere names are sufficient. If any one does not know Browning at all, let him read only these pieces, all done after Mr. Gosse's fatal date, and then pronounce upon the fallibility of critical oracles.

Considered apart from the question the author himself raises of an evolutionary critical method, this new short history of modern English literature is exceptionally interesting and well arranged. It is modern, with reference rather to its beginning than its end, since it opens with Langland and Chaucer, barring out the archaic period for more special treatment, and closes without including writers now living. The difficulties of compressing the full flow of English literature in less than four hundred pages of fair, large type are great, and the presentation of so well proportioned, proficient, and readable a survey as here appears is an achievement deserving praise.

Much of the varied and happy choice in epithet which distinguishes Mr. Gosse's volume belongs also to Professor Dowden's, and there is evidence in it, moreover, of a historical, critical method approaching that which Mr. Gosse dimly desires. This may be partly due to the fact that the French have much more nearly evolved a rational mode of criticism than the English have as yet succeeded in doing, and that Professor Dowden has necessarily and wisely reflected somewhat of the spirit belonging to the French specialists, of whom he speaks gracefully as his collaborators. It is also, doubtless, due in some degree to Professor Dowden's own insight as to the right artistic relation of social and literary movements, such as character ized his early essays on 'Literature since the French Revolution.

As a proof of the fairness such a method almost insensibly engenders, without any loss in discrimination between different classes of craftsmanship in literature, it may be noticed, for example, that he treats the Rönsard, Desportes, Regnier, and De Viau line of revolt in art and theory without agitation and with justice, and yet without doing violence to the contrary line of authority represented by Malherbe and Boileau, and with full valuation of the element of worth in their standards.

Professor Dowden's peculiar strength lies in special portraitures of characteristic authors, of Montaigne, Racine, De Staël, Hugo, George Sand, Michelet, Balzac. What he has to say of Balzac, for example, is a picturesque bit of writing, and would not be a bad legend to set by way of sober comment near Mr. Rodin's mooted statue. "There is something gross in Balzac's genius; he has little wit, little delicacy, no sense of measure. . . . Within the gross body, however, an intense flame burnt. He had a vivid sense of life, . . . a vast passion for *things*, . . . and across his vision of reality shot strange beams and shafts of romantic illumination."

Mr. Murray's Greek Literature, the first to be issued in this series, is invaluable for the last word it gives from the research of modern Greek specialists, news which the general English reader simply cannot get hold of anywhere else. It might have been better still if it had invariably given the English equivalents of Greek terms and phrases, not in lieu of the Greek, but in parenthesis along with it; so that, since the book's proper mission is to help the popular reader without any scorn of him, it might most genuinely and unaffectedly lamp his footsteps. Mr. Murray's views are not always what are called "orthodox" by old-time British scholars, who have not been altogether free from obtuse and opinionated literary interpretation, even when eminent in erudition. But these views are evidently his own, and not unenlightened by the keener differentiation of Hellenic authors which marks the modern cosmopolitan Hellenism. The views he gives are, therefore, none the less interesting that they are not quite the regulation ones, and they are much more likely to stimulate the curiosity of the general

reader towards the great classics, which he now knows too little. Like its *confrères* of this series, Mr. Murray's volume is eminently readable.

While the series so far is, then, by no means epoch-making in critical originality made popular, as it seemed almost to promise to be, it is highly intelligent, with traits of interest beyond any such books already issued, and the two more recent volumes — Italian Literature, by Dr. Richard Garnett, and Spanish Literature, by J. Fitzmaurice Kelly — follow on ground broken favorably. *P.*

(Literature of the World. Edited by Edmund Gosse. I. Ancient Greek Literature, by Gilbert Murray. II. French Literature, by Edward Dowden. III. Modern English Literature. By the Editor of the Series. New York : 1898. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 each.)

THE BEST NEW BOOKS OF THE SEASON.

In the tide of books, rising since the war with more and more volume, in every sense of the word, and mounting steadily toward the holiday season, one of the earliest of those likely to concern the readers of *Poet-lore* is Mr. Dole's privately printed Breviary Edition of Omar's Rubâiyât in the English of Fitzgerald, with a clever Latin version by Mr. H. W. Greene, Fellow of Magdalen College. The Latin is set in red ink opposite the English, and stanza with stanza thus going hand in hand, one may appreciate the quirks of the Latin, even if one knows less of it than Shakespeare is rumored to know, and smile over Mr. Greene's turning of "the Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep" into "the halls where Hector drank," "Bahrám the great hunter" into Actæon, David into Orpheus, and Hátim into Priam, while the great Mahmùd is merged in the class of *Vates*. The edition is a limited one, the shape and size so pocketable (about three by five inches), and the binding of soft green leather so convincing to the taste, that between the Omarians who must have it and the latent Omarians who were waiting for this edition to become such, there should be increasing call upon Mr. Dole's exquisite little book stock. (Rubâiyât of

Omar Khayyâm, the Astronomer Poet of Persia. Rendered into English Verse by Edward Fitzgerald, and into Latin by Herbert Wilson Greene. Authorized Edition. Privately printed by Nathan Haskell Dole. Boston: 1898. $1.75.)

Another early wavelet in the recent flood of books deserving mention in *Poet-lore* is a beautiful little book, both without and within, 'The Children's Crusade,' translated sympathetically from the French of Marcel Schwob. It commemorates that strange mediæval movement of the dawn of the thirteenth century in which seven thousand children, summoned no one knows how, like the Pied Piper's flock, out of France and Flanders and Lombardy, marched toward the Holy City of Jerusalem. The childlike and childish yearning expanding in the heart, as yet unstifled, of the historic barbarian world, out of which our sophisticated modern Europe has grown, is symbolized in this white army of innocents as the genius of M. Schwob has brought it before the eye of the imagination. It is all mediæval and quaint, simple as historic truth, yet only by the most modern and spiritual literary art would it be possible to paint so purely these eight episodic prose pictures of the Leper, the Mohammedan, Popes Innocent III. and Gregory IX., little Allys herself, and the other figures, through whose lips and from whose different points of view the story is unfolded. (The Children's Crusade, by Marcel Schwob, translated with an introduction by Henry Copley Greene. Boston: 1898. 500 copies on old Italian handmade paper, with a cover design by T. B. Meteyard.)

Shakespeare Sonnet-literature has a distinguished contribution, of which we mean later to speak more fully, in Mr. George Wyndham's 'Poems of Shakespeare.' It is as beautiful an example of book-making art as the booklets just mentioned, though not at all in their style, but in the best and most dignified vein of the English full-sized library fashioning of books. The volume includes a text of the 'Venus and Adonis,' 'Lucrece,' and 'Sonnets' of Shakespeare which has shaken off the trammels of eighteenth-century emendation, and stands freshly before the reader in a guise founded on the early quartos. These poems are prefaced by the

Introduction, — a generous one of many a score of pages, — whose ability and originality in its treatment of the Poems as a whole, and as an adequate appreciation of Shakespeare's lyrical genius, has made the book notable. About a hundred and forty pages of notes at the close of the book afford a fuller commentary, both of a variorum and general critical sort, than one can elsewhere find on the Poems. (The Poems of Shakespeare, Edited with an Introduction and Notes by George Wyndham. New York and Boston: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1898. $2.00.)

Among the few recent volumes of literary essays there is one that, warranted by the earlier work of the writer, promises originality in matter as well as charm of style. This is Miss Vida D. Scudder's 'Social Ideals in English Letters,' just issued. Like the kindred work, Professor Kuno Francke's 'Social Forces in German Literature,' Professor Scudder's book will receive the fuller attention it deserves in a later number; but meanwhile that and this older book of Professor Francke's, as well as his new slighter one, 'Glimpses of German Culture,' should be mentioned as affording the holiday buyer publications of genuine critical value. (Social Ideals in English Letters, by Vida D. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1898. $1.75. —— Social Forces in German Literature. A Study in the History of Civilization, by Kuno Francke. Second Edition. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1897. —— Glimpses of Modern German Culture, by Kuno Francke. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1898. $1.25.)

Among new editions making good a claim to distinction beyond the usual in form and merit of publication, and also in the best editorial equipment extant *The Cambridge Tennyson* is prominent, including all the poems and the dramas of the late Laureate in one large octavo volume, the double columns and thin yet opaque paper enabling the packing together of all these riches in fair and readable type, with a fine frontispiece portrait of the poet, a Biographical Sketch, and a full complement (eighty pages) of notes and illustrations by Dr. W. J. Rolfe. (The Poetic and Dramatic Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Boston & New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.00.)

The *Camberwell Browning*, just out, puts in a wellnigh irresistible guise the Laureate's biggest, we will not choose to say bigger, brother, for these are lords of the same poetic house. Here are twelve volumes, neither big nor too little, in bold black type on soft English hand-made paper, line-numbered, fully annotated, with digests of each poem, and critical introductions, and etched frontispieces for each volume. A more coaxing set of books it would be hard to find. Both on account of the unusual allurement of make-up and artistic cover-design, the careful editing and the appendix of Fugitive Poems and rare Prose Pieces, constituting this as the most thoroughly complete edition to be had, this set of books makes an appeal to Browning readers quite irrespective of whatever other good edition they may possess; while to others not yet conversant with Browning's title to fame it is doubtless most fully qualified to present it. (Robert Browning's Complete Poetical Works. Camberwell Edition. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Boston and New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1898. 12 vols., boxed, $9.00, or 75 cents each volume.)

The new edition of Thackeray, with notes and illustrations, sketches, drawings, and unpublished letters from the author's MSS., by his daughter, now in process of publication, will be unquestionably the best edition of the great novelist's works as yet issued. 'Vanity Fair,' 'Pendennis,' 'Barry Lyndon,' the 'Sketch-books,' and 'Yellowplush Papers' are already issued. 'The Newcomes' will be the next volume issued, and the remainder will follow rapidly. (The Biographical Edition of W. M. Thackeray's Complete Works. New and Revised Edition, with additional material, by Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1898. $1.75 each vol.)

In the field of biography no book of the season is announced to compare in interest with the two volumes of the Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett which Harper and Brothers are about to bring out. Every letter save one, destroyed by common consent, which passed between the two poets, from their first acquaintance till their marriage, will appear.

NOTES AND NEWS.

—— 'CYRANO DE BERGERAC' is a play open to more than one opinion, as witness these, and note how even that positivist adjective "inevitable" may receive its tinge from the point of view:

"An extremely clever proof of skill, a brilliant show of execution, a series of scenes exactly calculated to exhibit the powers of a strong and versatile French actor, — all this, but without simplicity, inevitableness, deep sincerity, without, in short, any true greatness . . . a brilliant exhibition of all M. Rostand had on hand . . . not a living body born of a single conception. . . . Even so it is an intellectual treat, for, in the Gallic idiom, 'it is something' . . . full of wit, of fancy, of knowledge of the stage, of variety." — Norman Hapgood in *The Bookman.*

"The air is full of 'Cyrano de Bergerac.' I have seen Mansfield twice in this new masterpiece and have read it once in English. Needless to say I have become an enthusiast on Rostand with the world. It is a great acting play — strongly theatrical, and sublimated by some of the most delicate and ideal poetry — inevitable song — written in these mundane days. Then, there is the great charm and divine element of self-renunciation to give it immortal life. The balcony scene in the third act is one of the sweetest things I have ever seen, or read, and I remember yet that Shakespeare wrote 'Romeo and Juliet.' Perhaps the ardor of my admiration will cool down with the onmarch of time; but I feel that it will never be frozen out!" — A Private Play-goer, in a letter not written for publication.

The critic of *The Evening Post* says that the play, "considered as a drama, is not in any sense a masterpiece. It is too much overladen with personages, mere foils of the hero and confusing to the spectators; it has a minimum of action and a maximum of speech; and it has no basis of probability. But its declamation and infinite variety of comic resource are well calculated for theatric effect."

Again, says Mr. Zangwill: "Rostand has written in verse and lifted up his theme to an artistic plane, in which the stage congruities demand heroic speech and attitude. His only concession to the prose of life is the nose, but even this nose is lifted up into the heroic — 'his horn is exalted.'"

—— A CURIOUS bit of Tennysoniana is sent us by Mrs. James Went Bingay, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia: —

A number of years ago a young English officer, who loved Tennyson's poems, sought an interview with the poet, but, like many another admirer, was refused. He then wrote a couple of lines from 'In Memoriam' upon his visiting card, and sent it in by the servant. Tennyson admitted him to his presence, and a long afternoon was spent over 'In Memoriam;' Tennyson reading it aloud, and giving his new friend the following headings for each part. One must remember, in fitting them, that in the later editions of 'In Memoriam,' a canto is added after the 38th, which of course changes the numbering, and these headings were given for an old edition. I wish I knew what the lines were which gained the young man's wish for him.

Alpha. 1. Fact. 2. Grave. 3. Sorrow. 4. Night. 5. Words. 6. Friends. 7. Visit. 8. Disappointment. 9. Convoy. 10. Vision. 11. Solace. 12. Unrest. 13. Simile. 14. Dream. 15. Stir. 16. Check. 17. Arrival. 18. Here. 19. Wye. 20. Grades. 21. Requiem. 22. Vista. 23. Muse. 24. Query. 25. Backward. 26. Forward. 27. Better. 28. Yule. 29. Struggle. 30. Wailful. 31. Lazarus. 32. Mary. 33. Misericordia. 34. Natura. 35. Spes. 36. Logos. 37. Musæ. 38. Semivivus. 39. Nymphæ. 40. Umbra. 41. Locus. 42. Paradisus. 43. Impetus. 44. Ego. 45. Hades. 46. Singuli. 47. Nugæ. 48. Undulæ. 49. Angustæ. 50. Inspectio. 51. Gratia. 52. Vice Versa. 53. Somnium. 54. Vacuum. 55. Corylictus. 56. Ave. 57. Crypta. 58. Impta. 59. Ancilla. 60. Manes. 61. Reverentia. 62. Mutuum. 63. Excelsior. 64. Consolatio. 65. Simulatio. 66. Phantasia. 67. Somnus. 68. Simulacrum. 69. Ænigma. 70. Quaternio. 71. Dies. 72. Frustratio. 73. Mirabile. 74. Silentium. 75. Terminus. 76. Vexatio. 77. Denuo. 78. Fratres. 79. Vicissim. 80. Maturitas. 81. Gradatio. 82. Festina. 83.

Arundo. 84. Ambages. 85. Aura. 86. Alma Mater. 87. Origines. 88. Recognitio. 89. Alterum. 90. Transfiguratio. 91. Mendax. 92. Incorporens. 93. Sinceritas. 94. Symposium. 95. Honestus. 96. Rivales. 97. Vienna. 98. Solenne. 99. Links of Communion. 100. Dissolving Views. 101. The Struggle. 102. The Last Dream. 103. The Single Peal. 104. The Strange Christmas. 105. New Year's Hymn. 106. Feb. 1st, Post Mortem. 107. Begone! dull care. 108. Orare! 109. O Vox. 110. The Churl. 111. Gold and Tinsel. 112. Gain and Loss. 113. Scientia. 114. Opening Spring. 115. April Changes. 116. Day and Hours. 117. Chaos and Cosmos. 118. The Doors again. 119. Fighting with Beasts. 120. Hesper Phosphor. 121. Frenzy rolling. 122. Extremes meet. 123. The verifying Faculty. 124. Bitter Notes softened. 125. Love. 126. All is well. 127. Wild Hours. 128. Absent-present. 129. A Dream of Good. 130. O living Will. *Finale.* The Wedding Day.

Tennyson divided 'In Memoriam' into nine parts: To the end of canto 8, 1st part; to the end of canto 20, 2d part; to the end of canto 28, 3d part; to the end of canto 49, 4th part; to the end of canto 58, 5th part; to the end of canto 71, 6th part; to the end of canto 98, 7th part; to the end of canto 108, 8th part; to the end of canto 131, 9th part.

Mrs. Bingay adds that these headings were given her by a friend, to whom the young man gave those he received from the poet.

—— Possibly Mr. Rudyard Kipling's account of Prospero's enchanted isle, as he thinks he saw it in the "still-vexed Bermoothes," has not yet come to the eyes of many of our readers, although it was published last summer in *The Spectator.* About two miles away from Hamilton in Bermuda he saw a spot that matched the description in 'The Tempest,' ii. 2: "A bare beach, with the wind singing through the scrub at the land's edge, a gap in the reefs wide enough for the passage of Stephano's butt of sack, and (these eyes have seen it) a cave in the coral within easy reach of the tide, whereto such a butt might be conveniently rolled ('My cellar is in a rock by the seaside where my wine is hid.') There is no

other cave for some two miles. 'Here's neither bush nor shrub;' one is exposed to the wrath of 'yond' same black cloud,' and here the currents strand wreckage. It was so well done that, after three hundred years, a stray tripper, and no Shakespeare scholar, recognized in a flash that old first set of all."

—— If this is the scene, how did Shakespeare know of it, one may ask. Did the silence of those unaccounted for seven years of his life include a trip to America as well as the conjectured journeyings in Germany, Scotland, and Italy? Mr. Kipling's entertaining theory is that Manager Shakespeare, in going about among his audience, heard snatches of a shipwrecked sailor's story, made the fellow communicative, let us hope with stoops of ale from Yaughn's, and, for his part of the drinking, drank in the outlandish details he knew how to make into a better vintage. Mr. Kipling imagines the story coming out thus: —

"The mariner (one cannot believe that Shakespeare was mean in these little things) is dipping to a deeper drunkenness. Suddenly he launches into a preposterous tale of himself and his fellows, flung ashore, separated from their officers, horribly afraid of the devil-haunted beach of noises, with their heads full of the fumes of broached liquor. One castaway was found hiding under the ribs of a dead whale which smelt abominably. They hauled him out by the legs — he mistook them for imps — and gave him drink. And now, discipline being melted, they would strike out for themselves, defy their officers, and take possession of the island. The narrator's mates in this enterprise were probably described as fools. He was the only sober man in the company.

So they went inland, faring badly as they staggered up and down this pestilent country. They were pricked with palmettos, and the cedar branches rasped their faces. Then they found and stole some of their officers' clothes, which were hanging up to dry. But presently they fell into a swamp, and, what was worse, into the hands of their officers; and the great expedition ended in muck and mire. Truly an island bewitched. Else why their cramps and

sickness? Sack never made a man more than reasonably drunk. He was prepared to answer for unlimited sack; but what befell his stomach and head was the purest magic that honest man ever met.

A drunken sailor of to-day wandering about Bermuda would probably sympathize with him; and to-day, as then, if one takes the easiest inland road from Trinculo's beach, near Hamilton, the path that a drunken man would infallibly follow, it ends abruptly in swamp. The one point that our mariner did not dwell upon was that he and the others were suffering from acute alcoholism combined with the effects of nerve-shattering peril and exposure. Hence the magic. That a wizard should control such an island was demanded by the beliefs of all seafarers of that date."

—— How much the chapter on Carlyle in Horne's 'New Spirit of the Age' owed to Elizabeth Barrett Browning is revealed in a most interesting way in Vol. II. of the limited edition of 'Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century,' edited by Dr. Nichol and Mr. Wise. Mrs. Browning's share in animating and shaping the characterization Horne gave of Tennyson was made clear in the account given in *Poet-lore* for January, 1896, with extracts from the letters to Horne, which with her assent were woven into his volume. Now again Mrs. Browning's manuscript has been found, and her hitherto unacknowledged contribution is made public to an important early criticism of a writer far-famed enough to-day, but then an unknown questionable shape. Concerning this contribution Mrs. Browning wrote to Horne: —

"You ask me to write four or five pages for your work — and I have written what you see! Well, take the sheets — I make you a present of them to cut into pieces . . . or put into the fire should your judgment suggest that stronger measure. Indeed I did not mean to write so much . . . of course you are free to interpolate as well as cut down."

—— THE critical estimate which the Editors of the 'Anecdotes' have disentangled from the context, and have "guaranteed pure Elizabeth Barrett Browning" is in the main as follows: —

"According to the view of the *microcosmus*, what is said of the world itself, may be said of every individual in it; and what is said of the individual, may be predicated of the world. Now, the individual mind has been compared to a prisoner in a dark room, or in a room which would be dark but for the windows of the same, meaning the senses in a figure, — nothing being in the mind without the mediation of the senses, as Locke held, — 'except' . . . as Leibnitz acutely added in modification, . . . 'the mind itself.' Thus is it with the individual, and thus with the general humanity. Except for Revelations, and genius which is a minor species of Revelation, we should sit on the floor of our dark dungeon, between its close stifling walls, gnawing vainly with the teeth of the mind, at the chains we wear. . . . The average intelligence of the many never does make progress, except by imitation. Education is imitation, and the most passive of activities. Progress implies the most active of energies, such as genius is, and general progress implies, and indeed essentially consists of, individual progress, men of genius working. What the senses are to the individual mind, men of genius are to the general mind. Scantily assigned by Providence for necessary ends, one original thinker strikes a window out here, and another there; wielding the mallet sharply, and leaving it to others to fashion grooves and frames, and complete advantage into convenience.

That Mr. Carlyle is one of the men of genius thus referred to, and that he has knocked out his window from the blind wall of his century, we may add without any fear of contradiction. We may say too that it is a window to the east, — and that some men complain of a certain bleakness in the wind which enters at it, when they should rather congratulate themselves and him on the aspect of the new sun beheld through it, — the orient hope of which, he has so discovered to their eyes. And let us take occasion to observe here, and to bear in memory through every subsequent remark we may be called upon to make, — that it has not been his object to discover to us any specific prospect — not the mountain to the right, nor the oak-wood to the left, nor the river which runs down between, — but the SUN, which renders visible all these.

When 'the most thinking people' had, at the sound of all sorts of steam-engines, sufficiently worshipped that idol of utilitarianism which Jeremy Bentham the king had set up, — the voice of a prophet was heard praying three times a day, with magnanimous re-iteration, towards Jerusalem, — towards old Jerusalem, be it observed, — and also towards the place of sun-rising for ultimate generations. And the voice spoke a strange language, — nearly as

strange as Bentham's own, and as susceptible of translation into English. Not English by any means, the critics said it spake; nor even German, nor Greek; although partaking considerably more of the two last than of English, — yet if the critics could not measure it out to you as classic English, after the measure of Swift or Addison, or even of Bacon and Milton, — if new words sprang gauntly in it from savage derivatives, and rushed together in unnatural combinations, — if the collocation was distortion, wandering wildly up and down, — if the consonants were everywhere in a heap, like the 'pots and pans' of Bassano, — classic or not, English or not, — it was certainly a true language — a language '*μερόπων ἀνθρώπων*,' — the significant articulation of a living soul: God's breath was in the vowels of it. And the clashing of these harsh compounds at last drew the bees into assembly, each murmuring his honey-dream. And the hearers who stood longest to listen, became sensible of a still grave music issuing like smoke from the clefts of the rock. If it was not 'style' and 'classicism,' it was something better; it was soul-language. There was a divinity at the shaping of these rough-hewn periods.

We dwell the longer upon the construction of Mr. Carlyle's sentences, because of him it is pre-eminently true, that the speech is the man. . . . The individuality of this writer is strongly pronounced. It is graven, — like a Queen's arrow on the poker and tongs of her national prisons, — upon the meanest word of his utterance. He uses no moulds in his modelling, as you may see by the impression of his thumb-nail upon the clay. He throws his truth with so much vehemence, that the print of the palm of his hand is left on it. Let no man scorn the language of Carlyle: for if it forms part of his idiosyncrasy, his idiosyncrasy forms part of his truth. And let no man say that we recommend Carlylisms: for it is obvious, — from our very argument, — that, in the mouth of an imitator, they would unlearn their uses, and be conventional as Addison. . . .

We have observed that Carlyle is not an originator; and although he is a man of genius and original mind, and although he has knocked out his window in the wall of his century — and we know it, — we must repeat that, in a strict sense, he is not an originator. Perhaps our figure of the window might have been more correctly stated as the reopening of an old window, long bricked up or encrusted over, — and probably this man of a strong mallet, and sufficient right hand, thought the recovery of the old window, a better and more glorious achievement, than the

making of many new windows. His office is certainly not to 'exchange new lamps for old ones.' His quality of a 'gold-revivor' is the nearest to a novel acquirement. He tells us what we knew, but had forgotten, or disdained to remember; and his reiterations startle and astonish us like informations. We 'have souls,' he tells us. Who doubted it in the nineteenth century; yet who thought of it in the roar of the steam-engine? He tells us that work is every man's duty. Who doubted *that* among the factory masters? — or among the charity children, when spelling from the catechism of the national church, that they will 'do their duty in the state of life to which it shall please God to call them?' Yet how deep and like a new sound, do the words 'soul,' 'work,' 'duty,' strike down the thoughts of the thinkers of the age, till the whole age vibrates! And again he tells us, 'Have faith.' Why, did we not know that we must have 'faith?' Is there a religious teacher in the land who does not repeat from God's revelation, year by year, day by day . . . Have faith? or is there a quack in the land who does not illustrate to our philosophy the energy of 'faith?' And again . . . 'Truth is a good thing.' Is *that* new? Is it not written in the theories of the moralist, and of the child? — yes, and in the moral code of 'honorable men,' side by side with the 'melancholy necessity' of the duellist's pistol and twelve paces? Yet we thrill at the words, as if some new thunder of divine instruction ruffled the starry air, — as if an angel's foot sounded down it, step by step, coming with a message.

THUS it is obvious that Mr. Carlyle is not an originator, but a renewer, although his medium is highly original; and it remains to us to recognize that he is none the less important teacher on that account, and that there was none the less necessity for his teaching. 'The great fire-heart,' as he calls it, of human nature may burn too long without stirring, — burn inwardly, cake outwardly, and sink deeply into its own ashes: and to emancipate the flame clear and bright, it is necessary to stir it up strongly from the lowest bar. To do this, is the aim and end of all poetry of a high order, — this, — to resume human nature from its beginning, and return to first principles of thought and first elements of feeling; this, — to dissolve from eye and ear the film of habit and convention, and to let Beauty and Truth run gushing upon unencrusted perceptive faculties; for as Religion makes a man a child again innocently, — so should poetry make a man a child again perceptively. This is what a poet [must] try for; and in this aim, Carlyle

is, as he has been called, a poet, and a great one — only what the poet does for the individual reader and the actual instincts, Carlyle would do for society collectively, opening out from the individual despairing-sentimental into the social [word obliterated by Horne]. What the poet does by an emotion, Carlyle would do by a conviction. No poet yearns more earnestly to make the Inner Life shine out, than does Carlyle. No poet regrets more sorrowfully, with a look across the crowded and crushing intellects of the world, — that the dust rising up from men's energies, should have blinded them to the brightness of their instincts, — and that Understanding (according to the German view) should take precedence of Reason, by a spiritual anachronism and incoherence of things. He is reproached with not being practical — Mr. Carlyle is not practical. But he is practical for many intents of the inner life, and teaches well the Doing of Being. 'What would he make of us?' says the complainers. 'He reproaches us with the necessities of the age — he taunts us with the very progress of time: his requirements are so impossible that they make us despair of the republic.' And this is true. If we were to give him a sceptre, and cry 'Rule over us,' he would answer: 'Ye have souls! work — believe.' He would not know what else to do with us. He would pluck, absently, at the sceptre for the wool of the fillet to which his hands were accustomed; for he is no king, except in his own peculiar sense of a prophet and priest-king, — and a vague prophet, be it understood. His recurrence to first principles and elements of action, is, in fact, so constant and passionate, that his attention is not free for the devolvement of acts. The hand is the gnomon by which he judges of the soul; and little cares he for the hand otherwise, — he will not wash your hands for you, be sure, however he may moralize on their blackness. Whether he writes history or philosophy or criticism, his perpetual appeal is to those common elements of Humanity which it is his object to cast into relief and light. His work on the French Revolution is a great poem with this same object, . . . a return upon the life of Humanity, and an eliciting of the pure material and initial element of life, out of the fire and torment of it. The work has fitly been called graphical and picturesque; but it is so *by force of being* philosophical and poetical. For instance, where the writer says that 'Marat was in a cradle like the rest of us,' it is no touch of rhetoric, though it may seem so, but a resumption of the philosophy of the whole work.

From the assimilations in the world, he wrings the product of the differences; and by that curious individualizing of persons, which is remarkable in his historical manner, he attempts a broad

generalizing of principles. And when he throws his living heart into an old monk's diary, and, with the full warm gradual throbs of genius and power, throbs out the cowled head into a glory, . . . the reason is not, as disquieted doctors may [word obliterated] hint . . . that Mr. Carlyle regrets the cloistral ages and defunct superstitions, — the reason is not, that Mr. Carlyle is *too* poetical to be philosophical, but that he is *so* poetical as to be philosophical. The reason is, that Mr. Carlyle recognizes in a manner that no mere historian ever does, but as the true poet always will do, — the oneness of the God-made man through every cycle of his individual and social existence, — assuming the original nature in it and it in the present identification. He is a poet also, by his insight into the activity of moral causes working through the intellectual agencies of the mind. He is also a poet in the mode. He conducts his argument with none of your philosophical arrangements and marshalling of 'for and against': his paragraphs come and go as they please. He proceeds, like a poet, rather by association than by uses of logic. His illustrations not only illustrate but bear a part in the reasoning, — the images standing out, like grand and beautiful Caryatides, to sustain the heights of the argument. Of his language we have spoken. Somewhat too slow and involved for eloquence, and too individual to be classical, it is yet the language of a gifted poet, the colour of whose soul eats itself into the words. . . ."

"For the rest, we may congratulate Mr. Carlyle and the dawning time. We have observed that individual genius is the means of popular advancement. A man of genius gives a thought to the multitude, and the multitude spread it out as far as it will go, until another man of genius brings another thought, which attaches itself to the first, because all truth is assimilative, and perhaps even reducible to that monadity of which Parmenides discoursed. Mr. Carlyle is gradually amassing a greater reputation than might have been looked for at the hands of this polytechnic age, and has the satisfaction of witnessing with his living eyes the outspread of his thought among nations. That this Thought — the ideas of this prose poet — should make way with sufficient rapidity for him to live to see the progress, is a fact full of hope for the coming age; even as the other fact, of its first channel furrowing America (and it is a fact that Carlyle was generally read there before he was truly recognized in his own land), is replete with favorable promise for that great country, and indicative of a noble love of truth in it passing the love of dollars."

—— JOAQUIN MILLER, in one of the many chatty footnotes of his recent volume of complete poems, tells this of Whitman in Boston when the news came of Garfield's death :—

"A publisher solicited from each of the several authors then in and about Boston some tribute of sorrow for the dead. The generous sum of $100 was checked as an earnest. I remember how John Boyle O'Reilly and I went to big-hearted Walt Whitman and wrestled with him in a vain effort to make him earn and accept his $100.

'Yes, I'm sorry as the sorriest; sympathize with the great broken heart of the world over this dead sovereign citizen. But I've nothing to say.'

And so, persuade as we might, even till past midnight, Walt Whitman would not touch the money or try to write a line. He was poor; but bear it forever in testimony that he was honest, and would not promise to sell that which he felt that God had not at that moment given him to sell. . . . I love him for it."

LONDON LITERARIA.

"THE old order changeth, giving place to new"—in bookselling as in other things. Slowly, but none the less surely, London's links with the literary past are vanishing, as also are the ways and methods of doing business. Publishers no longer live over their business premises, nor are their back parlors the rendezvous of a literary coterie, famous for the "give and take" of their argumentative proclivities. All this is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, and the modern publisher is cycle-driven by the vehemence of the Competitive Giant, which is the Ogre of our age. If the "new woman" is *en évidence*, so also is the "new publisher," the height of whose ambition apparently is to reach the high-water mark, not of *literature*, but—a circulation of a million copies! Not thus did *Fraser*, *Blackwood*, and *Bentley* in the old days; whatever the "circulation" reached, the "wares" were of the best, enhanced, too, by the fame of the writers, who, in the main, worked hand in hand with the publisher. Such at least was the case with one

old house that has vanished — or, rather, merged itself — into that of Macmillan's: the once famous House of Bentley is no more!

In the old house in New Burlington Street the early members of the firm lived, thus working up their business on the spot, and holding intimate relations with all the illustrious literary circle of the early Victorian period. Here literary gatherings of celebrities were held, vying even in importance and reputation with the parties of John Murray, close by in Albemarle Street. The founder of the firm was Edward Bentley, who passed away at an advanced age in 1838. He was succeeded by his son Richard, who in turn was followed by *his* son, Mr. George Bentley, who died in 1895. Mr. George Bentley was perhaps the most able as he was certainly the most admired of the family. For upwards of a generation he was the friend and adviser of numerous literary people in London, — always courteous, encouraging, generous. He was a cultivated literary critic and a thorough man of business. It was during his reign that the firm ceased to reside on the business premises. Among the notable authors connected with the firm may be mentioned Hazlitt, Landor, Marryat, Fenimore Cooper, Lytton, and other well-known names; as also the genial "parson," Richard Harris Barham, known to three generations of readers as "Thomas Ingoldsby." There was also the inimitable wit and humorist, Theodore Hook, while Douglas Jerrold and Edmund Yates were among the giants of those days who frequented Bentley's. *Bentley's Miscellany* was founded in the year 1837, Charles Dickens being its first editor, and 'Oliver Twist' running serially through its pages. Monthly dinners were held in connection with the magazine, which were often attended by Thomas Campbell, of 'Pleasures of Hope' fame, Samuel Lover, and others. The Bentleys were almost the last to keep up what is termed "the trade dinner," at the conclusion of which the assembled booksellers had forthcoming works placed before them with a view to "subscription." Of the great London publishing houses Bentley's stood third in point of age, Longmans taking the premier place, and Murray's coming second.

The history of Macmillan's — who have, as above stated, taken

over the business of Bentley's — dates back to the year 1843, when a couple of young Scotsmen, Daniel and Alexander Macmillan, had a bookshop in Aldersgate. They subsequently moved to Cambridge, where a good opening occurred, and began publishing in earnest. It was not long before their business outgrew the University Town, and they then opened a branch in London. On the death of Daniel, the direction of affairs passed into the hands of Alexander Macmillan. Among this firm's "authors" were Tom Hughes and Kingsley, Dean Stanley and Trench, and Clough and Tennyson. Of course there was the inevitable magazine, the first number of *Macmillan's Magazine* appearing in the autumn of 1859. Mr. Frederick Macmillan is now the head of the firm.

Messrs. Constable and Co. are issuing a new and complete edition of the works of Samuel Lover, which will include several stories hitherto unpublished. There will be portraits, notes, and introductions; while special attention is to be paid to the text. The editor is Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, author of the 'Life of William Carleton.' It is also stated that Mr. O'Donoghue has for some time past been engaged on a complete account of the French invasions of Ireland. This work will contain much new matter, derived from English, French, and Irish sources; while a number of rare and curious pamphlets, books, and manuscripts have been brought into requisition.

Lord Acton is "editing," for the Cambridge University Press, a History of Modern Times, which, however, is not expected to be issued till the spring of 1900. The first volume deals with the period of the Renaissance; and it is proposed that two volumes will follow in each succeeding year, until the work shall have been completed in twelve volumes. In the course of the autumn will be issued Professor Dill's account of Roman society during the last century of the Western Empire, and Mr. Herbert Fisher's work dealing with the Mediæval Empire, on which he has been for some years engaged.

Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.'s 'English Catalogue,' recently issued, contains particulars of the books of the eight years 1890–1897, and extends to upward of 1200 pages. A change has been

made in the present volume, of including alphabet and index under one alphabetical arrangement; while the entries are much fuller than in previous volumes, where they were confined to one line. The 'English Catalogue' is not only a guidebook to the period embraced by the Victorian era, but may be said to be an epitome of the literary activity of the century. The first volume covers the period to 1862, and it and its successors embrace over 300,000 titles of books!

Mr. Robert Buchanan, poet and novelist, is nothing if not "frank;" and of late years his hand would seem to have been against every man's. But his chance is coming, for he is about to give us a volume of reminiscences! Expectation may be said to be on tiptoe, for Mr. Buchanan is to "speak out." Let us hope he will deal gently with quarrels dead and gone, and give us only the salt of his literary experiences. Mr. Buchanan insists, and rightly, on his being "a poet," but he would seem already to have become one of a bygone generation. He was "ever a fighter;" now — "one fight more."

Among other interesting "announcements" we note that volumes of verse are to be forthcoming from the pens of Mr. W. B. Yates and Mr. Henry Newbold; a work on the 'Early Age of Greece,' by Professor Ridgeway, of Cambridge; a new translation of the Book of Job, "with explanations of various important passages," by W. H. Langhore; also a rhythmic version of the same book by Otis Cary, a Japanese scholar, under the title, 'The Man who Feared God for Naught;' while a new edition of Fitzgerald's 'Omar Khayyam,' with decorated borders, by Mr. W. B. Macdougall, is to be issued by Messrs. Macmillan. *William G. Kingsland.*

—— PHELPS's Hamlet must have presented some points more nearly resembling Henry Irving's acting of the part than that of any other contemporaneous actor. Westland Marston, in his book of reminiscences of actors, says Phelps gave "with great force the direct invectives of the part — the soliloquy, for instance, beginning 'Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!' — but much of the

assumed levity, which really argues the deepest melancholy, he delivered, as if it were mere comedy. He quizzed Polonius, for instance, and in the earlier scenes bandied repartees with the spies as if for amusement, and to beguile the time. I never saw a Hamlet so quaintly droll, or who commanded such bursts of laughter. Of course, in so thoughtful an actor, there was design in all this. It seemed as if he had adopted the theory of Hamlet's madness, and had intended this state to present the vagaries of insanity."

—— THE victory over the Spanish at Santiago is, as it happens, a literary reminder that the name of that place commemorates Spain's patron saint, Iago, and the war-cry of the Spanish in their early conquests in America. And, as everybody knows, Shakespeare gave the same name to the villain in 'Othello.' Professor James D. Butler, in *The Watchman*, Boston, attempts to explain why this Spanish name was used. Shakespeare was greatly indebted to Cynthio for much of the material of 'Othello;' but of the principal characters of the play, Othello, Cassio, Iago, and Desdemona, only Desdemona is found in Cynthio's work. Of the other names Iago only is Spanish, and was substituted for Alfieri, an Italian name used by Cynthio. Professor Butler says: —

" It seems possible to demonstrate — at least thinly — that Iago was selected, not by accident, but as the name best befitting the most detestable character in the legion of Shakespeare's reprobates. Etymologically meaning *heel-catcher*, the name became anciently a tainted word, and being a reminder to Jacob of deeds he would fain forget (Gen. xxvii. 36), was gladly exchanged for the name of Israel.

But as borne by the Apostle James, the Greater, it was sanctified, and has been immortalized in every modern tongue, surviving, not only as Iago, but in French as Jacques, in Italian Giacomo, German Jakob, English James, etc.

Now Iago, the Spanish modernization — because Spanish was better suited in English eyes than any of the others for Shakespeare's use when he needed a name that should be yoked in men's memories with his that did betray the Best — Iago as Spanish brought to mind a people then more repugnant to Englishmen than

any other continental nation was. Old animosities had culminated, through the Spanish Inquisition, Spanish royal marriages, cruelty to the Dutch, and above all through the Invincible Armada, which came so near landing an invincible army in England only sixteen years before 'Othello' was written. It is held by many that Shakespeare, as a volunteer in the fleet, had himself fought against that armada. A Spanish name would naturally be preferred to any other for defining to the Shakespearian auditory a villain second only to Iscariot.

Aside, moreover, from this general ground of choice, Iago was the name best adapted for a special reason to split the ears of London groundlings, and to tickle others so that they could not choose but laugh at its effectiveness. How high Iago — our James — stood in the Spanish calendar, is plain from the very spelling of his name as Santiago. Gibbon, in extolling Charlemagne, observes that he was the only monarch 'in whose favor the title of great has been indissolubly blended with his name' [chap. 49, note 95]. In like manner Santiago designates the only apostle in whose favor the title saint has been indissolubly blended with his name. He was and is the patron saint of Spain. Not only was his name given in 1514 to Santiago de Cuba, but that capital was but one of countless namesakes. The shrine in Santiago de Compostella, where his bones are treasured and adored, was so supersacred that a medieval pilgrimage thither was counted of no less saving efficacy than one to Jerusalem itself. Throughout the first empire, in the world on which the sun never set, Santiago was the battle-cry.

Therefore, to call the sum of all villainies Iago poured contempt on what Spaniards most delighted to honor, and turned it into an abomination. It was the briefest chronicle of British feeling regarding Spaniards. It laid to many souls the flattering unction that in dethroning a saint they were doing God service. A name which condensed so much into a single word could not fail to be incense of a sweet savor in the nostrils of those for whom Shakespeare wrote. Men, recognizing more and more depth in all the doings of the all-wise dramatist, must see significance in his naming the wretch whom his portraiture has damned deepest in everlasting infamy Iago."

—— THE clever miniature masterpiece in light fiction which we give in this number, from the French of Édouard Rod, is taken from his 'Scènes de la Vie Cosmopolite,' published in 1890.

—— We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Charles Aldrich, the curator of the Historical Department of Iowa, for the following letter from Blanco White, of which he has the original, procuring it in London: —

5 Chesterfield Street, Liverpool, March 18, 1835.

My dear Sir, — I write to you in a state of great mental exhaustion, after long and very unpleasant labor. But I will not delay my answer till I can make proper remarks on your excellent observations, because I wish to write in time to prevent your sending me the proofs of my Article. If you can save me the trouble of correcting the Press, and the temptation to alter passages, you will do me a great favor. It highly gratifies me to hear that both yourself and Mr. Falconer approve my article. You may depend upon my contributions, as much as health, and some very harassing calls to wield the pen, in another field, where I think it due to humanity to exert it, may allow me. I like the subject proposed by Senior. If you can send me a copy of Crabbe, I shall be obliged to you. I will not forget Tocqueville. It appears to me that we differ more in expression than in reality. All that you say in regard to the disturbances you feel, at the theatre, is the effect either of misunderstood *helps* to the imagination, or of positive checks given by unskilful attempts at *reality*. The doctrine of the writers is, in my opinion, the cause of such mistakes. If we set aside the views of *material* imitation, and consider all the *organism* of the theatre as *helps* to the mind, to stimulate it, not to guide it mechanically, I believe the artist of talent will not be easily misled into a wrong use of those helps. If a statue is to be *painted*, let it be known that it is not so much as aiming at a material likeness, as (if possible, which I doubt) to assist the ideal conception. Painting is more directly addressed to the eye than sculpture: and that is the reason why coloring does not disturb, but on the contrary, increases its effect. I should reduce your observations to what I call *Unity* or *Effect* or Interest.

It gives me pleasure to find that my views are not *mine alone*. I have not the least recollection of Johnson's Preface; and of Goethe, I have read only 'Faust.' My [word blurred] [1] are the spontaneous growth of my earliest youth; when *conjecturing* that there was something to be known besides theology and a miserable fragment of natural philosophy, I, with the other adventurers of my age, tried to discover some terra incognita of learning. After

[1] Looks like "æsthesia."

discovering a part of those shores in the philosophy of Poetry and Eloquence, we met with Batteur; afterwards with Muratory *della Perfecta Poesia*, and we helped each other in correcting our *theories*, as they grew up. I pride myself in the recollection of having been the most forward of Reformers against the technicalities of Nopius and Co.'s books, which, as being in Latin, were not considered absolutely heretical. My German reading is still very limited, and has nearly been confined to theology. Oh, that a second Luther arose among us! The indirect influence of enlightenment is not enough to oppose the monstrous evils which exist under the name of Christianity.

Excuse my writing, as it were by chance and at random. I shall always be happy to hear from you.

Ever yours faithfully,

J. Blanco White.

John Stuart Mill, Esq., &c.

—— Among the great authors who had hard work to get their manuscript accepted by a publisher was Jane Austen, who, as a delineator of manners and character, was ranked next to Shakespeare by Tennyson, and of whose works Macaulay said: "There are in the world no compositions which approach nearer to perfection." Yet, according to Goldwin Smith, the first publisher to whom 'Pride and Prejudice' was offered returned it by the next post, and 'Northanger Abbey' was sold for £10 to a publisher who, after keeping it for several years, was glad to sell it back to the author for the same sum.

—— The Japanese story in our last number has excited so much interest that Mr. Kinnosuki's account of his adaptation of the story will be welcome. He writes us concerning it that, "The story is not a translation. The plot of it, however, was most strikingly brought out by Yukida Rohan, one of the foremost of Japan's living authors, in his 'Ikko ken.' I have tried to translate it more than once, but you can translate 'Hamlet' into Chinese just as well. In this story he uses a swordsmith as his hero, and the details are different."

—— A NEW poem by Sappho is said to have been discovered among the papyri in the famous Oxyrhynchus find made in the Lybian desert by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt in the winter of 1896. Professor Blass has attempted to restore four stanzas of the ode. As reconstructed by him they read: —

> "Sweet Nereids, grant to me,
> That home unscathed my brother may return,
> And every end, for which his soul shall yearn,
> Accomplished see!
>
> And thou, immortal Queen,
> Blot out the past, that thus his friends may know
> Joy, shame his foes — nay rather, let no foe
> By us be seen!
>
> And may he have the will
> To me, his sister, some regard to show,
> To assuage the pain he brought, whose cruel blow
> My soul did kill.
>
> Yea, mine, for that ill name
> Whose biting edge, to shun the festal throng
> Compelling, ceased a while; yet back ere long
> To goad us came."

The Academy thinks that there are "reasonable grounds" for the conjecture that the great Greek poetess actually wrote these verses. It says: —

"The poem, which makes allusion to the home-returning and past transgressions of a beloved brother, cannot fail to recall a certain episode in the life of Sappho narrated by Ovid and others. Sappho had a brother Charaxus, a wine-trader. Charaxus fell in love with the 'rosy-cheeked' Rhodopis, a famous Lesbian light-o'-love. He ransomed her from slavery, and spent all he had upon her. Sappho, so the story goes, was excessively angry, and somewhat rashly gave vent to her indignation in lampoons. This led to a violent quarrel between brother and sister, and although Sappho wrote many songs afterward to effect a reconciliation, Charaxus remained obdurate. Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt suggest that their fragment may be one of the olive-branch songs in question. Unfortunately it has lost its beginning and end, and what survives is badly mutilated."

—— Edgar Allan Poe's bust cast in bronze from George Julian Zolney's clay model, just completed, will adorn the rotunda of the library of the University of Virginia.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Life had gone wrong, as it often will:
Slow ground the wheels in the daily mill;
So I went out into God's free air,
Hoping to find relief from care.
  The sun shone bright, the sky was blue,
    The birds were singing all around;
  But on the street no soul I knew,
    Yet comfort in the throng I found!
      Who do, who do, who do you think
        Charmed me that day?

Walking along with unconscious grace,
Came a young maid with a winsome face;
Sunbeams were tangled in her hair;
Brighter the street that she was there!
  But if her eyes were brown or blue,
    Upon my life I could not swear:
  I gazed at her and only knew
    I never saw a maid so fair!
      Who do, who do, who do you think
        That maiden was?

Love at first sight is a curious thing!
Cupid brings down his game on the wing.
I who had never loved before
Found a divinity to adore!
  To her my heart is ever true
    Altho' we 've never met since then!
  I 'd give a fortune if I knew
    When I might meet that maid again!
      Who do, who do, who do you think
        Would tell me when?

Not more than ten was that maiden sweet;
Years have sped since we met on the street,
She may be wed now, — dead, alas!
Still I am waiting to see her pass!
I never have the slightest clew,
Yet Hope still cheers my darkest days,
'T will go with me life's journey through
A rainbow gleam o'er devious ways.
Who do, who do, who do you think
That maiden is?

Nathan Haskell Dole.

—— One of the rumors enhancing the vogue of 'The Christian' is that its heroine, Glory Quayle, is a "composite" of Ellen Terry and Letty Lind, the dancer in 'The Geisha.' Also, that Miss Terry has taxed Mr. Hall Caine with this wickedness, and, like Sairey Gamp, he has not "deniged it."

—— Mrs. Browning's nickname of "Ba" was ever an epithet to which we could not reconcile her. What! the "Lyric Love, half angel, and half bird, and all a wonder and a wild desire" answered to the silly and inconsequential "Ba, Ba," of black sheep nursery fame! But let the low be exalted and the name of "Ba" be found suitably ecstatic for an Elizabeth Barrett, since we find that *Ba* stands for the Soul in Egyptian terminology, and was represented as a human-headed bird with the cross of life in its claws.

—— Dr. Furnivall has come across the original of the phrase Browning makes use of in his humorous mottoes for 'Ferishtah's Fancies.' "His genius was jocular, but when disposed, he could be very serious." This Browning cited from the article 'Shakespeare,' Jeremy Collier's Historical, etc., Dictionary, 2d edition, 1701. In a card recently sent to Dr. Rolfe, Dr. Furnivall says he has just found this in the Anglorum Speculum of British Worthies, of 1684.

—— WHERE are Shakespeare's ideal mothers? Miss (or Mrs.) Bradford-Whiting says in *The Gentleman's Magazine* that "the 'mothers' of Shakespeare are singularly few in number. Miranda is motherless, and so are not only Desdemona and Cordelia, but Rosalind, Celia, Silvia, Hero, Jessica, Imogen, and Helena! Perdita has a mother, it is true, but it is in her relations as a wife, rather than as a mother, that Hermione is represented. The Countess of Rousillon has a son, but it is as Helena's friend, and not as Bertram's mother, that she rouses our interest. Juliet has a mother, to whose heart of stone she appeals in vain. . . . Hamlet has a mother, each remembrance of whom is a pang to his distressed mind. . . .

Every other phase of woman's life he has entered into with the marvelous sympathy of genius: Cordelia is an ideal daughter, Imogen and Desdemona are ideal wives, Juliet and Miranda are perfect types of 'maiden lovers,' Isabella is an ideal sister, Celia and Rosalind give the lie to the well-worn sneer at women's friendship; Paulina is a type of the faithful attendant who passes her life in devotion to her mistress, Lychorida of the loving nurse who fills a mother's vacant place, and whose grave is covered with flowers and watered with tears by the child whom she has cherished.

But where is the ideal mother?"

EPITAPH.

COME not when I am gone
To mourn around my burial-place,
And waste thy tears of state in vain
Upon the ground that clasps in pain
The form of him thou never loved.

Care not when I am gone,
For thou didst never truly care,
And burden not thy busy head
With meditation. In the hour of death
Remain the same thou wert in life.

Thor Hrolf Wisby.

—— PERHAPS there are few now who remember, and there are few, probably, of the present generation who know, Fanny Kemble's three poems to Shakespeare, the third of which is peculiarly interesting as an actor's tribute to the poet from whom he takes his bread both spiritually and literally: —

> " Shelter and succor such as common men
> Afford the weaker partners of their fate,
> Have I derived from thee — from thee, most great
> And powerful genius! whose sublime control,
> Still from thy grave governs each human soul,
> That reads the wondrous record of thy pen.
> From sordid sorrows thou hast set me free,
> And turned from want's grim ways my tottering feet,
> And to sad empty hours, given royally,
> A labor, than all leisure far more sweet:
> The daily bread, for which we humbly pray,
> Thou gavest me as if I were thy child,
> And still with converse noble, wise, and mild,
> Charmed from despair my sinking soul away;
> Shall I not bless the need, to which was given
> Of all the angels in the host of heaven,
> Thee, for my guardian, spirit strong and bland!
> Lord of the speech of my dear native land!"

—— THE author of 'The Gadfly,' Mrs. Voynich, says that the only piece of actual history in her novel is "the account of the conveying of firearms for the Lombardo-Venetian rising, from Southampton to Leghorn and across Tuscany to Brisighella and Faenza; and the only historical persons are the smugglers, Marcone and Domenicchino, whom I knew personally in their old age. One of them, a Romagnol peasant, has lately died at the age of eighty-seven in great poverty and utterly neglected and forgotten, after having done more for Italy than many persons to whose memory she has put up monuments. It is only fair to say that his poverty was, to some extent, voluntary; he had been offered a pension for having saved Garibaldi's life at the risk of his own. This pension he refused, saying he worked for Italy, not for money. The old man's name was Luigi Bassani."

—— GRASMERE will be more than ever attractive to the Wordsworthian traveller now that Wordsworth's editor, Professor Knight of St. Andrew's, has presented to the trustees of Dove Cottage his collection of Wordsworth memorials.

—— 'THE POETRY OF BRICK,' in our last issue, a thoroughly modern bit of essay-writing, which has attracted considerable attention from newspapers throughout the country, was inadvertently credited to Arthur Bacon Ruhl instead of Arthur Brown Ruhl. Mr. Ruhl mildly objects that "'Bacon' may have appeared to you more euphonious than the monosyllabic 'Brown,' but the latter happens to be my real title."

—— THE 'Night in a Cathedral,' by William Morris, given in this number, like 'Gertha's Lovers,' the prose romance by him, published in our last issue, is a reprint from the rare Oxford and Cambridge Magazine of 1856 (May number, p. 510).

—— BJÖRNSON's short story, "Thrond,' which will appear in the New Year *Poet-lore*, is an interesting example of the first work of a genius. Poetic imagination and originality in treatment stamp the story, short as it is, as the production of a master-mind who knows as by intuition all the pathos of life and the strange sensitiveness of genius.

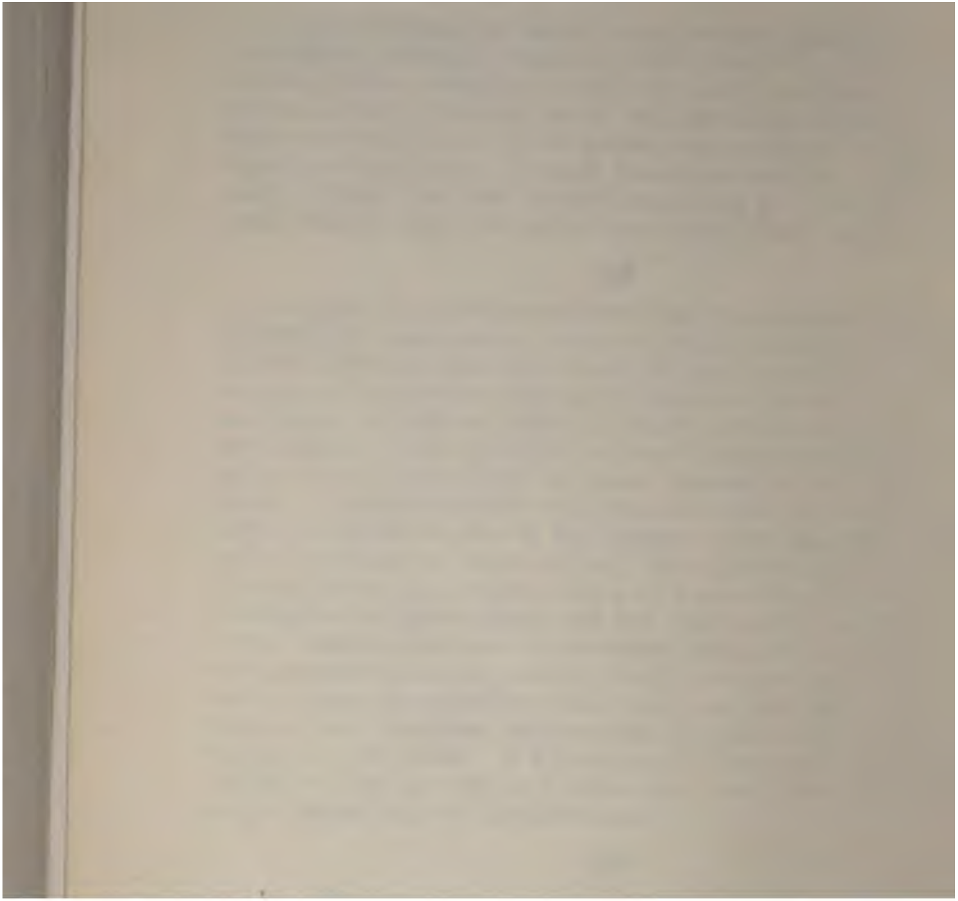
—— ÉDOUARD ROD is said to be much more catholic and not less discriminating in his æsthetic appreciations than the other able French men of letters who have been invited to this country to lecture, and it is peculiarly fortunate, therefore, that Americans may get a glimpse of modern France through his eyes this winter. He has been engaged by the Cercle Français de l'Université Harvard to give a course of lectures on French literature under its direction before Harvard University during the coming academic year. Of his brilliant work as a novelist, the morsel given in this number of *Poet-lore*, slight as it is, is an excellent specimen.

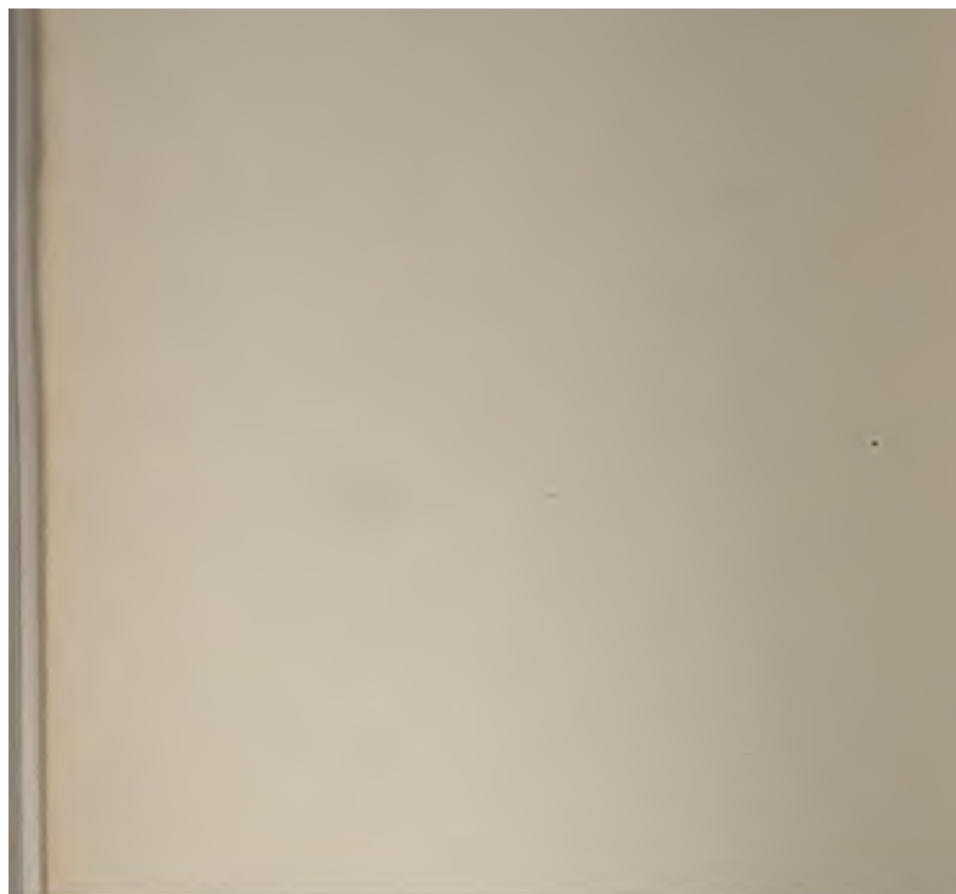
—— GEORGE ELIOT'S diffidence as to her own gifts comes out strikingly in the 'Annals' of the publishing house of the Blackwoods, entertainingly written by Mr. Blackwood's daughter, Mrs. Gerald Porter. She gives the following letter from Lewes to Mr. Blackwood in answer to the publisher's expression of enthusiasm over the opening chapters of 'Middlemarch': —

"Talk of tonics, you should have seen the stimulating effect of your letter yesterday respecting 'Miss Brooke'! She who needs encouragement so much to give her some confidence, and shake the ever-present doubt of herself and her doing, relies on you, and takes comfort from you to an extent you can hardly imagine. Unhappily, it don't *last.* A week hence she will be as sceptical as ever! Thank God, she is really improving now, though still very weak, and burning with poetic fire to be at Dodo once more."

—— MR. BLACKWOOD was sure that the writer of 'Scenes from Clerical Life' was a man; but quite early in George Eliot's career, Dickens detected that this hand of genius was the hand of a woman, and in a letter replying to Blackwood he points out "all the references to children, and . . . such marvels of description as Mrs. Barton sitting up in bed to mend the children's clothes. The selfish young fellow with the heart disease in 'Mr. Gilfil's Love Story' is plainly taken from a woman's point of view. Indeed, I observe all the women in the book are more alive than the men, and more informed from within. As to Janet, in the last tale, I know nothing in literature done by a man like the frequent references to her grand form and her eyes and her height and so forth; whereas I do know innumerable things of that kind in books of imagination done by women. And I have not the faintest doubt that a woman described her being shut out into the street by her husband, and conceived and executed the whole idea of her following of that clergyman. If I be wrong in this, then I protest that a woman's mind has got into some man's body by a mistake that ought immediately to be corrected."

—— WE hope that our subscribers will be lenient toward us for the lateness of the present issue of *Poet-lore.* Extra literary work undertaken by the Editors made it impossible for them to be on time, work as hard as they might, but they hope no future contingencies will arise to cause such delay again.





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